THE LINKS BETWEEN KEY ENVIRONMENTAL GROUPS, GOVERNMENT AND BIG BUSINESS

CLOAK OF GREEN

ELAINE DEWAR

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Elaine Dewar

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For
Anna and Danielle

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Any mistakes in the recounting of the many stories that make up the larger whole of this book and any misinterpretations of facts or their meaning are my own.

List of Acronyms

AAA	American Anthropological Association
ABC	Brazilian Agency for Cooperation/Agencia Brasileira de Co-operacao
AIM	American Indian Movement
AP	Popular Action
ARCO	Atlantic Richfield Company
AZL	Arizona-Colorado Land and Cattle Company
BP	British Petroleum
CBC	Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
CCF	Canadian Commonwealth Federation
CCIC	Canadian Council for International Cooperation
CEDI	Ecumenical Centre for Documentation and Information/ Centro Ecumenico de Documentacao e Informacao
CEMP	An investment vehicle named for Sam Bronfman's children Charles, Edgar, Minda and Phyllis
CEN	Canadian Environmental Network
CEQ	Council on Environmental Quality
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency
CIDA	Canadian International Development Agency
CIMI	Missionary Indian Council/Conselho Indigena Missionario
CNN	Cable News Network
CONAGE	National Council of Geologists/Coordencao Nacional dos Geologos
CPCU	Canadian Participatory Committee for UNCED
CVRD	Companhia Vale do Rio Doce
EC	European Community
EDF	Environmental Defense Fund
ELC	Environmental Liaison Centre
ENI	Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi
FAO	Food and Agriculture Organization
FLACSO	Latin American Faculty of Social Sciences/ Facultad Latinoamericana de Ciencias Sociales

FUNAI	National Foundation of the Indian/Fundacao do Nacional do Indo
GATT	General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade
GOP	governmental organization privatized — an organization founded by government but also funded privately
IBAMA	Brazilian Institute for Environmental and Renewable Resources/Instituto Brasileiro do Meio Ambiente e Recursos Naturais Renovaveis
IBASE	Brazilian Institute for Social and Economic Analyses
IDRC	International Development Research Centre
IEDC	International Energy Development Corporation
INESC	Institute for Socio-Economic Studies/Instituto de Estudos Socio-Economicos
INPA	National Institute for Amazon Research/Instituto Nacional de Pesquisas Amazonicas
IPHAE	Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology
ITAC	International Trade Advisory Committee
ITV	Independent Television
IUCN	International Union for the Conservation of Nature
LDP	Liberal Democratic Party
NACEC	North American Commission for Environmental Cooperation
NAFTA	North American Free Trade Agreement
NGO	nongovernmental organization
NRDC	Natural Resources Defense Council
OPEC	Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries
PGO	private governmental organization — an organization founded privately but also funded by government
PMBD	Party of the Brazilian Democratic Movement/ Partido do Movimento Democratico Brasileiro
PT	Workers Party/Partido dos Trabalhadores
OHII	Ontario Hydro International Inc.
OPSEU	Ontario Public Service Employees Union
OSS	Office of Strategic Services
RTZ	formerly Rio Tinto Zinc
SAGIT	Sectoral Advisory Group International Trade
SEC	Securities and Exchange Commission
SPEC	Scientific Pollution and Environmental Control Society
UNCED	United Nations Commission on Environment and Development

UNDP	United Nations Development Program
UNEP	United Nations Environment Program
USAID	United States Agency for International Development
WCWC	Western Canada Wilderness Committee
WEDO	Women's Environment and Development Organization
WFUNA	World Federation of United Nations Associations
WILD	Wilderness is the Last Dream
WWF	World Wildlife Fund
YMCA	Young Men's Christian Association

Part I

One

Green Dreams (Red Flags)

It was a cold, crisp November evening in 1988. The sky was clear, the early evening stars winked overhead. My heels hitting the frozen cement sounded sharp as gunshots. I turned the corner onto Toronto's Bloor Street, looking for the entrance to St. Paul's Anglican Church. About two thousand others, milling inside and around the open front doors, had found it first. They must have been as intrigued as I by a newspaper advertisement inviting Torontonians to spend an evening with the Guardians of the Rainforest. The featured speaker was Paulinho Paiakan, a Kayapo Indian from Brazil. The Kayapo live on a river system that feeds the Amazon basin. Their lives were said to be threatened by a plan of the government of Brazil to build power dams on this river. This event was billed as a genteel protest: it was sponsored by the World Wildlife Fund Canada (WWF) and other smaller groups, including Our Common Ground and Probe International. Margaret Atwood, David Suzuki, and other prominent persons had lent their names.

In error, I had first called Pollution Probe for details about the event, thinking that Pollution Probe and Probe International were the same organization.[1] Pollution Probe knew about the fundraiser and explained that tickets were being sold to raise money to help the Kayapo fight the Brazilian government's plan. Brazil had applied to the World Bank for a $500-million loan for its power sector. If it was denied this loan, it would be hard pressed to start construction. Brazil had an international debt of some $120 billion, on which it had stopped paying interest. Brazil argued it needed new, cheap hydro power to grow its way out of economic trouble, but environmentalists believed the dams would destroy the Amazon rainforest. Canada, which had an important position on the World Bank's board, could vote against the loan to Brazil.

Probe International then added details. A spokesperson claimed that 22 dams were planned for the Xingu River, which traverses some Kayapo lands, and that 25 million hectares of rainforest could be

flooded, an area the size of the United Kingdom. The Kayapo had not even been consulted. In addition, like a Hydro-Québec gone berserk, the Brazilian government-owned power company, Eletronorte, had a much larger master development plan that called for 136 dams on the whole Amazon River system by the year 2010. In January 1988, the Kayapo had sent two representatives to the World Bank in Washington, D.C. to argue their case. When they returned to Brazil, the Kayapo and their translator, American anthropologist Dr. Darrell Posey, were charged under articles relating to seditious acts by foreigners. These charges had created a furore—how, after all, could aboriginals be treated as foreigners? Paulinho Paiakan, who was coming to speak in Toronto, had been one of the Kayapo hauled before the courts. The Kayapo now needed the protection of the world's spotlight upon them—certain dark national forces might otherwise exact revenge. Brazil still teetered between democracy and tyranny. The first direct presidential election since the military coup of 1964 had been postponed until November 1989. The Brazilian military, the real power behind the Brazilian presidency, were unpredictable in their commitment to democracy. At the height of military power in Brazil there had been disappearances, torture, death squads. FUNAI, the Brazilian agency created to protect Indians, was corrupt. No one could say what might happen to Paiakan when he returned home from this trip.

I was sympathetic to Paiakan's situation, but what finally drove me to attend the meeting wasn't fear for Brazilian democracy but the health of my children. I was deeply worried by all I had been reading and hearing about global climatic change and its connection to the degradation of urban air. I was concerned that flooding huge tracts of Amazon rainforest would be the atmospheric equivalent of the straw that broke the camel's back. The cold of November had come like a reassurance that Nature was still running on the same program; the summer of 1988 had been the summer from Hell. There had been a Depression-style drought on the Prairies, fires had burned relentlessly through Yellowstone National Park; in U.S. cities the old and the poor had died from the heat and the awful air quality. In Toronto it had been so hot, so dry, so foul, the sky had taken on a yellow, sulphurous glow. Significant scientists had begun to say that these phenomena were the indirect product of human insults to the environment. The greenhouse effect was one theory describing the mechanics of this climatic change: too much carbon dioxide was being released both from industrial processes and from the destruction of

rainforests. A top U.S. atmospheric scientist had testified before a Congressional committee that a warming trend had already begun that could lead to melting ice caps, inundation, destruction, and death. Others said that saving existing forests could be our salvation: after all, forests use carbon dioxide and release oxygen.

Simultaneous with this greenhouse debate came an upsurge of panic about the thinning of the upper atmosphere's ozone layer. British scientists had measured a thinning of the ozone layer above Antarctica. Thinning was also confirmed in 1988 over the Canadian Arctic. Ozone in the upper atmosphere protects life below from overexposure to ultraviolet radiation. It was predicted that if these so-called holes expanded, we could expect higher rates of cancers and cataracts as well as other serious effects in man, beast, and plant. The cause had been quickly pinned on the increased atmospheric levels of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), chemicals used in myriad industrial processes. The climate change was caused by too much CO_2, the ozone problem by too many CFCs. Solutions to both these problems seemed simple and yet intertwined: preserve the rainforest to prevent climatic change, stop making CFCs to save the ozone layer. These were steps that governments should regulate. But which governments?

In a curious coincidence, by the summer of 1988 the government of Canada had positioned itself at the centre of these global issues. Former Canadian officials had had great influence on Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland's U.N. Commission on Environment and Development. In 1987 her commission had published a report calling for a global ethic of sustainable development. Canadian officials made certain the report was widely circulated. Publication had neatly preceded an intergovernmental meeting in Montreal where international delegations discussed setting world limits on the use of CFCs. In June 1988 Canada hosted a global atmospheric conference in Toronto. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney used the occasion to speak to the world—and gear up for a fall election. All this had worked an international public relations miracle for Canada: the world's worst energy waster had managed to paint itself green, a triumph of announcements over substance. The quality of the world's biggest fresh water resource—the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes—had deteriorated to the point of scandal. Canada had yet to demand air quality controls on vehicle emissions that Californians had long enjoyed. Mulroney's government had gutted the environment department's budget and crafted a new environment

bill that devolved upon the provinces many federal responsibilities for regulation. The federal government kept trying to wash its hands of its legal duty to hold full environmental assessments of projects in the federal domain. Yet in September 1988, Canada's finance minister had suggested at a World Bank meeting that normal sovereign controls over national development policies might have to give way before the global need to keep tropical rainforests intact. No one had laughed or held him to account. Who had not seen on television the satellite pictures of burning rainforest, all that CO_2 going up in smoke?

The new Canadian policy seemed to be sustainable development if necessary, but sustainable development *elsewhere*. I had learned to view the statements of the government of Canada with an eye jaundiced by years of reporting on its activities. However, I did trust the independence of groups like the World Wildlife Fund Canada and Pollution Probe. I'd turned to them for information in the past and used it. If the World Wildlife Fund said the government of Brazil planned to flood an area the size of Britain and destroy the lands belonging to aboriginal people, I believed them. If they said the Kayapo Indians were people I could rely on to protect the rainforest for the good of the planet, I believed that too.

It was in this receptive state of mind that I found my way to a pew at the front of St. Paul's. I saw friends scattered in the crowd. Television personality Fred Davis climbed high up into a richly carved pulpit. In his bland way, he made a speech of welcome, explaining that he was a new convert to these matters but had come to see that "this is the single most important environmental issue in the world." He explained that changes far to the south could affect Canada's climate. He handed over the meeting to Monte Hummel, a slim, beige-haired, beige-faced man, the executive director of the World Wildlife Fund Canada.

Hummel described the crisis facing the rainforest. "Twenty-five million acres are destroyed each year," he said. Half the world's rainforest had been lost since 1940; the rest could go in the next 10 years. Rainforests are the opposite of northern forests which have many representatives of a small number of plant and insect species. Rainforests have small numbers of millions of different species, a continuously unfolding miracle of genetic diversity. One million species of plants, animals, and insects are on "the verge of extinction. Another 700 will be lost in the time of this concert." He apologized for numbing us with figures.

I felt numbed anyway, but I did fleetingly wonder where these figures came from, who counted those species dying out, the acres of forest cut every year? A group of Ojibway men sang and drummed on the stage. A native woman prayed that the rape of the earth would be stopped and that we could help our Kayapo brothers. Bob Bossin sang a song that excoriated MacMillan Bloedel.

Then David Suzuki spoke. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation star, newspaper columnist, author, and geneticist claimed that 17,000 species become extinct every year;[2] that we are the last generation that can make a decision about wilderness; that the Kayapo fight in Brazil had to become everyone's fight. He said he was here to introduce the Kayapo representative, Paulinho Paiakan.

I had kept my eye on Paulinho Paiakan, who stood waiting as Suzuki spoke. He was an odd figure—short, broad-shouldered, so exotic from the neck up. He had painted his round, solemn face in intricate black geometric designs that made his broad cheeks look dappled, shadowed. Earrings dangled below his chin-length hair. He wore a bright, circular headdress of short, upright feathers, shading from iridescent greens to violent yellows. From the neck down he looked like a thirtysomething yuppie. He wore a large white Roots sweatshirt and a LED wristwatch.

Suzuki said Paiakan had been forced from his life as a nomad "hunter-gatherer" to settle in a government village.[3] As a teenager Paiakan had learned Portuguese in a missionary school. At 16 he wrote a book about the forest, which was published by the Brazilian Indian agency FUNAI. "In 1980," said Suzuki, "he led his people away from roads, but [they] can't get away from the mining and the damming. It's not just the Brazilians who destroy their home. It is us. Our money." Suzuki said that as a further protest against these dams planned for the Xingu River, the Kayapo would construct a traditional Indian village at the town of Altamira in February 1989. This area would be flooded if dams were built. Suzuki said that the Kayapo needed to raise money to bring people to this demonstration. He asked us to be generous.

Paiakan and his translator climbed together to the pulpit. The house fell silent. People leaned forward in their pews. Paiakan spoke like a dream, made dreams of peace and beauty rise up and dance before us, before me. His voice was low and powerful, slow and moving. He explained that the Kayapo people once had been able to enjoy life in a beautiful forest. As he spoke of this forest, the house lights dimmed until there was just a spotlight on Paiakan that picked

out a glorious orange feather rising higher than the rest on his headdress. He said he had come to explain that the problem in the rainforest is not just Brazil's but Canada's. Some of our taxes go to the World Bank, which gives the money to Brazil, which destroys the forest. How would we explain to our grandchildren that what we did led to the destruction of a rainforest that we never saw? Instead of giving money through the banking system to destroy the forest, we should give it to the Indians who would protect it as they protected their own Indian lands.

He said it had only been a short time that his people had been in contact with the outside world. "Then my people began the struggle," he said. "We protested the fact that the government allowed people to invade our lands, miners to invade and take minerals. The Indian now has to solve the problems of the government. ... Instead of the government carrying out mandates to protect indigenous people, they actually asked to have nuclear wastes stored on our land." He and his warriors went to the capital, Brasilia, nearly 2,000 kilometres from their homes and demonstrated at the Brazilian Congress: they were able to have the project cancelled. Similarly, in the recent debate over the newly drafted Brazilian constitution, Paiakan had led a group to protest certain clauses. The Kayapo had invaded Congress "until they were forced to make the legislation favourable to us. Now," he said slowly, "we have another war to fight. The Altamira dam project. This is our new war. ... I would like everybody here to understand, this is not just a struggle of my people. What happens to the rainforest concerns everyone here. ... I have come here to ask you to join us in the struggle together. You have just heard the testimony of someone you know—David." He pointed to Suzuki. "He came to my house. We fished together. He ate in my house."

The spotlight went down. A slide screen lit up. Paiakan said he wanted to show us images of his people, of their way of life. Image after image passed by: a river; great canopied trees slit by soft shafts of light; naked children playing in clear water; young people with heads shaven in a U form with intricately painted arms and legs; an oblong thatched house. "We want to continue to be like this," he said.

Oh, how those images pierced me. Outside this church were ugly concrete and steel towers jammed wall-to-wall, screeching streets, the acrid taste of smog. But on the screen there were these pictures of paradise—naked, lithe bodies, shallow rivers, fat babies, clouds of butterflies. It hurt just to think about walking out into the cold, foul air instead of somehow plunging through the screen to that place

where bodies moved freely, where one could breathe in the subtle smells of the earth.

Paiakan said he'd shown us Aukre, his village. Now a burned, charred piece of forest flashed up on screen. "This is what happens when the white man destroys," he said. "This was a palm tree rich in fruits. ... The smoke. ... It's going up in the air to be carried to who knows what other people." Pictures flashed by of burned forest, ashen stumps standing upright like bad teeth in a wrecked mouth. Next came pictures of men. Paiakan said that one wearing a headdress was his uncle, another his father. In some pictures, the men were dancing. In others, they stood in a semicircle on dusty ground with pistols on their hips like cowboys. They all wore watches. There was another photo of Paiakan with his cousin Kuben-i and Dr. Darrell Posey, a slide of Paiakan with a small video recorder on his shoulder.

"We have been considered criminals by the government of our country," he said. "We took a trip at the beginning of this year to help the government of Brazil to preserve our forests. Instead of thanking us, the government accuses us of being criminals." More pictures flashed by. "This is the kind of deforestation that is committed by the white man. And this is another way that white men destroy," he said, flashing a picture of the scarred earth, cut deep. "This is a mine."

There was much applause when Paiakan finished. It was, in truth, an amazing performance. A strange man from another culture who spoke no English had held in thrall a church full of people, some of whom would not have crossed the street to support a similar event organized by Canadian native people. But at the same time, as Paiakan spoke and the pictures flashed on the screen, tiny red flags had flapped up in the back of my mind. These Kayapo Guardians of the Rainforest—what were their guns for? Where had Paiakan got his Betamax? What does a man living *au naturel* want with a Betamax?

Paiakan had been disarming about that. He'd told us that he'd taken the Betamax into the Brazilian court so the white man could not lie later about what was said. The judge had said he couldn't be a real Indian if he knew how to use a Betamax—that meant he was an acculturated Brazilian with no rights to evade Brazilian law. We'd all laughed at the stupidity of the judge, the viciousness of the white man. The laughter pushed down the red flags.

Monte Hummel leapt up to strike. He explained that we all could protect the rainforest through the World Wildlife Fund Canada.

Twenty-eight Indian groups would assemble soon at the Brazilian town of Altamira to speak with a unified voice against dams in the rainforest. We were all invited to help. Not one cent of our donations would go to anything but protecting the rainforest, and at least five dollars of every Guardian of the Rainforest certificate purchased would go to the Kayapo cause specifically. We could buy a certificate in someone else's name and give it as a Christmas gift. Seventeen donation stations had been set up throughout the church. People were lining up to give before Hummel sat down.

There is something about being part of a public fundraiser that gives one a proprietary feeling about the results. I read the papers and watched television with interest as subsequent events unfolded. In December 1988, just weeks after Paiakan spoke, Brazil offered the world its first ecomartyr and in the process became the world's number one environmental enemy. Chico Mendes, a Brazilian rubbertapper, labour organizer, and politician, was murdered at his house in the far western Brazilian rainforest state of Acre. Normally such tragedies don't make international news, but Chico Mendes had been awarded the United Nations Environment Program's Global 500 award the previous year for his efforts to preserve rainforests by using them. Like Paulinho Paiakan, Mendes had come to the world's attention by going to Washington. Like Paiakan, he had protested against development loans to Brazil by the InterAmerican Development Bank (a regional arm of the World Bank). Mendes had testified on Capitol Hill, given press conferences, and been seen on CNN. His organization, the National Council of Rubbertappers, had made contact with big Washington-based environment groups. An organization called the Better World Society had given Mendes a prize in October 1988. Just two months later, he was dead.

The uproar that followed focused attention on the Kayapo when they held their demonstration at Altamira in February 1989. Altamira is a Brazilian frontier town in the east-central Amazon, at least 2,000 kilometres away from the fleshpots of Rio where international journalists most often are found. Nevertheless, the series of events staged by the Kayapo in an Altamira gymnasium was covered by major newspapers and shown on television networks around the world. One scene stuck in my mind, perhaps because I saw it so often. At a long table in the gym, officials sat dressed in white shirts. In the cleared space in front of the table, a mainly naked but beautifully painted and beaded Kayapo woman marched and gestured with a machete.

She approached the centre of the table, planted herself in front of a man with a round expressionless face, a representative of the Brazilian electrical utility Eletronorte, and slapped her machete against his cheek. He stared straight ahead. It was perfect TV.

Paiakan was to have been the star of this demonstration, but many other important people came, including a British MP, Canadian entertainer Gordon Lightfoot, and representatives of major environmental groups. Paiakan was upstaged by the rock star Sting who appeared in the company of an older Kayapo warrior named Raon-i. Raon-i's lower lip is distended by a traditional lip disk. Sting announced to the press that he would create a global charity called the Rainforest Foundation to help the Kayapo defend their lands.

Even in the pages of the *Globe and Mail*, whose South American correspondent reported on these events, one could sense a power struggle in the burgeoning save-the-rainforest movement. The *Globe* dropped hints that a person involved in Sting's foundation had a less-than-perfect track record.[4] Paiakan somehow slipped into the background. Reports focused on Sting and Raon-i visiting the president of France, François Mitterrand; Sting and Raon-i meeting the Pope; Sting and Raon-i seeing President Sarney of Brazil.

By May 1989, I had managed to interest *Saturday Night* in a story about rainforests, their defenders, and climatic change. That's when Sting's travelling roadshow hit Toronto, six months after Paiakan had spoken in St. Paul's Church. A press conference was called at the Four Seasons Hotel. It had two purposes. The press conference was the Canadian launch of a new softcover book on saving the Brazilian rainforest co-authored by Sting and Jean-Pierre Dutilleux—proceeds to go to the Brazilian Rainforest Foundation. It was also meant to inform the press about the Rainforest Foundation's serious purpose.

Toronto's rock and roll journalists sat thumbing through the complimentary copies of Sting's picture book in the Four Seasons ballroom. Sting's book explained how the musician had come to be involved in the rainforest campaign. He had performed at a concert in Rio de Janeiro, where he was approached by Jean-Pierre Dutilleux, a Belgian who had made films about the rainforest. Dutilleux begged Sting and his wife to come and see the rainforest before it was all gone. Sting was taken to meet the Kayapo Raon-i, who asked Sting to help save the forest, raise money, and get the word out. Faced with a direct appeal, the book explained, Sting said yes.

There was a rustle and a surge of reporters and camera people as Sting and his entourage entered the ballroom. Small, self-contained, and dressed like a British workingman, Sting moved to the head table. He was accompanied by an American Sioux named Red Crow, whose picture I had just seen in the book, by Paiakan and his cousin Megaron, the administrator of the Xingu National Park, home to 16 different Brazilian Indian groups including some Kayapo.

Sting spoke. He said the rainforest had to be saved at all costs. Many of our best medicines had come from rainforests, including a cure for leukemia; maybe something would be found to deal with AIDS. To burn the forest before all the species are known would be the moral equivalent of destroying the Great Library of Alexandria. We had to help Brazil help itself. Brazil's biggest problem was its appalling foreign debt. Forgive the debt, said Sting. His Rainforest Foundation hoped to set up branches in many countries to collect charitable contributions to be funnelled to the Rainforest Foundation in Brazil. Among the people already involved in the Brazilian end of the charity were a member of the Brazilian Congress, Fabio Feldmann, and Paulinho Paiakan. Money sent to the foundation in Brazil would be used to help the Kayapo physically defend the rainforest: the Kayapo would patrol the perimeter of their lands in order to prevent unauthorized persons from entering or leaving. While some Kayapo lands were still in dispute, the government had now recognized their aboriginal rights to a very large amount of land. The Kayapo proposed that this land, now divided into three separate areas, be joined together and demarcated according to law. The new Brazilian constitution, just formulated by the Congress in October 1988, required a physical boundary or buffer zone around the perimeter of demarcated Indian lands to indicate actual control of the whole territory.

Sting pointed to a map on an easel. The Kayapo were talking about taking effective control of an area about half the size of France. There were only 3,000 Kayapo people scattered in 13 villages in the three areas that were to be joined into one. FUNAI was unable or unwilling to defend them from encroaching miners and ranchers who were often heavily armed. FUNAI required Indian groups to do their own demarcation. In order to demarcate and defend the borders of such a huge area, the Kayapo needed boats, communication devices, airplanes, and other things. These other things were not defined, but I suddenly remembered those pictures of Paiakan's relations with guns

on their hips. How much money did he need? Sting thought a couple of million dollars would do the job.

I looked again at the map. Another red flag went up: Sting was talking about raising charitable funds to give 3,000 people a form of sovereignty over an area half the size of France, inside Brazil. It is a standard of international diplomacy that national sovereignty is demonstrated by actual control over who enters and leaves a territory. Sting was talking about using charity funds to create a state within a state. In a matter of a few months, Paiakan's goals seemed to have stretched from stopping dams to starting a country.

The press conference ended in a scrum of photographers pushing in on Sting, Paiakan, Raon-i, and Megaron until they all fell into a charming rainforest-style floral display set up at the back of the ballroom. I had hoped to catch up with Paiakan, but he slipped out before I reached him. As I ran after him into the hall, a young woman grabbed him and hugged him. Together they headed off toward the elevators.

The reporter in me was now wide awake. Physical control of air and ground space also meant actual control by an aboriginal group of a huge resource base. One had only to translate such a situation to the Canadian context to imagine how the Brazilian government would react. Hadn't various Canadian first nations' organizations argued lately that they needed to have their representatives sit as equals with provincial premiers in discussions of the Canadian constitution? Had they not been rebuffed? Red Crow, according to Sting's book, was active in the American Indian Movement (AIM).[5] AIM had tried to organize among Canadian native people such as the James Bay Cree. I knew that the James Bay Cree had sent a representative down to Paiakan's demonstration at Altamira. Whatever was going on here was not what had first been advertised at St. Paul's Church. I felt like a blind person touching an embossed picture, knowing the edges marked out a shape but unable to say what the shape represented. I was hooked to this story like a fish on a line.

Two

The Handmade Jungle

Less than a week after Sting's press conference in Toronto, I went to the University of Wisconsin at Madison to meet Dr. Darrell Posey. Posey had gone to Washington with Paiakan and his cousin Kuben-i early in 1988 to protest against dams on the Xingu River. Posey, an American anthropologist, had lived among the Kayapo and published papers on their society. Like them, he had also been charged by Brazil with seditious behaviour. He was touring the U.S. at the same time as Paiakan and Sting, giving speeches at various universities, trying to raise money for his defence.

We sat at a little table outside the university's Student Union Building. The day was glorious and almost hot. Students lay on the grassy sward beside Madison's lake, their clothes spread on the green like coloured scarves. Trees drooped under heavy blossoms. There was a peculiar white structure jutting out of the water, a lumpen version of the Statue of Liberty. Someone said it was a sculpture of the Lady Freedom.

I already knew that Posey was a figure of considerable controversy in academic circles, in part because of his behaviour, in part because of his published work. One eminent Berkeley anthropologist had praised Posey highly. However, University of Chicago anthropologist Dr. Terence Turner, a man with great expertise on the Kayapo people, spoke of Posey's theories disparagingly. A geographer—Dr. William Denevan, a man who had written widely on the way people lived and traded in ancient America—had invited Posey to lecture at Madison. Posey was heading from Madison to Los Angeles to sign over the rights to his life story to Jon Voight's production company.

He did not seem a likely movie hero. His hair, blond with red hints and grey streaks, crinkled straight back from a wide forehead. His full, reddish-blond beard hid most of his wide cheeks. His nose was thin and turned up; his eyes were small and just a little dangerous, set deep in folds of skin. He was heavy, big in the shoulder but bigger in the belly, with the unexpected gracefulness that overweight men

sometimes have. He wore a gold chain at his neck. He also had a wicked, rolling underground wit, which he covered up with a delicate politeness. I could see him in a country house in the American South, sitting on a white porch, balancing a tea cup and cake and linen, the favourite of an elderly hostess.

I had just read an essay Posey published in 1988 in a book called *Saving the Tropical Rainforest.* There Posey was identified as a researcher in ethnobotany at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi in Belem, Para, Brazil, an anthropologist with special expertise in the use of insects in farming and in insect toxicology. His ideas about tropical agriculture were close to revolutionary. Posey had done most of his field work among the Kayapo, and his article, titled "Resource Management by the Kayapo, Brazil," described them as farmers with a fantastically intricate knowledge of their complex environment. He claimed that Kayapo women, the agriculturalists of the community, used a detailed "soils classification system at least as sophisticated as that of most modern tropical agronomical systems in planning which crops to plant and where they should best be located. In all, the Kayapo recognize and use over six hundred species of plants."

Other scholars had previously described the Kayapo system of slash-and-burn agriculture as primitive. Posey replied that the Kayapo manipulated their whole environment in complex growth cycles. He said they made clearings when they lived in forested areas and created pockets of forest in savannah areas, both of which they "managed." In the forest, they cut down trees to open fields to light, and then in the dry season they burned them. The burning created a fine layer of ash which fertilized the thin soils. They planted annuals in the burned-over areas for two or more years, then they planted perennials that continued to produce over many years in succession. These fallows had previously been written off as abandoned, unproductive fields, but in fact, Posey said, they were closely worked by the Kayapo and provided for many needs. For example, fruit trees were planted in the fallows, and these attracted game animals. Many plants had such multiple uses. Some attracted insects, which were predators on other predacious insects and animals. Posey claimed the Kayapo had not just adapted themselves to the rainforest, they had created the forest around them.

The Kayapo then had hundreds of kilometres of trails through the forest radiating out from the village of Gorotire, along which "fruit bearing trees were planted as a kind of way station. ... Gorotire ... still maintains a five-hundred-kilometre trail system planted with

yams, medicinal plants and fruiting trees." Posey summed up by saying that his work, along with work done on the agroforestry of Mayan people, called into question "the apparent 'naturalness' of some existing tropical forests, and shows that a diversity of species and habitats can be maintained while yielding food, medicine and household products to their human managers ... there is little to prevent the Kayapo's efficient and sustainable agriculture from being fruitfully applied to other parts of the world."

It is almost an article of faith among environmentalists that the diversity of the rainforests is a gift straight from the hand of God untouched by human manipulation and that it must be left that way to preserve the rich speciation. This idea that rainforests might have been formed by human trading patterns and farming methods led to interesting possibilities. For example, if aboriginal people know how to shape such an overwhelming environment, was this knowledge a remnant of a much more complex agricultural system of the past? Could the complex system be inferred from present practice and brought back into use to serve hungry millions pushing their way into the rainforest? Posey seemed to think so.

Theories about rainforest carrying capacity are a subtheme in most arguments about tropical environments under development pressure. They drive decisions about land use, about roads, dams, and zoning. In spite of their abundant vegetation, many rainforest lands are unfarmed because the soils are almost sterile below the top layer. The major biological functions in rainforests seem to take place in and around the tops of exposed roots and in the upper canopy. One can cut trees down and transfer their nutrients to the soil by burning, but monoculture crops like rice or soy beans deplete these nutrients in a few years. The standard theory has been that long periods of fallow time are required between annual crops on rainforest lands. Planners, geographers, botanists, even archaeologists have believed that rainforests can support only small, continuously shifting populations. But if Kayapo "fallows" were a different, highly productive stage of the agricultural process, as Posey suggested, then much could be learned from Kayapo agriculture to permit more stable exploitation of the rainforest.

Posey's host, Dr. Denevan, and other scholars were still piecing together how various groups in the Amazon had traded with each other before Europeans came. Denevan believed that before the arrival of the conquistadors, the maximum population of the Amazon basin was about seven million. Posey was part of a new school of

researchers who believed that pre-conquest Amazon rainforest carrying capacity was much higher. Another researcher, Anna Roosevelt, claimed to have archaeological evidence dating back several millennia of large populations centred on Amazon flood plain areas. A battle raged in academic circles over whether or not Roosevelt's evidence was reliable. Posey was particularly interested in tracing out the native American trade in plants, which he believed had led to the dispersal of seeds and plant forms over great distances. The Kayapo had told him there had once been great alliances among chiefs and that they had traded seeds.

Posey's hopes for the future came out of his faith in the distant past. He hoped to exhume it, to decode it from the living Kayapo culture. At a gathering of colleagues at Denevan's house, Posey said that he had grown impatient with the slow and painful way in which good science finds its way to a broad community. He later told one colleague he wanted to save the world—that was why he was turning to popular filmmaking. "Publishing in learned journals takes too much time," he said.

He was clearly a man of contradictions. While in his published works he acknowledged contributions from major charities such as the Ford Foundation and the World Wildlife Fund, at a public meeting in Madison he questioned the use of the $30 million he figured had been raised by North American charities for the protection of rainforests. He said, passionately, that the researchers on his team studying the Kayapo had not seen that money. He suggested to the audience that they ask tough questions of environmental groups about where this money was going. On the other hand, he was trying to raise money himself. He was part of a network trying to organize another public demonstration in the Amazon city of Manaus to be held during the Brazilian presidential election campaign. In front of the TV cameras of the world, Brazil's presidential candidates would be made to answer tough questions about the environment. Posey had held meetings about this project with Sting, Paiakan, and Raon-i in Toronto the day of Sting's press conference. Yet Posey expressed doubts about the people behind Sting. He derisively referred to Jean-Pierre Dutilleux as "Dudi-Doo." He knew the Kayapo were interested in carving out a nation inside Brazil, that some members of the Brazilian government apparently thought the Kayapo might become Brazil's version of "the Palestinians." He said Paiakan had told him, "If we're gonna be treated like foreigners, we might as well have our own country." He had made no moves to distance himself from

Paiakan. Yet he complained he was being closely watched by the government of Brazil.

Seated at the little table overlooking the lake, I listed some of these contradictions. Posey leaned back in his chair, arms behind his head, squinting at the sun. "There are no contradictions," he said. "Where they appear to be is where the anthropologist must begin to ask questions to learn what it is that produces such apparent results."

This was a virtual invitation to ask questions, so I pumped him hard at this meeting and subsequent ones about his personal history. He was born in the town of Henderson, Kentucky, the ninth generation of a family that moved there from Virginia after the American Revolution. One ancestor, General Thomas Posey,[1] had been an aide-de-camp to General George Washington. By the time Darrell Posey was born in 1947, the family had a strong sense of tradition and attachment to the land they farmed.

Posey was the kind of bright boy who competed at science fairs. His interest was ants and their communication through chemical means—pheromones. He had his choice of three good universities and picked Louisiana State at Baton Rouge because it was warm, friendly, and there was a branch of the family there—descendants of the same General Posey. By the time he got to university, he was also a confirmed naturalist.

He first studied entomology, then anthropology. In 1974 he spent a year in Britain working on archaeology digs in Scotland under Dr. Paul Mellars, examining the first evidence of hearths and agricultural activities in the British Isles. Posey's M.A. was granted in geography/anthropology in 1975. His M.A. thesis was on a group of Creole, wealthy, educated Haitians who went to Louisiana when it was a colony of France, and what then befell them. "I became very interested in questions of ethnic identity and the fight to preserve culture."

He attended a meeting of anthropologists in Tampa, Florida. The subject was tropical agriculture—how Indians and others farm in South America. He met Dr. Charles Wagley, then head of the Center for Latin American Studies at Columbia University and a major Brazil scholar. Posey wondered aloud if Indian agriculturalists had to worry about insect predators and how they dealt with them. The response he got when he asked was "we don't know." No one had looked at traditional agriculture from that perspective other than the authors of a few studies in Africa and India. Wagley encouraged Posey to do such work in Brazil. Wagley said he'd find a place for

Posey and told Posey to send an application to study Brazilian Indians through him. Wagley said he should apply for a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research.[2] Then and now, according to Posey, the Wenner-Gren was "a powerful force for funding anthropology—the stuff no one else will fund." (In fact, the Wenner-Gren Foundation had once worked extremely closely with the precursor agency to the CIA and had funded scholars in association with various military initiatives in Latin America.) Wenner-Gren gave Posey $7,500 to do doctoral research.

While he waited for permission to work in Brazil, he did his doctoral course work at the University of Georgia. He also took a job in an entomological toxicology lab. Georgia was becoming a major centre for the study of ecology. Dr. Eugene Odum (founder of the Institute for Ecology at the University of Georgia), who makes computer models of inputs and outputs of energy in complex systems, was there. Posey heard him lecture and was both fascinated and repelled by ecologists' discussions. "Humans weren't in it," said Posey. "Or they were considered disruptive to it. ... Ecology didn't have a social science."

Ecologists' simple views of the role of humans in ecological systems didn't fit Posey's experience. For example, those trying to do biogeographical models often failed to look at the human factor in the distribution of plant species. Posey knew that was a fundamental error. After all, he was the descendant of nine generations of Kentucky farmers who had most definitely played a role in the distribution of species around Henderson. There was gross ignorance of the complexity of Amazon ecosystems. "We are talking about an area the size of the [continental] U.S. To say there are only nine environments [there] is really stupid."

Posey had hoped to study Indian groups on the border between Guyana (where English is spoken) and Brazil because he spoke no Portuguese, but the Brazilians had closed the border area. He was told he should go to study the Kayapo because they have "a funny dance with wasps. That was the only lead." He finally got permission to enter Brazil in late 1976. He left the U.S. early in 1977, a time of ferment in hemispheric affairs.

He went to Brazil by road. By the time he got to a meeting of the Antillean and South American Society for Archaeology and Ethnohistory in Caracas, Venezuela, he was suffering culture shock. His mentor was there—Dr. William George Haag of Louisiana State University. So were Clifford Evans and Betty Meggars, a husband

and wife team based at the Smithsonian Institution who had pioneered archaeology at the mouth of the Amazon. He had not been invited to give a paper, but he hung around because "I decided I needed personal support. I felt fortunate to get out of Colombia alive." He'd spent months watching the violence, immersed in the poverty. He'd seen gangs of children killing and robbing people in Bogota, children of seven or eight learning to attack like animals. "The closer I got to Brazil the more I thought [about] living in an Indian tribe. It's traumatic going to the field. It's an important rite of passage for all anthropologists, where you learn new language, food, and doing things. It's the trauma of that that shocks you into [seeing]. ... This meeting in Caracas was critical to me ... to show the relationship between South America and the Antilles. ... All these areas were [once] interlinked, upper Colombian tribes, Amazon Indians went as far as Mesoamerica [central America up to Mexico], trade routes [went] through the Orinoco linked to the Amazon."

As well as grasping firmly the idea that during some periods in the past the Americas were one trade zone, he got some strong practical advice on how to proceed to Brazil. He was told to go to Santa Elena on the Venezuelan side of the border with Brazil, and he was given an introduction to a Venezuelan general. Posey was told that the general had studied in the U.S. Posey's mentor, Haag, said the general would get Posey a ride into Brazil.

"I saw the general in his country home, living like a general should live," Posey said. He was told to get into a blue Mercedes truck, "which was going suspiciously empty to Brazil." The bed of the truck was about four feet deep. "I didn't want to know what was in there," said Posey, but he had an idea that it might have been smuggling oil, which was cheap in Venezuela but expensive in Brazil. He thought the truck would bring back into Venezuela gold and diamonds. "It took us to the border. I remember stopping at the border. I had lunch at a hut, a thatched round hut. [It was the] most spectacular country I've ever seen. I remember feeling immediately at home after [I crossed] the border."

He and the Mercedes truck continued down to Boa Vista, a frontier town in the northern territory (now a state) of Roraima, later the centre of an uproar over gold mining on Yanomami Indian land. They travelled 600 kilometres south to the central Amazon city of Manaus. On the way, they passed through the land of the Waimari-Atroari Indians. The World Bank had just given Brazil a development loan

for the region, and "a bunch of priests were on the warpath against the road," said Posey. They came to a military post.

"We had to get under the tarpaulin. The military wouldn't let us through and the [fear was] the Indians [would] shoot us with bows and arrows." They spent hours under the tarpaulin. "We went through a blockade ... in convoy with a military escort, five trucks. That was an experience. We saw no Indians. The seriousness of the Indian question struck me. [It was] serious life-and-death stuff."

In Manaus, Posey presented himself to Dr. Warwick Kerr, then the head of the National Institute for Research in the Amazon or INPA. "He was a very important, highly regarded person who opened doors and saved me from *faux pas*." He was also the person who had engineered the genetic cross between African and Brazilian bees. These new bees, killer bees as we call them, have since drifted all the way north into the southern U.S. Kerr sent Posey to Belem, a city at the mouth of the Amazon, to the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi. "At that time [it was] under the arm of Dr. Warwick Kerr. He arranged for me to be sponsored by the Museu. I had to have them help me get documents from FUNAI [the national Indian agency] and help me orient myself. The director helped me—he was a good friend of the secretary of the air force of the region." Dr. Wagley's student, head of research at FUNAI, said "Go to Gorotire. It was there or nowhere."

So in July 1977, Darrell Posey was flown to the Kayapo village of Gorotire by the Brazilian air force. He had with him enough food and supplies to last six months. When he got on the plane, he found himself surrounded by Kayapo warriors, also travelling courtesy of the air force. "I didn't speak Kayapo. They spoke no Portuguese." His first trauma came when the plane touched down at Gorotire. "My 400 kilos of baggage was just chucked off. The flight crew were frightened of the Kayapo, [who] were very aggressive. The plane landed—an old DC-3 —they got unloaded and out in five minutes. I didn't have time to think about not staying. As soon as the door shut, the women started wailing the Welcome of Tears—it sent shivers up my spine. I see my boxes on people's heads [bouncing] down the valley. It's mountains, valleys—500 metres high. ... I'm in the middle of the airstrip. A tall, blond dude who was head of the FUNAI post who had worked with Canadian anthropologists in his previous post and learned English, he could indicate what was going on—he brought me to the village. [Gorotire] had been influenced by Brazil. There is a central plaza—on the sunrise side of it [there's] a

communal house where the warriors meet at early morning and evening. ... Each family house is extended family—a woman and all her daughters and husbands. These are matrilineal households. We discussed the role I could play. I planned to help them with the dispensing of white medicine."

Although Posey did not meet him right away, Paiakan was also in Gorotire studying at the missionary school. The denomination was then Protestant. Paiakan also taught Portuguese—and how to read and write in Portuguese and Kayapo. "[Paiakan] was the first Kayapo to produce a small book that he wanted to write—about the arrival of African bees to the Kayapo region. ... Paiakan was 25 at the time. He worked for FUNAI on the attraction front [on the TransAmazonian Highway]." Paiakan was one of those who represented the expanding edge of Brazilian civilization to Indians who had not yet been embraced by it. His first wife lived in Gorotire. Together they had a son.

"The first time I remember meeting Paiakan it was an expedition that happened 22 days after I arrived. That was the time they went on a raid. It was the first raid to throw gold miners off the land, and it was August 1977. They hadn't told the missionary or the FUNAI people what they were doing, they said [to me] they were going hunting. Strangely, they let me go [with them]. I don't know why they did that. I think they thought it was neat. I wasn't important to them—it was like having a mascot, someone to laugh at. I didn't know how to do anything normal people could do."

Posey winced at the memories of his helplessness as a stranger among dangerous people. No one spared his feelings. He was the white idiot, the fool from abroad. "So ... we go on this raid. After we are out of the village they told me ... it was the last traditional war raid ever held by the Kayapo, the first time it was applied to expelling gold miners. We know little about the psychology of warfare. I feel very fortunate to have participated. One fasts the whole time—it was 11 days. I lost 19 pounds. We spent 4 days going downriver. ... The first time I remember his [Paiakan's] face was 4 days downriver, [we were] camping on the river eating boiled fish and water."

Shortly after that the warriors left the river and took off "fast ... on trails ... running, literally running in the forest, like a running walk." Posey had trained for a year before he started his travels so he was in the best shape of his life. "I kept up [with them] from the dawn till midday. Then—we had not taken a break. We stopped for

water—the chiefs sat around the water hole." Posey thought he'd prove how tough he was and get a bit ahead of the groups so he wouldn't have to work so hard to keep up later. "I went up the trail—up a bit. I thought I'd better wait. Nobody came. They took another trail. I was all alone, completely lost. [I had] no idea how to get back. I took a machete to mark trail and found the main trail. I headed back—completely lost. I thought, what the fuck can I do?"

Like all good storytellers, Posey broke off at this high point. He said he had to meet a friend for lunch. He told me the rest in our subsequent meetings: he'd faced a night alone in the rainforest without even a match to start a fire. Just as he'd begun to panic, an old man came down the trail. Together, they went back to the river. Then along came a few more of the Kayapo who said they weren't well: they were half-heartedly looking for him. They took him back to a camp and waited four days without food until the warriors who had gone on returned, transformed from fasting. They danced. They collapsed. They caught some fish, ate a little, then headed back up the river. They canoed home in a spectacular storm. In a heightened state of awareness, brought on by sleeplessness, fear, and food deprivation, a little song began to grow in Posey's head, a strange little song that arrived from nowhere and issued from his mouth as he paddled. The Kayapo were intrigued. They said it was his spirit song. The old man gave him an Indian name right there—he said Posey should be called Yarat-i.

"From then on things were different," he said. "I went back to normal life, helped with medicine, research, collecting insects. They'd say, where [are] you going [with that net]? They'd say, What do you do there? I'd say, Collecting useless things. ... They'd laugh and laugh. That life continued normally until January, then I went with them downriver to the communal villages where brazilnuts are collected. There are 12 villages below Gorotire, each with houses, a whole family lives there—the village breaks into family groups." These family groups picked brazilnuts, a cash crop, and sold them to FUNAI, which in turn sold them to merchants in Belem. "Lots disappeared on the way," said Posey, rolling his eyes. The chiefs would go to Belem to order goods and gradually discovered they were being charged three times more than they should have been.

In 1979 Posey returned to the University of Georgia and finished his dissertation which was on the Kayapo insect classification system. He expected to go back to Brazil. His thesis made no mention of this military trek with the Kayapo to expel gold miners from their

territory, although it did say that Posey travelled with them extensively. He'd been promised a job in Manaus at the National Institute for Amazon Research. But in 1980 when he tried to confirm this appointment, he found the new director of the Institute didn't want him to come.

An anthropologist friend arranged for him to stay with her in Chicago while he studied at the Center for the History of the American Indian at the Newberry Library. He met Dr. Terence Turner, who had been one of the first anthropologists to study the Kayapo, but Turner took no interest in him. Posey contented himself with looking for records to back his theory that the Kayapo had not been a scattered people at the time of their first early contact with Europeans but lived in one enormous village called Pyka-to-ti. He was convinced he'd seen the site 185 kilometres southwest of Gorotire. He also decided to consult the reports on the Kayapo made by a modern British missionary, Horace Banner, the first white person to live with the Kayapo after they had been moved by the government to the site of Gorotire in the late 1930s. Banner was with the Unevangelized Fields Missions. His widow and partner, Dona Eva, still lived in Gorotire when Posey arrived. She gave him tea, let him listen to the BBC at her house, and mentioned that he was welcome to look at her husband's papers in Britain. He got a grant and made it stretch for a year. In Europe he followed a trail of evidence through the National Archives in Portugal to show how American Indians had been decimated by European diseases *before* actual contact with Europeans. Posey believed that the diseases moved ahead of the conquistadors along age-old trade routes and that the vectors were insects. The first monograph he published on this subject was on fleas and lice.

He returned to Brazil in 1982. Dr. Warwick Kerr got him an appointment at the Federal University of Maranhao, a "podunk" university, according to Posey. Kerr had managed to put together a team of like-minded scholars to enlighten the school. Two or three of them, along with others, became part of Posey's new research team, which worked on what he called the Kayapo Project. The team investigated the ethnobotanical, political, astronomical, and other mysteries of the Kayapo under Posey's direction. It was funded by the Ford Foundation, the World Wildlife Fund U.S., the National Geographic Society, and the Brazilian National Council of Science and Technology. Posey taught three semesters of six weeks' duration and had the rest of the year for research, during which time he lived

in Gorotire. He was in Gorotire half of each year until 1988, long enough to teach the Kayapo how to organize a good demonstration.

It seemed to me, later, when I had a chance to think about things, that Darrell Posey was a man with a most interesting combination of talents, interests, and background. An anthropologist who specialized in insects, he knew enough about toxicology to work in a lab and pursued theories about the transmission of disease throughout the Americas on insect vectors. He was funded and had his way smoothed in Brazil by those with connections to the military government. Later, he became a high-ranking member of Brazil's science establishment. He had accompanied the Kapayo on a war raid against miners early in his sojourn among the Kayapo. He had said he could find no permanent academic appointment in the U.S. in spite of his considerable talents. Yet he had got funds from several large U.S. foundations to work abroad. This man who had brought Paiakan and the Kayapo to Washington and the attention of the world was someone to be reckoned with.

Three

Plane Dollars and Sense

Darrell Posey had made it clear he was part of a network of people who raised funds for the Kayapo's defence of the rainforest. The same network was organizing another international media event in Manaus to coincide with the Brazilian presidential election period in October 1989. This project also needed money. Posey had advised me to call David Suzuki to find out when Paiakan would be back in North America for the next set of these fundraisers. When I did call Suzuki near the end of May, he said the previous fundraisers had not been his doing but that of his wife, Tara Cullis. He said I should call her in Vancouver to find out what was going on. He was excited: he said Cullis had just bought Paiakan a plane.

Tara Cullis spoke on the telephone in a high, breathy voice, like a young girl. The whole thing with Paiakan had happened this way, she said: David Suzuki had been shooting a program for the CBC's *The Nature of Things* down in Brazil and had called her, exhausted and upset about the devastation of the rainforest. "He said, 'Tara, you gotta do something.'" Cullis had organized two fundraisers in Toronto for Paiakan, not just the one I knew about. Another had also been organized in Ottawa (by Elizabeth May, formerly senior policy adviser to former federal environment minister Tom McMillan). After the Kayapo demonstration (or conference as Cullis preferred to call it) in February at Altamira, which Cullis attended, Paiakan had come up to Vancouver with his wife and children. They stayed with Cullis, Suzuki, and family. Cullis had done another fundraiser at that time. She thought Paiakan would soon be back in North America as part of a new fundraising tour across the U.S. He'd be going to Atlanta, New York, San Francisco, and possibly Vancouver. They'd been asked to send him to Japan.

She confirmed she'd just bought a Cessna U206 and found a pilot to ferry it down to Brazil. The pilot, Al (Jet) Johnson had been suggested to her by Paul Watson of the Sea Shepherd Society.[1]

Watson knew Johnson from the days when both were founding members of Greenpeace. Johnson had just retired as a pilot for American Airlines and had offered to fly the plane to Brazil as his contribution to the cause.

When I called her later in June, Tara Cullis had more news. Paiakan was to be awarded a prize by the Sierra Club at a meeting in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Darrell Posey would be there too.[2] Posey and Paiakan would tour in the U.S. to raise money for the meeting planned for Manaus, still scheduled for October 1989. A man named Mel Lawrence who'd organized Woodstock was planning this event. If I wanted to know more about any of this activity, there were many others I could talk to including Fabio Feldmann, the only environmentalist elected to the Brazilian Congress; a man named Berto at a human rights organization in Brazil; Stephan Schwartzman of the Environmental Defense Fund in Washington, D.C.; Barbara Pyle of the Turner Broadcasting System, who had made a video on Paiakan and was an important fundraiser; or Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc., a group interested in indigenous people and based at Harvard. These people were all part of a "very informal network of those who care." It was through the efforts of such networks that change happens. "A few say they won't accept this. They bump into others with the same concerns." Cullis's friend and colleague, Elizabeth May was thinking of starting a Canadian branch of Cultural Survival: Cullis thought she might work with Cultural Survival too.

I asked again about the plane. She said she'd bought it from Collins Aviation in Houston. It was "a gift from the Body Shop in London, England." The Body Shop International PLC is a British-based cosmetics company "making a fortune on environmentally sound products," she said. The head of the company had attended Paiakan's big meeting at Altamira, returned to Britain, and raised money for Paiakan at the Body Shop's annual franchise meeting. "Paiakan said he wanted a plane," said Cullis. "He told them to send the money to me."

I asked why Paiakan needed a plane. She agreed to tell me if I promised not to publish until the plane entered Brazil. Cullis said that Paiakan had received death threats at Altamira. It had been decided that the only safe place for him was in his village of Aukre, where the only people living around him were his friends and family and the only way in or out was by river or plane. There was no worry about security during the time he would be spending in Belem, said Cullis; there he got protection from FUNAI, the Brazilian govern-

ment Indian agency which he trusted. This surprised me. Others had described FUNAI as corrupt and the government of Brazil as Paiakan's enemy. She (then) spoke little Portuguese so it was hard to pin down facts. It was even harder to know their context.

Al Johnson, the pilot, was set to leave Vancouver and ferry Paiakan's plane from Galveston, Texas, to Florida. It was a six-passenger utility single-engine propeller plane. It had cost $49,500 (U.S.). He'd had it modified to Paiakan's specifications. It had been fitted with a long-range 100-gallon auxiliary gas tank so that it now had a range of 1,500 to 1,600 miles and could also ferry fuel into Aukre. Johnson wasn't worried about flying in the jungle: he'd started as a fighter pilot in the RCAF. However, he was concerned about flying Paiakan's plane any more than short distances over water, and that, outfitted as it was, it might be of interest to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency. He was also concerned about entering Brazil's indigenous areas without being noticed.[3]

It was late June 1989 when I got in touch with Elizabeth May, the woman who'd helped raise money for Paiakan in Ottawa and who was going to start a branch of Cultural Survival in Canada. She sounded positively chirpy, although she said she was unhappy that a very tough story about her had just been published in the environment magazine *Borealis*. *Borealis* said that while she worked in the office of the federal minister of the environment, she had maintained links with environment groups. *Borealis* said May had tried to pressure Canadian environment groups to support the government's 1986 environment legislation and also tried to attend their strategy meetings as one of them. (In fact, she had stayed on the board of Pollution Probe until September 1986 by which time she was working in the minister's office.) May had explained to *Borealis* that she saw nothing wrong with giving government "secrets" to members of environment groups in spite of the express instructions of her minister. The story also mentioned that she was working full steam ahead on issues relating to the rainforest in Brazil.

May explained she had co-ordinated a public fundraiser for Paiakan in Ottawa and had cleared about $19,000. She had also attended the anti-dam demonstration in Altamira in February 1989. She hadn't known very much about Paiakan or the Kayapo when she did these things, although she had later read a *New York Times Magazine* article that said something about the Kayapo getting roy-

alties from gold mining. As she understood the story, she said, Paiakan was against mining; that's why he'd moved to the village of Aukre. However, she freely admitted that there were many things about the situation in Brazil that she did not understand. Certain things had happened at Altamira that she found odd. For example, to her surprise Darrell Posey had been ostracized by some of his colleagues, especially by Dr. Terry Turner. At meetings, Dr. Turner had attacked people from the outside for distorting the Kayapo position. "The more I learn about Brazil," said May, "the less I understand." However, such uncertainties would not prevent her from starting a branch of Cultural Survival Inc. in Canada. In fact, she didn't have to start it: it already had a Canadian charitable tax number, which it had acquired five years before. "We will do fundraising for the October event [in Manaus] ... through Cultural Survival."

I found myself increasingly curious about what the charities acting for Paiakan and the Kayapo expected them to do with the money raised in their name. First, money had been raised for the demonstration at Altamira. Then, money was raised to buy Paiakan an airplane. Now it was to be raised for a political event to be held in Manaus. I asked May if it was proper to raise Canadian charitable funds to hold a political event featuring Brazilian politicians running for office.

"It is appropriate to ask where the money goes," May said. "Fundraising should be personal, like with Paiakan, an empowering experience."

The charities branch at Revenue Canada did not agree that charitable fundraising should be personal. According to the director, Revenue Canada issues tax numbers to charities that satisfy the common law definition of charity which is: to relieve poverty; advance education; advance religion; or act for purposes of the community as a whole. Politics cannot be considered a charitable cause. That was the one serious restriction, he reiterated: money raised for which a charitable tax receipt is issued should not go to a political purpose. (In fact there had been a ruling of the Federal Court of Appeals in 1988 that maintained politics includes not just partisan activity but any activity aimed at making changes in laws or regulations, or anything aimed at making a political climate.) Recipients of charitable money had to be employees or agents of the charity. "I can't [just] give it to Mr. Y in Brazil," he said. "He must be an employee or an agent of mine. ... It flows to him to carry on that organization's purpose. He is responsible to the charity. A charity should not give money to a

person. The principle is that it must benefit the community as a whole ... if he is a leader of a group and [the money is] to help this group, that's fine, give it to the group. The requirement is the charity must get reports on how the funds are disbursed and the details of projects carried out." The law required the charity to be created in Canada but did not say the directors had to be in Canada.

There was no registered Canadian charity on file at Revenue Canada called Cultural Survival Inc. There was one called Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., with a head office at a law office in Toronto and a registration date effective October 24, 1984. According to the annual returns filed with Revenue Canada, the purpose of this organization was to engage in education and the production of scientific and charitable programs related to the destruction of small-scale traditional societies threatened with extinction. The charitable tax returns filed by this organization in 1985, 1986, and 1987 showed that the charity had raised no funds at all. There was no return in the file for 1988. The officers of this charity were listed as David Maybury-Lewis, a professor from Cambridge, Massachussetts, and two Toronto lawyers.

The organization's phone number listed on these documents was answered not at the law office but by the receptionist of a television production company called Millennium. She explained that Dr. David Maybury-Lewis, the president of the charity Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., was also the host for *Millennium,* a TV documentary series on indigenous peoples being made for profit.[4] Dr. Maybury-Lewis could be reached at the Harvard University Department of Anthropology.

The Department of Anthropology at Harvard suggested that since Maybury-Lewis was not available, I speak to Dr. Jason Clay, director of research for Cultural Survival Inc. of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Maybury-Lewis was one of the organization's founders. Clay said that Cultural Survival Inc. is a non-profit organization, an NGO (non-governmental organization), based at Harvard. It then had its offices at the Peabody Museum. "We are a human rights group," he said. "We work with tribal and ethnic minorities in the Third World to assist in a meaningful communication in the modern world. ... The president is David Maybury-Lewis, an anthropologist. Sissela Bok, who wrote a book on moral choice [and is the daughter of Gunnar Myrdal], is on the board, as is Leon Eisenberg of the Harvard Medical School, David Smith of the Law School, Lawrence

Fouraker, the former head of the Harvard Business School, Irven Devore, Harvard anthropologist ... and Lester Anderson,[5] retired."

Clay also said Cultural Survival Inc. had a budget of about $1 million, of which 60 per cent came from its thousands of members and the sale of publications, 30 per cent from other foundations, 10 per cent from governments. Cultural Survival was active in most countries in Central and South America, but events in Brazil had been the impetus for its creation in 1972. Cultural Survival mainly encouraged regional groups of indigenous people to look for money inside their own countries. "We don't want them to think the first solution is to write a proposal or to see the Pope with Sting," Clay said, sardonically. "We are setting up Cultural Survival in Canada. ... We just got a commitment from the Body Shops in Canada to contribute money to Brazil Indian projects. Now we will use it to raise matching sources."

Could he explain the relationship between Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., which had raised no funds, the television production company producing *Millennium,* which answered its phone, and Cultural Survival Inc.?

He said Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. had been set up four years earlier to raise money to make films about indigenous people—the 10-part TV series soon to be made in Canada called *Millennium*—but the producers had found money elsewhere. Maybury-Lewis and his colleagues had recently decided to activate that dormant Canadian charity. The Body Shop PLC in Britain had raised $500,000 (U.S.) and put $100,000 of it toward buying a plane for Paiakan. This money for the plane had moved through Canada because the Canadian government had told Brazilian organizations that if Canadian environment charities gave them money, the Canadian government would match every private dollar raised with three dollars of public money. Clay had already met with an official of CIDA, the Canadian International Development Agency, who had explained this policy. Cultural Survival Inc. of the U.S. had decided to put the Body Shop's charitable contributions for Paiakan into that dormant Canadian charity: that money would then be tripled by the Canadian government.

None of this made much sense to me. Why would the Canadian government want to match the contributions a British company made to a Brazilian Indian leader?

Clay said the U.S. government did the same sort of thing. "It's a way to get the public to get involved and [to] get non-profits in

international assistance, which is better from the government point of view."

"But why?" I asked.

"In this instance it allows individuals in CIDA to fund things in Brazil a Tory government would never fund," he said with a laugh. "Things like court cases [to defend] land rights. The Canadian government could not [directly] fund lawyers taking cases on behalf of Indians. It would be seen as meddling [in Brazilian affairs]."

"But that's politics," I said. Canadian charities aren't supposed to do politics.

"That's not politics," he said. "The [Canadian] embassy in Brasilia is funding this stuff in smaller quantities."

He tried to explain it to me once again. CIDA would give Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. three dollars for every one dollar of private money it could raise. This money would then be used by Clay. He planned to make non-profit groups in Brazil self-supporting by getting them into the commodities business. Cultural Survival Inc., the U.S. charity that employed him, was going into the commodities business on their behalf, cutting out a whole series of costly middlemen. "It's vertical integration of human rights," he said. "We are interceding in the market. We buy nuts in Brazil and sell to the Body Shop in England. The profits flow back to Brazil."

"This year [Brazil nutgatherers] got 3 per cent of the New York wholesale price." Clay now intended to offer Brazil nutgatherers 25 per cent of the New York price. Clay had also found a U.S. buyer for brazilnuts—Ben and Jerry's Homemade Inc. They would make a brittle out of the nuts to be called Rainforest Crunch—if Clay could provide them with a direct, high-quality supply. "We have a market for 200 tons of brazilnuts. That's ¾ of 1 per cent of nuts [produced]. Next year it will double. Money will go back to the forest. They're getting organized. They'll start voting."

I said I'd been told that a plane had been bought for Paiakan with the Body Shop's money because he had received death threats. What did Clay know about that and about the Kayapo in general? He was as blunt as a two-by-four, as cynical as any old political hack.

"Kuben-i, Paiakan, and Raon-i are all Kayapo," he said. "[They are] well organized and the best off of all Indians. ... They want money for the Kayapo. [They] know how to milk Western guilt and ride the wave of [concern] over deforestation. [They] will maybe help the Kayapo. ... Raon-i is not the chief of the Kayapo; he is not the Sitting Bull of Brazil." Clay also had doubts about Sting's Rain-

forest Foundation: in fact, he claimed he'd managed to get those doubts before the public by slipping them to the *Globe and Mail*. His effort had proven effective. "Sting sent me a fax the next day," said Clay. Sting had then arranged with Clay that the money his foundation raised would be held in New York in dollars, not shipped down to Brazil. "The Brazilians themselves don't trust Brazilian institutions," explained Clay. Besides, it only made sense that the money sit outside in some "stable currency" until they all decided what to do with it.

I thought he knew a lot about currencies and commodities for a man who did research in human rights. "I ran a farm for four years in Missouri," he said. "I took Cultural Survival from 138 members to 15,000 in eight years. From $15,000 to $1 million. We just raised $1 million last week." At a meeting in Toronto, he said, the chairman of the Body Shop PLC, Gordon Roddick, had given assurances of $500,000 (U.S.) for Clay's use in Brazil.

I still could not fathom how any of this could be legally managed out of a Canadian charity with no members, no activity, an address at a law office in Toronto, and a telephone number answered by a television production company. Cultural Survival Productions Canada's charitable status declaration said nothing about it being in a commodities business, and neither he nor Elizabeth May was an officer, employee, or board member. The only two Canadians on the board were lawyers.

"The lawyers said when you start doing this stuff we don't want to be on the board. It will all be official by August," said Clay. Everything was going to be just great. The sky was the limit. "We're projecting a $50 million gross in five years, " he said. "We are sitting on a gold mine. We'll use it the right way. That way it'll grow fast. We'll teach capitalists how to do capitalism," said Clay.

Was he, Clay, a capitalist?

"I'm a Marxist," he said.

Four

A Sierra Club Soiree

At the end of the first week of July 1989, the day after I talked to Jason Clay on the telephone, the Sierra Club held its Third International Assembly at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. The Sierra Club is one of the largest and oldest environment and conservation groups in the United States. It then had a membership of about 600,000. It has defended American wilderness since the nineteenth century. In the previous 20 years, the Sierra Club had expanded its interests beyond the confines of the continental United States. It had two clubs in Canada. Its international section had just created the Chico Mendes Award, which it had decided to bestow on Dr. Darrell Posey, Paiakan, and his cousin Kuben-i for their brave defence of the Amazon rainforest. Elizabeth May had also been invited to participate at this Assembly.

The most important events of the meeting were held in the university's Plenary Hall. A large Federalist-style building, it had a great pink-walled auditorium with deep plush seats. In the lobby, Sierra Club personnel had set up booths to sell T-shirts, hats, posters, and jewellery to benefit the cause. The lobby was full of shoppers; the Hall was half empty, though a spirited discussion was taking place inside. I went right over to the press conference room where the Mendes Award winners were to be presented to the press. Darrell Posey half sprawled, half sat on a red velvet couch beside an elegant marble fireplace, holding court for old friends who gathered around. Among the waiting journalists sat Paulinho Paiakan with two young female friends; they were giggling and talking in Portuguese. Bill Mankin, thin as Death in a Bergman film, his superwhite skin emphasized by his black suit, called the press conference to order. Mankin, a member of the Sierra Club's international committee on global warming and its steering committee on the rainforest, had arranged for Posey, Paiakan, and Kuben-i to receive these awards. Paiakan reluctantly moved to the head table beside Posey, American Indian activist Ladonna Harris, and Dave Foreman of the organiza-

tion Earth First. Foreman was then under indictment for destruction of power lines in Arizona: he later pleaded guilty to a lesser offence. Foreman had already told the audience in Plenary Hall that the Sierra Club had to confront a crisis—"the loss of one-third of all species in 20 years. ... [It's] our decision today on whether [there is] tropical rainforest or the blue whale in 100 years or whether the major fauna are rats."

Under the head table, Posey's knee bounced nervously. The first journalist rose to ask how American environment groups could stop deforestation in Brazil without appearing to meddle. Posey gravely invited Americans to work through local organizations in Brazil. He stressed that the "peoples of the Alliance of the Forest" could do a better job of defending the forest than people on the outside.

Another journalist invited Paiakan to add to these words. Paiakan stood up and slowly approached a microphone. On this summer day he wore a sleeveless, multi-pocketed sportsman's vest over a T-shirt and jeans. He spoke at length in Portuguese: one of his women friends translated into English. Paiakan said he didn't want to add to Posey's words since Posey was an anthropologist and he, Paiakan, was an Indian. He said he wanted to be addressed directly and would speak as an Indian and answer questions directed to an Indian. He emanated hostility.

The next question was directed to Paiakan: "How did the fundraiser go last night?" asked a reporter.

"Very well," said Paiakan. Then he added, "I would like one explanation. ... " He said, clearly and distinctly, that he didn't know where the money went. He didn't get any.

Bill Mankin, who had been leaning against a wall watching Paiakan, strode forward quickly and spoke into the microphone. "[The event] raised $600 to be contributed to Cultural Survival, specifically for the Kayapo Fund for the Amazon."

Paiakan looked hard at Mankin as if he were surprised. I was certainly surprised. I had just spoken to Jason Clay, the research director of Cultural Survival, the previous day. He had described the Kayapo as an aboriginal people in Brazil hunting money most efficiently but needing it the least. He had not mentioned a Cultural Survival Inc. Kayapo Fund, nor anything about a fundraiser to be held in Ann Arbor.

Paiakan was then asked about the threats faced by Indians. Paiakan spoke briefly about miners, ranchers, and international lumber companies. Another man stood and said he was an anthropologist and a

member of Cultural Survival. He asked if Indians were being asked to sell their birthright.

Paiakan mentioned a project called Carajas. He said three tribes had made a deal to permit mineral extraction from their lands in return for money to be given to FUNAI on their behalf. He said the money may well have gone to FUNAI, but it hadn't gone from FUNAI to the Indian communities who were entitled to it.

A surge of tension filled the room. I found myself wondering if this answer referred back to Paiakan's previous question about where the money was that had been raised the night before. Mankin cut in again, asking Paiakan to explain why he was travelling, but Paiakan was not finished with the birthright question.

If anyone put such a question to him about selling his birthright, Paiakan said, "I as an Indian am going to say no. There I was born, I lived, and that land is mine. I will not tolerate any project in my reserve. What do I want light for? ... The forest is lighted by the world. I don't need a road. I'm used to walking on foot. Now I can say this, our people in the past had no idea of this and no way of saying no. ... And so it's necessary for us Indians to know how to speak and make voices heard. ... My work is my community, my reservation and my forest."

Applause followed this statement. Mankin clapped Paiakan on the shoulder and pushed him away from the microphone, apparently to make room for California Assemblyman Tom Hayden.

Elizabeth May sat in her chair on the stage of Plenary Hall waiting for the panel discussion to begin. I recognized her from the picture in *Borealis,* but I was not prepared for the sweet, childlike quality she projected. Her hair was blond and fluffy and thin, like candy floss, and it surrounded full pinch-the-baby cheeks. She was dressed for business in a white polka-dot cotton outfit. She had stage presence—I watched her instead of Hayden, who sat on the panel close to her, and she made David MacDonald, the Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament for Rosedale, fade like a grey smudge into the background.

When it was May's turn to speak she was introduced as "the executive director of Cultural Survival which is concerned with indigenous people and ecological issues." This introduction made me catch my breath; I had just been told the Canadian charity was still inactive, it had no money in its coffers, nor did it have any members. Yet May offered no correction. There was no time to quiz her about

this after the panel was over: both of us ran off instead to see a film about the events at Altamira that Darrell Posey was showing in another building. The lights had already gone down in the classroom when we slid into our seats. May sat beside me, very friendly.

The first frames came up on the screen. It was a workprint and the quality was terrible, but it had a score and sound. The score was pure schmaltz, swelling to a crescendo over shots of Paiakan's arrival at Altamira, greeted like the conquering hero by his people. The film was cut in the style of an ode to a New Leader. This was not lost on some members of the audience. At the end, an elderly woman sitting at the front said: "The Kayapo sell rights to [gold] mines. And make money [from] lease rights, and buy planes to go to these places. I think you should put that in the film."

There was a gasp in the room. Then a stony silence. Then Posey said, "It's true."

A fissure had opened up between reality and belief. What were we all doing here supporting the Kayapo and giving them environmental prizes if they sold lease rights for gold mines? The crack was papered over quickly. Someone asked what had happened about the dam on the Xingu River, the cause of the Altamira demonstration in the first place.

"The [World] Bank says it won't finance construction," said Posey. "But it's widely rumoured Japan is willing to fund."

Now another crack had opened up. I sat straight up in my chair. Posey had tossed out this announcement of victory like a pebble sidearmed into a pond, skipping lightly over the surface, leaving no splash. This was what the organizing and fundraising and travelling had been for, surely? Paiakan and the Kayapo had won. The demonstration had worked, the loan had been cancelled, the crisis was over. So why this downbeat confirmation of success?

Paiakan stood up to speak. A young woman with olive skin and hair wound around her head in a crown of braids translated for him. "The images you've seen is something that never happened before. ... Since I never seen people helping Indians I did myself. ... This is my people. They give me [the] support I need to fight for rights. [TuTu] Pombo[1] is part of my family. I fight for this people. ... I've had to confront even capitalists, cabinet ministers of the President of the Republic. I have worked even to confront Congress that produce laws ... exactly as you've seen in these images. And with this evening in Altamira I've been threatened. The entire Brazilian government is watching me carefully because I am one of few Indian

leaders who can say in world capitals what Indians want to say. And so all of you here today watching film, I hope you like images of our fight, and fight for all Kayapo Indians."

Someone in the back of the room asked for information about the meeting of Brazilian presidential candidates to be held in Manaus during the Brazilian election campaign, the event Posey and the "network" were organizing fundraisers for.

"At this time the meeting is on hold," said Posey.

Again, he spoke quietly. So what were these current fundraisers about? I wondered. The elderly woman at the front of the room asked again why there was nothing in the film about the Kayapo selling gold rights and timber leases. Someone else in the audience said these questions all stemmed from the fact that the people in this room were not the target audience for this film. All day, this person said, people had been saying Japan would step in if the World Bank didn't finance these dam developments in Brazil. "What about that?"

Posey said there had been proposals to send Paiakan or other Indians to Japan, but there hadn't been an official invitation yet.

A man in the front row stood up and waved a piece of paper, his timing perfect, like a flak sent to an all-candidates' meeting to ask the right question at the right time. The man said he represented Friends of the Earth Japan and he had with him a formal invitation for Paiakan to attend a conference to be held in Tokyo in September. "It's a Japanese-sponsored conference on the global environment," he said. "The NGOs are afraid it won't address their questions. We want Paiakan to draw the attention of the media and draw attention to what the Japanese government will do."

"So now it's confirmed," said Paiakan cheerfully. "I'm going to Japan to ask them not to destroy our forest."

The major event of the Sierra Club international assembly meeting, the awarding of the Chico Mendes prize, took place in Plenary Hall in the evening. The air outside was hot and still and thick, like a cream soup. Bill Mankin thanked those responsible for funding this event—in particular, Bivouac Outfitters and the Grateful Dead, who had paid for people to come from Brazil. Posey and Paiakan stood on the stage behind him, Posey in a tweed jacket, Paiakan in his outfitter's gear. But there was no sign of the rest of the contingent expected from Brazil—Chico Mendes's widow Ilsemar, the mayor of Xapuri, Kuben-i, the other prizewinner and Paiakan's cousin.

Mankin spoke about how he had first gotten involved on behalf of the environment in a campaign over land use in Alaska. Since then he had met many along the way who had made major sacrifices to save the environment; just before Christmas, Chico Mendes, the man who invented the idea of extractive reserves, had died for the cause. Mendes's idea was that if governments demarcated land as a reserve, belonging to all but owned by none, forest people could make money from extraction of forest products—more money than cattle ranchers who owned land as property and cut down the forest. "The international committee of the Sierra Club decided ... as an organization that embodies the grassroots, we should recognize the shining lights," said Mankin. "So this brand new award [is] to recognize courage. How could we name it after anyone other than Chico Mendes?"

He then described how he had met Posey, Kuben-i, and Paiakan at a meeting on tropical rainforests held in Florida in January 1988, how they went from there to the World Bank in Washington to protest the damming of the Xingu River, how they had been charged with sedition, how they took risks each time they spoke out. Paiakan and Kuben-i, he said, "harvest from the forest, they are the forest, but threatened by large dams ... they launched out of the forest to global attention. ... If Americans save these people, they will be at the cutting edge of the solution to the Amazon. ... Brazil plans 70 dams in 20 years, which will flood 100,000 miles of rainforest. ... In Para, where the Kayapo have reserves, the onslaught of deforestation has escaped them." He said apologetically that Kuben-i was detained in Brazil because his wife had given birth. Similarly Ilsemar Mendes had been unable to attend: her children had developed the symptoms of meningitis. The missing mayor of Xapuri was not mentioned.

How could Mankin say the Kayapo weren't threatened by deforestation? I wondered. Wasn't it the burning forest that had made Suzuki call Tara Cullis and beg her to do something? Hadn't Posey said the Kayapo sold mine leases just that afternoon?

Posey and Paiakan were given medals that were hung on their necks like Olympic gold. A singer sang some songs. Then Mankin invited Elizabeth May to come forward. How can I describe how she ran? Head forward, shoes off, arms back, dress flowing, like an angel called home she swooped onto the stage. Mankin breathed into the microphone: "Please don't leave. A Kayapo headdress is not something you see every day. ... "

Paiakan had turned his back to the audience. He took something out of a small pack he had brought onstage. As he turned to face the room again, he unfurled a huge, shimmering blue parrot-feather headdress, twice the size of the one he'd worn that cold November night in Toronto. He held it up. There was a gasp from the audience.

"This is a treasure," said May. "I can't imagine what it's worth. This is beyond price. ... " Nevertheless, she said, she was going to auction it to the highest bidder. She said the proceeds from this auction would be sent to Cultural Survival's Kayapo Fund, in Cambridge. "It will go to help the people of Aukre [Paiakan's] village," said May.

My God, I thought, here we go again. Jason Clay had suggested the Kayapo were in this for themselves. He had not said a word about holding a fundraiser for Paiakan's village.

The headdress shimmered in Paiakan's hands. No one asked any questions about what, specifically, the people of Aukre might now need. Paiakan had already got a plane; the World Bank had refused to issue the power loan to Brazil; the meeting in Manaus had been put on hold or cancelled. So what were these funds for? No one seemed concerned: they just stared at the magnificent object in front of them. The headdress was more than iridescent. On the inside, the feathers were yellow: the whole thing shimmered in two tones.

May got the bidding up to $650. Then Dave Foreman of Earth First bounded up onto the stage. He was unsatisfied with this level of generosity. "C'mon Sierra Club," he yelled. He seemed to have a pretty good idea what some in the crowd were worth, perhaps because they'd already passed the hat for his legal defence fund the previous day. He singled out one man and asked why he hadn't bid. The bids jumped over $1,000, then crept up over $1,300. To further encourage the generous, Mankin yelled: "[The money's] not [going] through some administrative funnel. This goes directly to the people saving the Amazon."

A tall older woman with spindly shanks, a blue, crushable, washable cotton camp hat on her head and Wallabies on her feet won the headdress for $1,500. She oohed and aahed and draped it over her hat, then danced around the stage with it.

"Good news," said Foreman, "you can buy these other headdresses ... " and, as if by magic, a red and yellow headdress unfurled from Paiakan's pouch like a jungle snake rolling down a tree.

The morning was sticky, the sky the colour of boiled rice gruel. I made my way to another workshop run by Paiakan and Posey. It was supposed to deal with the issues raised by Posey's discipline, the science designed to crack the coded memory systems of tribal people like the Kayapo. In spite of my growing doubts about the perpetually moving target for which charity money was being raised, I still thought Posey's ideas were fascinating. The seminar was in the same room where Posey had shown the film the day before.

The young woman who'd helped translate for Paiakan walked up to me. At the end of the session the day before, she had watched me introduce myself as a journalist to the elderly woman who had asked why the Kayapo sale of mining leases wasn't mentioned in the film. Paiakan's translator had undertaken to get information for me herself. She had begged me not to rely on what might be a garbled version of the facts. She said she was an exchange student from Brazil, from Maringa in Parana, a city about fourteen hundred kilometres south of Aukre. She said she had checked out the matters raised the day before. "I don't believe it's true what the lady said. ... I know Indians that are [corrupt]. Paiakan is the chief [sic] of his tribe, but he is not corrupt. ... He wants that [money] to stop doing that—taking minerals. ... They don't need the money—they need the jungle." She continued, singing Paiakan's praises. She was charming, no more than 20, skin dark, hair thick and glossy, wearing large, heart-shaped diamond stud earrings. She thought Paiakan should be angry with white Brazilian society. It was all the fault of colonialism, first by Portugal, now by the Americans. "They buy the products, the debt. ... Damn Yankees," she said with a lovely smile and went down to the front of the room.

Posey's lecture began with slides of burned Kayapo forest. It looked as bad as any of the photos of smoking devastation that Paiakan had shown in Toronto. Yet Posey said this burning of cut trees was the first stage in Kayapo agriculture. He described the Kayapo's complex system of cultivation, the use of birds to prey on harmful insects, the use of wasps, the use of weeds that were left in place to attract beneficial ants. It was in his first sojourn among the Kayapo that he discovered that one person simply could not manage all this information. The Kayapo handed down information by lineage and birth. No single Kayapo knew more than a sliver of the tribe's learning. "In 1982 I started the Kayapo project. It includes 20 scientists, soil scientists, botanists, ichthyologists, geographers, as-

tronomers, linguists, ornithologists. ... [The purpose] is to learn how to document traditional knowledge, not just inventories of species but also the overall systems." Posey's group had learned that 99 per cent of species inventoried were used. He found 74 per cent were medicinal; 75 per cent had multiple uses. Posey's group had examined the fertility profiles of the agricultural plots. He believed the fields at first showed a decline in fertility but then a rapid recovery, which eventually exceeded the original fertility level. "That is a complete reversal of all other land management in the Amazon," he said. "Not just useful plants but an increase in soil fertility. There is a real option to use the richness of the Amazon without destruction of the basin, if we look at all these phases of reforestation—there is an enormous number of potentially useful plants never looked at or described or tested for manufacture or marketing. The challenge in the Amazon is to ... solve social problems at the same time as ecological problems."

I could see why these ideas mattered. Since the nineteenth century, ecological ideas have been built around a core of Malthusian assumptions about man and his destructive relationship to the earth. Ecologists argued that humans would inevitably increase their use of finite resources beyond the capacity of the planet to sustain life, draining resources heedless of rising costs, until the last erg of energy had been expended. This simple theory about how humans interact with the world had been modernized and made popular in the late 1960s and early 1970s by authors like Paul Erlich and by the Club of Rome—which made predictions about the imminent crash of industrial society back in 1972. Posey grasped that complex, interactive natural systems cannot be described or understood through simple models that use only a few variables. As a farmer's son he had seen the unpredictable population explosions and crashes of predators and prey, the positive contributions to soil fertility made in microenvironments by careful farmers and gardeners. Posey believed that the Kayapo already had such complex interactive models encoded in their customs and lives.

"The human reality," Posey continued, "is that the population is growing and people need food. We have to look at ways to utilize development economics in the hands of people in the Amazon, giving them a reason to maintain the forest. ... The challenge is [our] lack of knowledge of biological diversity or knowledge systems in Amazonia."

He showed pictures of Kayapo women painting intricate designs on their husbands and children using a mixture of plants and charcoal both decoratively and for the topical application of some medicines. He showed slides of seemingly wild forest with many plants that could not, he said, be grown without human intervention. All of this drove home his point: the Kayapo are managers of their environment. Then he showed pictures of a younger Paiakan beside the father of Kuben-i. The picture had been taken in 1983. They had guns on their hips and carried long, thin clubs, like super baseball bats. "They had just expelled gold miners they said had come to the village with machine guns," said Posey. "The army said the [Kayapo] would get 5 per cent of it [the gold] and guarantees. [This brought] a lot of money into the village, spent on things [they] shouldn't spend on."

We had now reached the crucial issue: did the Kayapo manage resources other than agricultural ones? They were well within their rights to exploit their own resources, but if they were running gold mines and cutting down mahogany stands or taking a percentage from those taking these actions on their land, they could hardly be described as the Guardians of the Rainforest, and I didn't understand why the Sierra Club would want to give two of the Kayapo a prize. I wanted these points clarified. I was beginning to feel edgy, as if I had been duped, used. I asked the question as bluntly as I could: do the Kayapo sell gold leases, and if so, what percentage do they take?

Paiakan had been sitting in the front, listening to Posey. He rose to answer my question as if he'd been expecting it. He said one had to be careful not to confuse mining companies with individual miners called *garimpeiros* in Brazil. He said a giant corporation owned by the state had been set up to exploit iron ore in the state of Para. The name of the corporation involved was Companhia Vale do Rio Doce or CVRD. This state-owned corporation paid an indemnity to local Indians whose lands were disturbed by the mining and by the rail lines built to carry in supplies and carry out the iron ore. This organized onslaught on the environment was different from the chaotic behaviour of the small-fry *garimpeiros* who dug placer mines or panned rivers throughout the forest, travelling by plane or boat. The Kayapo did not get payments from CVRD's Carajas project. The Xicrin, a related tribe, were supposed to be paid an indemnity.

He began to tell the story of how the *garimpeiros* found their way onto Kayapo lands. "I remember I received a letter from a gold miner. I read it to Uncle Totoi [Kuben-i's father and a chief in Gorotire]. You saw in the pictures. So this letter came, it came from the town

of Asuncion in Paraguay. [It said] I know where lots of gold. My uncle said we don't want anything to do with it. A second letter and a third, the same thing. Then a letter with gold nuggets in it so he would believe. I read it to him again. And so he saw it, looking at the gold and [he] said [it's] from other region. I won't let the white people here. He never imagined the white people would come without authorization. ... We used to have great faith in white men. Not any more. ... We thought white people would come and respect our reserve. And so what happens, no one would believe. The government authorized gold miners to come on our land. And so the Indians went to visit a nearby ranch. There they learned the government had authorized already ... mining to come on their land."

"Where?" I asked.

"Gorotire," he said. Ranchers had also begun to encroach on Kayapo lands. After one incident too many between the ranchers and the Kayapo, the warriors from Gorotire went to one of the ranches and confronted the owners. Someone pulled a knife and cut one of the warriors. The warriors fell upon the ranchers and their workers with their war clubs and killed 22 people. "So in the middle of this mess," said Paiakan, "the government, under the president of FUNAI, authorized the mining in Kayapo area without consulting the Indians of Gorotire. ... After discovering miners [were] already on the land, there was no way Indians could expel the miners. And not only that, already a representative of the government, like the federal police, was in the area supporting the gold miners."

Paiakan had by then already left Gorotire to start the village called Aukre. Since he spoke Portuguese well and could read and write, two of his uncles in Gorotire, chiefs, asked for his advice on how to deal with these miners already on their land with government backing. "They said, 'What should we do about gold miners? They are already working and we who own the land get nothing.' I responded. I said, 'So you need me.' 'Yes,' they said. ... I came back with proposal [and said to them], 'I hope you accept. Don't worry. Good results for you. I will expel gold miners and make decision among us, the Indians.' They agreed. And this character," he said, slapping Posey on the shoulder, "was there ... Saturday or Sunday we left ... for gold miners. ... There is only 10 kilometres between the village and gold miners. Even though a short distance [we] had to go way around [because it was] wet season. ... So, at first getting ready to invade mines I lost my courage ... [there were] more than 5,000. ... I wanted

to fight without having Indians or *garimpeiros* hurt. I had to go back and think, to receive energies to take on this fight. So I asked, 'Who knows this land that can help plan?' There were two Indians. And so they showed where were [the] federal police, where the military police. We organized the groups, four of them. The first group goes to the head of the airstrip. The second to the federal police, the third to the military camp, the fourth goes where the planes are all parked. We all went down. ... I went to the group of federal police. I said immediately, 'You must help us, there are 400 warriors coming to this gold mine.' They [the police] were very scared. ... They say, 'We'll give help.' I said, 'It must be now.' They went to get machine guns. Five of them. I got behind them to hurry, so if attack came I'd be with the machine gun police. ... So they couldn't find the key. We broke open the case of guns. So just as we got the guns, the first group came—we said, 'It's happening.' And so [we] went to see gold miners trying to sell their gold, waiting for the bank that buys it. I started laughing. That photo of me with the gun [I'm] ashamed to be seen with it. Usually I fight with hands, voice and body."

With the guns in their hands, the Kayapo occupied the mine. They had already grabbed the keys to the planes on the ground. They let the miners leave a few at a time. But Paiakan knew they'd be back, better armed. He went alone to Brasilia, the capital, to bargain with FUNAI for a share of the gold miners' profits. He also wanted the Kayapo territory demarcated officially by the government. He found the president of FUNAI already in negotiation with the miners' representatives.

"I spent three months in Brasilia. So that's when I said if the *garimpeiros* come back, we want our reserve demarcated. ... These people insisted the miners return. We kept saying they cannot return. And so with all the pressure from government we had to accept the return of the miners. And so ... at least [the Kayapo percentage] went from .01 per cent to 6 per cent for our gold. So [there was] a lot of crying, saying they couldn't afford 6 per cent. We went to 5 per cent. So I will tell the journalist," said Paiakan, staring at me hard, "the white man sets up the Indian to die, then arrives FUNAI to help the Indian with difficulty, and so with this 5 per cent of the gold, what can we do to help our people? There was no access from FUNAI for airplanes. We can only get to villages by airplanes. So I decided that we should spend money [on] airplane to service our villages."

Paiakan, the man honoured by the Sierra Club the night before as an eco-hero for saying no to mining and lumber leases, for protesting

at the World Bank against dams on the Xingu, was now Paiakan the economic leader who had carried the first pitch on behalf of miners to his uncle more than ten years before, a man who had bargained with an army of invaders for a share of what was his to start with. Under pressure, he had got his community the wherewithal to buy what they needed through the careful application of terror. Because of this, the Kayapo were no longer completely at the mercy of white Brazil with its superior firepower. As he finished telling this story into the gathering silence, into the yawning chasm that had opened up between beliefs and facts, he said he would like to keep talking but the time was up. Outside he said he'd be happy to talk to me in Toronto: he was going there the next day.

Elizabeth May sidled up beside me. We had arranged to meet after this workshop. Like Paiakan, she had decided to go to Toronto where there was to be a party for Posey and Paiakan. Other fundraisers had been planned for New York, Atlanta and San Francisco, but since the meeting in Manaus had been cancelled, she was concerned. She said she liked to know what she was raising money for. "I mean," she said, watching me carefully, "were you there last night?"

I said I was, that I had watched her hold an auction, proceeds to go to the Kayapo Fund of Cultural Survival Inc. This had surprised me, I said. How much had finally been raised?

"We raised $4,500 last night," she said quickly. "That's not enough to worry me. I mean, we can use it for Paiakan's trip to Japan in September."

Five

Enter Brascan

In early July 1989, two days after our conversation in Ann Arbor, Paulinho Paiakan sat in an upholstered chair in the office of the World Wildlife Fund Canada in Toronto. He had spent the morning giving interviews to local press and radio. These arrangements had been made for him by WWF Canada's vice-president Pegi Dover. In another room, Darrell Posey was giving interviews too. A party was planned for that evening—in the home of Adam Zimmerman. Zimmerman was then president of Noranda Forest Products, which then controlled MacMillan Bloedel and other forest companies.[1] Noranda Forest Products was itself a subsidiary of Noranda Inc., a multinational mining and forest products holding company, which was in turn controlled by Brascan, a holding company prominent in the empire of Sam Bronfman's nephews, Edward and Peter Bronfman. It had originated as Brazilian Light and Traction, a company that supplied power and streetcar service in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This second Bronfman corporate empire had grown from a small investment in 1969 to encompass control of 12 per cent of the value on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The whole structure was then run by Trevor Eyton, formerly a senior partner with the law firm of Tory Tory DesLauriers and Binnington, and a heavy supporter of the federal Progressive Conservative Party, and by Jack Cockwell, an accountant originally from South Africa. Adam Zimmerman, a very senior executive in this corporate octopus with multinational reach, was also then chair of the World Wildlife Fund Canada and a member of federal government bodies devoted to selling the virtues of free trade.

Paiakan's legs were crossed at the ankles, and his hands hung loosely over the arms of his chair. He looked straight at me. I was close enough to him to see a white, puckered scar over one eyebrow and to read his body language. He was tough, a hard man tempered in a hard world. He was also more than that: every time he smiled, a small line of red, wet gumline made him appear very vulnerable.

He was a recombinant individual—a person raised in a tribal society learning to cope with the onslaught of a global economy. I could see myself reflected in his irises. I had become a problem to be dealt with. He was trying to figure out what to do, the way a bridge player evaluates a hand, noting strengths, spotting losers, figuring how to turn the flow of the game to his advantage.

His translator was Barbara L. Zimmerman, a woman then in her mid-thirties.[2] She was tall and wore a white T-shirt and slacks; her long hair was twisted in a braid. She had already invited me to attend the party to be held that evening, which she called an evening in honour of Paiakan. She had organized it herself. She had let me know, very clearly, that she was Adam Zimmerman's daughter. ("Do you know who my father is?" she'd asked.) She had also made it clear she had a deep interest in defending the rainforest. She had done research toward her M.A. in Manaus, Brazil at a World Wildlife Fund/Smithsonian research station. While in Manaus, she had married a Brazilian—a *caboclo* or river person. She spoke fluent Portuguese. She knew Paiakan well.

I explained to Paiakan through Zimmerman that I wanted to know the truth of the Kayapo situation and more about him. He said he was born in the village of Kuben-Kra-Kein, one of the 13 Kayapo villages scattered over a wide area in the central Amazon region. He gave his age as 34. He had worked on the TransAmazonian Highway as an interpreter and then gone to live in Gorotire in 1973. In 1979, he wrote to his father and asked him to move Kuben-Kra-Kein to a new site. The old village his father lived in was then located in what the Brazilians call *campo*—an open area like a plain. He wanted his father to move to the forest. "I felt like they should occupy more territory," he explained.

The village split in half. The new village was called Aukre. Gorotire, Paiakan explained, had a long history with whites, as did Kuben-Kra-Kein. His interest in getting his father to start Aukre was to "live isolated from whites. Diseases followed them." Yet he had spent only four years in Aukre before coming back to live among whites again. When Paiakan started Aukre in 1979, he had expected something to happen that never occurred. The Brazilian government had promised to demarcate Indian lands. Rights to land had to be established by proof of use. The Kayapo wished to control a wider area. Aukre was established in a strategic location. But then almost no Indian lands were actually officially demarcated. "They made a plane strip at Aukre in 1983," translated Zimmerman.

I ran through what I thought he'd said to me in Ann Arbor, how the Kayapo were paid by miners for the right to exploit gold around Gorotire. "The Indians realize a percentage of the gold, in money," Zimmerman translated.

How much, and who handles it? I asked.

Five per cent, Paiakan answered through Zimmerman. Previously, in Gorotire, a white man had taken care of the FUNAI post. The post agent doled out the money from what the Gorotire Kayapo had in their FUNAI accounts. But these were FUNAI accounts, not accounts controlled by the Kayapo. "When he started to fight to expel miners," Zimmerman said, indicating Paiakan, "[he] demanded money not go to FUNAI but to an account in the name of the Indian community. He said FUNAI agreed." The next step was to have an Indian become chief of the FUNAI post. FUNAI agreed. "And he took up the post, head of Gorotire."

So, I said, trying to make certain I understood, after he made the agreement with the government and the *garimpeiros* to give the Kayapo of Gorotire 5 per cent of the value of gold found on Kayapo land, Paiakan was put in charge of the first flow of funds from that agreement? Paiakan became the first Indian to control the FUNAI post at Gorotire and manage these funds?

He had handled these affairs for one year "from 1985 to 1986," Zimmerman translated. He himself took care of the money and what [it] was used for.

"Now he asks the Indian post chief for money," said Zimmerman. "For the Altamira meeting the previous February, he had asked for five buses, five planes, [for] 200 Indians. ... In the end, leasing the planes was very expensive. ... His idea [was that it would be] a lot better if Indians had [their] own plane ... [to] use ... themselves and for other groups too."

There followed an intense conversation between Paiakan and Zimmerman in Portuguese. Zimmerman explained that there were things he was saying she didn't understand. She went out to the hall to get Darrell Posey. Munching a sandwich, Posey sat down, asked questions and listened hard.

Paiakan looked directly at me, as if he wanted me to understand, and said through Zimmerman, "There is a battle between two teams. At the same time, political. ... " Then he stood up abruptly, almost as if he'd said too much. I asked what he meant. Posey said he wasn't certain. He said Paiakan was often like this, unpredictable. Posey said

he never knew what to expect, a hug or a punch in the eye. Posey tried again, then translated Paiakan's reply.

"There are interests here [in Toronto] that will try to take his words and try to figure out what to do to fool Indians" was how Posey finally translated Paiakan's words.

Paiakan began to eat from the box lunch provided to him by WWF Canada.

"Leave it," said Posey. "See him tonight."

I sat in my car on a quiet street in Toronto's Rosedale. Heavy oaks and maples bent down almost into the middle of the road, shading the brick houses. The houses were gracious, handsome, with all the right touches. The evening air was motionless and steamy. My clothes stuck in too many places: it was almost hard to breathe. This reminded me sharply of the causes of my initial interest in Paiakan—the fear that the atmosphere was becoming inimical to human life, that the climate was changing, that what happened to rainforest in Brazil would affect the air my children breathed. This story had by now assumed a very different aspect. Paiakan had been presented in Toronto and Ottawa, to the world, as one of the forces for environmental repair. His people were supposed to be helped because they were Guardians of the Rainforest. Now it seemed clear that Paiakan and the Kayapo were in a desperate struggle to be sovereign over their own affairs. Paiakan had cut the Gorotire gold deal and handled the money from it to show the others the way. He was an Indian rights politician who had found the means to get his message out to the broader world through environmental groups.

I could understand why he would want to make use of environmental groups. But why did environmental charities in Canada, Europe, and America want to use him? Surely they knew what I knew? Why did they put this man on public platforms as a saviour of the rainforest? I found myself wondering how much money had so far been raised in Paiakan's name. I knew of five fundraisers in Canada that had taken in about $100,000. This sum did not include the money that Tara Cullis had used to buy him a plane. The Body Shop had raised close to $500,000 in Paiakan and the Kayapo's name in Britain. I had no idea how much had been raised in the rest of Europe. The Sierra Club had raised about $5,000 in two nights. I didn't know what Sting's organization had pulled in. Where had all this money gone?

What had Paiakan meant by his cryptic reference to two teams and the interests in Toronto who might use his words to fool Indians? Posey and Paiakan were not only being honoured at a party at Adam Zimmerman's house; they were staying there as Zimmerman's guests. Brascan, bought by Edward and Peter Bronfman in 1979, still had a Brazilian subsidiary with many mining interests. Was Paiakan talking about Brascan? Was this an interesting story about Indians finding a good bandwagon to jump on to bring their cause forward, or a more disturbing story about multinational interests?

Zimmerman and his wife greeted guests at the door. A tall, slim man, he combed his greying blond hair sideways to mask growing baldness. In the past, he had referred to some environmentalists as eco-terrorists: it had always struck me as puzzling that he'd been appointed to head the board of the World Wildlife Fund Canada and to the advisory board of Pollution Probe, not to mention the prime minister's advisory council on sustainable development. His wife was blond, tanned, gracious. Their middle daughter, Barbara, stood in the living room, smiling. When I'd asked whom she expected to attend—corporate people, personal friends—she said, "We don't know any rich people," with a perfectly straight face.

Paiakan sat in a comfortable chair in the livingroom. He looked relaxed and refreshed, as if staying in the home of an international forestry executive was a regular event. David Suzuki hung over the back of Paiakan's armchair. Dressed in green shirt, casual pants, and a silver-buckled belt, he too looked remarkably comfortable for a man who excoriated mining and forestry practices in print and on camera. A small woman with shoulder-length blond hair and a loud voice, wearing a chic, man-cut jacket, a short skirt, and faux diamond earrings, sat on an arm of Paiakan's chair. She was introduced as Barbara Pyle, environment editor of CNN and head of the documentary unit for Turner Broadcasting System (TBS) in Atlanta. Pegi Dover of the World Wildlife Fund Canada was there. So was Peggy Hallward of Probe International. Both organizations had sponsored Paiakan's first public fundraiser in Toronto. Dr. Darrell Posey came down to the living room, his hair still damp from the shower. Then in walked Elizabeth May, dressed in navy and white and pearls.

This group displayed an indefinable *esprit de corps*. "We're billing this as an Altamira reunion," someone whispered in my ear. I marvelled at the cohesion in a group of such peculiar composition: environmentalists; a former government policy adviser; an anthro-

pologist first funded to study the Kayapo by an organization with deep roots in the intelligence community; a sovereigntist Indian from a foreign country; two makers of information programs who had made shows about Paiakan. It was the presence of Suzuki and Pyle that I found most jarring. Barbara Pyle had already made a film on Paiakan for TBS. She had attended Altamira. Now she was poised to run more fundraisers for Paiakan in the U.S. This seemed to me an obvious conflict of interest for a media person. I'd never heard of a television network that allowed those who chose its news and documentary topics also to raise money for people they'd covered. The CBC had not yet aired the film that Suzuki was working on about Paiakan's struggle—it would go to air in November.

As the living room filled with guests, my notebook filled with the names of the rich, the powerful, and the well known. Dian Cohen, then the business editor of the CTV television network, arrived. In addition to her day job, she was also lecturing and editing two books for the Americas Society in New York. The Americas Society, in existence since 1966, was in the forefront of the push for a free trade agreement between Canada and the U.S.; it was also eager to create a hemispheric free trade zone extending from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Its honorary chairman was then David Rockefeller, and its board included former U.S. ambassador to Canada Thomas Enders, Malcolm Forbes, and Canada's former hero/ambassador to Iran, the RJR Nabisco executive Ken Taylor. Sonja Bata came in next. Bata is a director of the World Wildlife Fund Canada, wife of the Bata shoe empire's former chairman Thomas J. Bata. Then came Wendy Cecil-Cockwell, the former vice-president of communications for the Edper/Brascan/Hees group; her husband is Jack Cockwell, who structured the flow of preferred share dividends through the Edper/Brascan/Hees group. Then came members of the Southam newspaper family,[3] and last but not least Linda and Peter Bronfman. Peter Bronfman was the senior family member in the Brascan/Edper/Hees group. Just as I was wondering what active interests Brascan or Noranda might have in Brazil, Adam Zimmerman glided up, as if he'd read my mind.

"We have no interests down there," said Zimmerman out of the corner of his mouth. "It's just family." He seemed to want me to believe that none of what was happening in his house—Posey, Paiakan, and Barbara Pyle as houseguests—had anything to do with business. He must have been speaking of Noranda Forest Products because certainly the Edper/Brascan/Hees group did have significant

investments in Brazil, both through its own affiliates and also through its interest in the M.A. Hanna Company of Cleveland. M.A. Hanna Company had played a very significant role in modern Brazilian politics. Brascan's chairman Trevor Eyton and its vice-chairman Paul Marshall had seats on the M.A. Hanna board. "Like Sarney [the president of Brazil] said, I still think it's sort of meddling for us to tell Sarney what to do down there," said Zimmerman. "Like Sarney said, 'How would you like it if we told you what to do about your Haida?'"

There was no opportunity to talk to Paiakan at this party, as Posey had suggested. He was completely surrounded. Since Barbara Zimmerman thought Posey, Paiakan, and the others would still be at the house the next day and since there didn't seem to be a particular program for the evening, I took my leave, thinking I'd miss nothing but a cocktail party.

The next morning's *Globe and Mail* brought a rude shock. A reporter who'd interviewed Posey and Paiakan the previous day had been told the purpose of their trip to Toronto was to raise charitable funds so Paiakan could hire a permanent lobbyist to act on the Indians' behalf in Brasilia. I called various people to see if anyone had raised funds at the Zimmerman home. Yes, said one informant, a fundraiser had certainly taken place. Adam Zimmerman had welcomed everyone, then Barbara Zimmerman had made an impassioned speech about biological diversity and the need to maintain it. Paiakan had spoken on the Indian struggle. There were questions about what Canadians could do. It was suggested that those present could give to Indians, that the Kayapo acted as leaders for other tribes. Elizabeth May had said she was founding a new organization called Cultural Survival Canada. She asked people to write cheques to this new organization and offered in return Kayapo headdresses. She said she'd accept nothing less than $1,000 for each one. Adam Zimmerman had bought the first headdress. The informant had seen a Bronfman and some others writing out cheques. No one could recall it being mentioned that the Kayapo wanted to hire a full-time lobbyist. Another reporter present had been amazed to see tough, senior Canadian business people writing out cheques, although they had been given little information about what would be done with their money.

Elizabeth May called me. I asked her to explain what had happened at the Zimmerman house. She said when Paiakan finished speaking, Peggy Hallward of Probe International answered some

questions and Dian Cohen of CTV had given a pitch. I said I had heard it differently, that May had made the pitch on behalf of Cultural Survival. What had she raised?

"In cheques, $1,050; in pledges, $2,000. A lot said they'd send their cheques in."

I told her I was disturbed by all this money being raised in Paiakan's name for no particular purpose through an organization that she didn't yet work for. I wanted to know exactly how much money she'd raised in Toronto and Ann Arbor, who got it, and when. May said $691 in cash was raised the first night in Ann Arbor. She brought that with her to Toronto. The money had been in small bills: she'd converted it to larger bills and given it directly to Paiakan. She'd given him cash. "The only reason to have a bank account is receipts." In addition, she said, $4,050 in cheques had gone to Cultural Survival in Cambridge, Massachusetts with a letter to Jason Clay. This money was to be used only to assist Paiakan in his work. There was going to be a fundraiser in Atlanta. This money was to be "presented in Atlanta. Pledges from Michigan to be mailed in."

"Is that all of it?" I asked.

"That's everything," she said.

What had become of the money raised at the Zimmermans'?

"I deposited $1,050 in [the] Cultural Survival Ottawa account. Those people will get Canadian tax receipts. Barbara [Zimmerman] said Paiakan felt [we should] leave it in the account here till he knows what bank account [to send it to] in Brazil."

I found this fact interesting. Cultural Survival had a bank account in Ottawa that Elizabeth May had access to, yet Elizabeth May didn't yet work for Cultural Survival.

"Did you sell headdresses?"

"He [Paiakan] did."

I said how odd it seemed that Paiakan and Posey stayed at the Zimmermans' house and made pitches to Zimmerman's bosses Jack Cockwell and the Bronfmans, who had influence and interests in Brazil. She agreed life was odd, serendipitous. She offered up a proof. Although she had mentioned in Ann Arbor that she first met Jason Clay at Altamira, she thought she should now say that she had since learned they also shared what amounted to familial connections. Her family had regarded Norman Cousins, the esteemed former editor of the *Saturday Review*, almost as an uncle.[4] It turned out that Jason Clay had once been very close to Norman Cousins's daughter Andrea, a woman May knew very well.

That wasn't nearly as strange as Paiakan making a charity pitch to the top representatives of the Edper/Brascan/Hees group, I told her.

"I didn't know Brascan was at the party," she said, after a silence. "Maybe I'd better send back the cheque."

I was dumbfounded that May, who'd worked as a senior policy adviser to the federal minister of the environment and attended numerous meetings with Adam Zimmerman over the years, wouldn't know who controlled Brascan, which subsidiaries it or its affiliates controlled, or that Noranda was controlled by Brascan. She said she considered Brascan an environmentally unacceptable company. Why? "They do open-pit mining in [a] protected forest area in Brazil," she said. She'd just read about that in an article carried in the Southam-owned *Ottawa Citizen*. The story she saw claimed that this open-pit tin mine, then jointly owned by Brascan and British Petroleum (BP), was in the Jamari National Forest in the western state of Rondonia, Brazil. She claimed 25,000 acres had been damaged by this mine.

"It never occurred to me Adam [Zimmerman] has a boss," she said. "I didn't know Brascan was owned by someone in that room. ... I apologize for ignorance. ... They did seem very concerned. ... The Bronfmans and some lawyers and doctors came up, and Pia and Harvey Southam, they were well informed on Third World debt."[5]

When had she met Barbara Zimmerman?

May said she'd met her in February in Manaus, where she'd stopped on her way to the demonstration at Altamira. "She has a hard row to hoe," she said.

Six

An Activist's Progress

It was a magnificent July morning on Quadra, a tiny island reachable by ferry from Campbell River, which is 150 kilometres north of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. I'd driven up the east coast of the island the day before, at first completely enchanted by the dark, dark woods along the highway, forest that blocked any view of the landscape beyond. But then at one wayside stop it became clear that this wonderful dark growth was the forestry equivalent of Potemkin's village. Behind a screen of mature trees, most of the hills had been clearcut. Stumps and roots were all that was left of what had once been a magnificent forest. The stumps covered the hillsides behind this screen like a mockery of a living system, like smallpox pits on a dead man's skin.

From the ferry Quadra appeared almost untouched—except for a few lodges and small holdings and some government buildings near the landing dock. The road to David Suzuki and Tara Cullis's summer cabin was a track off the narrow paved highway that circled the island. Huge fir trees reared up alongside as the track dipped down toward the ocean. I parked in a clearing, then walked down to the little connected loggers' bunkhouses perched on rocks above the water. The forest floor was springy with a deep mat of fallen needles. Large ferns erupted in the shadows. The air smelled like heaven, the way northern pine forests are supposed to smell. There was an indefinable sweetness mixed with a tang of freshness. I felt as if suspended in a wash of green on a Sunday painter's board. The harpy screams of birds blared territorial limits to all intruders.

I had come out here determined to find out how and why Canadian environmentalists had been swept into supporting Paiakan. Suzuki waved me in. He was cooking a whole fish at the stove. His children were still asleep; Tara would be down in a minute, he said. Did I want some? Suzuki said Cullis would do the interview alone: it was his turn to wash the floor. As he turned the fish over in the frying

pan, I turned over in my mind what I'd read of him in his autobiography, *Metamorphosis*. He had been born to a family of Japanese Canadians. During the war, he, his sisters, and his mother, all born and bred in Vancouver, had been interned in the Slocan Valley with others of the Japanese-Canadian community while his father worked on a labour gang in the interior. Suzuki's great success had all the character of revenge. A brilliant student, he had attended Amherst, a good U.S. college, then attained a doctorate at the University of Chicago in genetics. He worked for one year in the early 1960s at the U.S. government nuclear facility at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The facility includes a series of high-security labs where research is done on nuclear technology and its impacts. Suzuki took an appointment at the University of Alberta and then a better appointment at the University of British Columbia. By the early seventies his interests had broadened, and he had become a personality on CBC radio and television. Tara Cullis is his second wife; their children are his second family.

Cullis walked in. She is tall, full bodied, with shoulder-length, slightly crinkly blond hair, fair skin, blue eyes. Her nose turned up a little too much, her eyes were small, but it was these imperfections that made her truly beautiful. She wore a white cotton shirt, a cranberry red skirt, a red belt. Her feet were bare. She sat in her bare living room, a northern Venus, while her children ate fish and painted on sand dollars in the kitchen.

She'd been born in Gloucestershire, England, immigrated to Canada at six. She did an honours B.A. in English at UBC and an M.A. in comparative literature at Carleton. She had briefly been involved in the Internationalists, a Marxist-Leninist group on the UBC campus. She met Suzuki at Carleton at a lecture he gave there in December 1971. She went back to Vancouver after marking papers: by New Year's they were engaged, the next December married. When she finished her M.A., they travelled for work and pleasure. They visited Japan, the Soviet Union, and more exotic places. She did her doctoral work at the University of Wisconsin while Suzuki split his time between Toronto and the CBC and Vancouver and UBC. She finally finished her thesis in 1983 and was appointed to the faculty of expository writing at Harvard in September 1984. She managed to teach there three days a week and return to Toronto to be with her husband and two children on weekends. In 1986 Suzuki was invited to attend the second Stein Festival in B.C. which was designed to

save an old growth pine forest from logging. Cullis went along with the children.

"I had a baby with a bottle. [There was] dust in the milk. Sweating. Dirty. Bitten by bugs. I thought, this is no fun. There was a sacred fire. ... The Indian band, the Lytton band ... drummers drummed and sang. Incredible, high, guttural singing. ... They drummed all night. ... I was sleepless the whole night. ... The next night it was the same. I thought I'd go mad. [But it] creeps under the skin. ... I couldn't get it out of my mind—this whole experience. It was the culture. I grew up in B.C., didn't know it was there."

Suddenly faced with the reality of the cultural diversity of native people, she felt like a creature in the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*, as if she'd dropped through a hole in a floor into other worlds. There are 27 different native cultures in B.C. alone, each with its own songs, legends, social arrangements, stories, and history. She had been taught about it in the past tense. "Then [you] realize, they are like the French, Germans, Spanish. ... " To her, the native peoples were the solution to the problems of the environment.

She moved on to the campaign to save South Moresby in the Queen Charlotte Islands from logging. This is the ancient territory of the Haida. The Haida had a tradition of seafaring: they had traded furs and fish with the Russian fur traders in Alaska, with the Boston men, with their competitors at the Hudson's Bay Company. The Haida never ceded any land by treaty to Canada, yet their land was divided by the Canada–U.S. border set at Dixon Entrance in 1901.[1] Canada and the U.S. have had a serious dispute about that boundary since the middle 1980s. The Haida wanted to regain control of their territory as a sovereign nation: environmentalists wanted to preserve their forests. Environmentalists and Haida made common cause. Cullis took a half year's leave from Harvard to work on that issue, then a full year. She took her last paycheque from Harvard on January 26, 1988, the month Paiakan, Kuben-i and Posey went to Washington.

Suzuki met Paiakan in Brazil that year through Juneia Mallas, a Brazilian woman. Mallas travelled with the *Nature of Things* crew and Suzuki and interpreted for him while he was shooting a two-hour program called *Amazonas: Road to the End of the Forest* which included Paiakan's story for the CBC. Paiakan was drawn to Suzuki who reminded him of a friend—a Japanese-Brazilian doctor named Davi. When Suzuki called Cullis and asked for help for Paiakan, he said, "'I met this leader.' Paiakan [had] grown up in a jungle village

yet [had an] understanding of [the] forces, of international economic forces destroying society." After making a few calls, she decided to "have a cocktail party—$1,000 per person." Sherry Brydson, the daughter of international information mogul Ken Thomson, owned a women's club in Toronto. Cullis had met Brydson at a Pollution Probe dinner.[2] Brydson agreed to donate food and the use of her club for a cocktail party. Cullis called Monte Hummel and Pegi Dover at WWF Canada: they agreed to sponsor. For Ottawa, she called May whom she'd met working on South Moresby. She told May that CBC's *The Journal* had a 40-minute story on Brazil with Paiakan in it. May agreed to work in Ottawa. There was no time to send out invitations so when Suzuki returned, "David called 18 people—heads of banks, major banks ... some, like the Roots people, who were sympathetic. ... Atwood and Lightfoot [were] both hosts, *Nature of Things* filming, I assume they like cameras and celebrities to meet."

If anything, Paiakan's trip to Ottawa in the fall of 1988 was more successful than the one to Toronto. Paiakan was taken to see officials at the Bank of Montreal, including Bernie Barth, a senior vice-president. Barth was in charge of all the bank's Latin American debt, which was considerable. After New York investment banker Bill Mulholland became the Bank of Montreal's chairman, the bank had bought a Brazilian bank and made major loans to Brazil upon which interest was not being paid. The bank was about to write down $2 billion of this Brazilian government debt.[3] Paiakan was also taken to Finance Minister Michael Wilson's office, where he met with a large group of officials. "Also [Paiakan] went to the Assembly of First Nations."

Later, when Cullis mentioned to May her decision to go to Paiakan's demonstration at Altamira, she soon found herself arranging a trip for 38 people. They all went first to Manaus and then Belem, where they saw Paiakan's picture on the front page of the newspaper and learned he had had his appendix removed. Then they heard there had been gunshots fired at Altamira. On the ground in Altamira, Cullis found chaos. Money she had sent to hold two reservations at the hotel couldn't be traced.

Relations between the Canadians and the U.S. environment groups at Altamira were strained. In spite of the fact that Canadians had raised $70,000 for the Altamira demonstration and the Americans almost nothing, the Canadians were not at first invited to meetings organized by the American groups. They went anyway. "I brought

up the issue of Paiakan's safety. I said [we] want to fundraise. They weren't interested in that. Paiakan came the next day and they were suddenly very interested. ... But I realized they weren't to be relied [on]. They are interested in products from the rainforest. [There was] so much personality jostling going on. ... I thought if we want to protect Paiakan, it's up to us. The British agreed."

Later, I asked again about Paiakan's plane. Cullis settled back in her chair, her hair falling like wings beside her cheeks. "Paiakan had this meeting ... with us. He said he wanted to live in the village and he needed airplanes. In the city he was vulnerable and he needed airplanes and communications equipment—he listed these things. He said he wanted to come to Canada. ... A couple of others [were] there. He trusts Juneia. She was there. Another guy—a Brazilian [was there]. He said he was there at [the] beginning for them. ..."

I pointed out this was a slightly different version of events from the one she had given me before. She looked straight at me as if to say, okay, here's what happened. Paiakan, his wife, and children stayed with Suzuki and Cullis for six weeks. Cullis cooked for them all and got friends to come and help out. She also took Paiakan on trips around B.C. to meet aboriginal groups. Paiakan's wife Irekran asked about the plane. "She said it was promised to them. I don't know where she got that idea," said Cullis. "She said, 'Could we have it now, please?' They'd already been here a couple of weeks—she said, 'What are we waiting for, where's the plane?' ... Juneia told us that they [the Body Shop] had this money for Paiakan. They didn't want to give it all to Paiakan. ... We phoned them up and asked them for the £100,000 for the plane. ... They didn't send the money. ... Paiakan went to London and asked for money. David went to see Anita [Roddick] and asked for the money. Irekran said, '[We're] not going home without it.' Also a lot of face [was] involved. [Paiakan] had to have something to show for it ... [for] his status as a leader of the Kayapo he has to produce. She [Anita] said, 'Yes, fine'—but [there was] no timetable. So finally they did send it. By then I was closing the deal—[I took the] money out of my own bank account."

The plane at that moment was in Cayenne. The pilot, Al Johnson, was waiting there for Paiakan who had just finished a big fundraiser in Los Angeles that Barbara Pyle had said went well.

What were they raising money for now? I asked.

Cullis said she intended to use this money to start a foundation that would pay for Paiakan's work. Cullis thought he needed to have

$20,000 a year, so a foundation needed about $250,000, which would be no problem if Anita Roddick would just give them the money she'd already raised for Paiakan. "Jason Clay is advising her," Cullis said. "He wants to run all that money through CIDA. Darrell [Posey] is working hard to set up a foundation. He feels he has [brought] Paiakan around to the idea that it's a good idea. ... Pyle said she'd give me the money she raised to take down [to Brazil] in August. ..."

I stopped Cullis for a moment. I asked if Jason Clay still planned to use money raised for Paiakan in Britain by the Body Shop to draw in matching dollars from the government of Canada's CIDA. Did Clay still plan to divert the resulting $1 million to the U.S. commodities operation? I said I didn't like the idea. I thought it was awful.

Cullis said she didn't like the CIDA deal either. "Elizabeth says CIDA people say that's fine. I don't do stuff that way. I try to give it to the person it's raised for. ... We took the $100,000 [for the plane] out of that system. They couldn't run it through CIDA. I don't know what it's all about."

Seven

Cultural Survival

At the end of August 1989, six weeks after the fundraiser at the Zimmermans' house, it occurred to me that I should check with the original Canadian directors of Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. and see if they were aware of the various activities being conducted in their charity's name. One of the directors refused to speak to me. The other said he had thought the charity was inactive. He was unhappy to learn otherwise.

When I called Jason Clay to find out what was going on, his voice was not as quiet and controlled as it had been the last time we spoke. It moved to rougher waters. He was not happy: certain money he wanted to take with him on his trip to Brazil had gotten stuck in Canada. He alluded to the Canadian lawyers on Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc.'s board. He said my phone calls had upset them. There was "some big scandal" in Toronto that had everyone looking over his shoulder. Clay was talking about the Patti Starr affair, although he didn't know the details. The *Globe and Mail* had run stories alleging Starr had used funds from a local branch of a national charity to make campaign contributions to certain provincial and federal politicians.

I said I was sorry, but I was still curious how a dormant organization was able to hold fundraisers. I said I was upset that Clay was trying to use it to lever Canadian taxpayers' dollars out of CIDA for his U.S.-based commodities operation.

It was all sad, said Clay. That possibility "never happened." Any money May had raised was still sitting in some bank account in Ottawa. He thought it amounted to about $8,000, and he had intended to carry that $8,000 to Brazil in cash. But the Canadian lawyers on the board had balked: they would not authorize Elizabeth May to write cheques; they had also refused to step down from the board, which was a shame. Clay had arranged that Phil Hazelton, an employee of CIDA at that time, should join the board. The lawyers were blocking that too. What Clay was really afraid of was that at the next

board meeting the lawyers would vote to disband the organization. If that happened, they'd have to give the money back to the donors. It was so frustrating. The Body Shop had agreed to give money for his commodities project; the British weekly *The Economist* had done a story on it. He'd already used $25,000 from another foundation to buy the first brazilnut processor in "our area." The area he referred to was the extractive reserve proposed by Chico Mendes in the Brazilian state of Acre, not the Kayapo area in Para. He was excited. A $50-million commodities business was really viable.

So obviously, I said, the money Clay was raising had nothing to do with what Suzuki, Cullis, and May were raising money for, nothing to do with any foundation for Paiakan and the Kayapo.

His voice exploded out of the telephone: "He [Suzuki] called me Jason Clay of Survival International [on his radio series] five times. He's such a jerk. He hands money over to Indians. He's not part of us. He's handing his own money over." Clay believed this behaviour had changed Indians' expectations and they would now make demands from other groups. The plane for Paiakan was an example. No one had promised Paiakan a plane. Juneia Mallas, the Brazilian woman who had become one of Paiakan's confidants, "said all the money was raised with his [Paiakan]'s face—he should get all the money or hold out for an airplane. We refused to buy it. We don't think they need an airplane now."

I said I thought Mallas had a point. At the fundraisers I attended, it was Paiakan and the Kayapo people we were asked to support, not a commodities operation in the state of Acre.

"All the Kayapo money [is] used by Indian leaders for patronage which increases their power. The problem with Sting backing Raon-i or Suzuki and Roddick behind Paiakan—when [they] increase power, other traditional leaders only have local things [to use to maintain their position]. [They] sell timber and gold rights," he said.

He seemed to be saying that giving money to Paiakan actually made other Kayapo sell *more* gold and timber to keep up their leadership positions in their communities. Did Clay know that Paiakan had made the first gold deal and handled the first funds from miners around Gorotire himself?

"He can't balance a fucking cheque book," Clay yelled. He said he had to get off the phone. Gordon Roddick, chairman of the Body Shop PLC, was calling on another line.

It was a hot day at the end of the first week in September 1989. Dust swirled around the chic three-storey townhouse on Avenue Road where *Millennium*, a TV series, was being planned. A sign on a side door said Biniman Productions and Meech/Grant Productions, which were registered as profit-seeking companies. I had now begun asking questions about how a dormant charity and a television series being made for profit could ever have been connected to each other. These questions had also bothered people, which was why Dr. David Maybury-Lewis, founder of Cultural Survival Inc., president of Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., and distinguished former chair of Harvard's Department of Anthropology had agreed to lunch with me. We walked across the street to the Four Seasons Hotel. He was not terribly tall, but he was very fit, with swept back silver grey hair, dark eyebrows, brown eyes, olive skin. In the stinking heat and dust he looked cool and correct. In the cafe, he briskly ordered red snapper and wine, his voice and manners suggesting the British upper classes, overlaid with something tougher. Talk shifted quickly to his Brazil connections, and it soon became abundantly clear that he is one of the world's experts on the Ge people of whom the Kayapo are one.

In the early 1950s, he had read languages and literature at Cambridge. In addition to English, he speaks French, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian, Danish, Portuguese, and two indigenous languages of Brazil, Xavante and Xerente. Like Posey, he had gone to Brazil almost by chance: he'd wandered into a meeting of Americanists at Cambridge and met there a professor named Herbert Baldus who had left Germany in 1933 and gone to Brazil as an ethnologist. Just as Wagley told Darrell Posey twenty years later to go to Brazil, Baldus told Maybury-Lewis to go to what was then British Guiana (now Guyana) and walk across the frontier into Brazil. He arrived more conventionally in 1954, shortly before President Getulio Vargas died in office, a bullet in his brain, a suicide. Vargas had run Brazil since before World War II and had leaned to the Axis side until the Americans insisted Brazil work with the Allies—or else. Vargas's administration had been unbelievably corrupt.

Maybury-Lewis took a job teaching English at the British Consul School in Sao Paulo. Under Baldus's supervision, Maybury-Lewis also got his M.Sc. at the University of Sao Paulo, then went to Oxford for his doctorate. In 1960 he joined Harvard University, which wanted a tribal specialist. He soon organized a comparative international research project (the Harvard Central Brazil Project) on the

various Ge Indian tribes of central Brazil, jointly with Roberto Cardoso de Oliveira and the Museu Nacional in Rio de Janeiro. The scholars involved included: Dr. Terence Turner, who had been disdainful of Posey's work; Turner's wife at the time, Joan Bamburger; Christopher Crocker; Roberto D'Matta; and Julio Cesar Melatti. By the late 1960s, Indians in central Brazil were under great pressure from encroaching development. "The military government sponsored what they call development, which meant opening the interior. Indigenous people previously officially protected by FUNAI's precursor [the Brasilian SPI or Service for Protection of Indians] but in fact by their remoteness came under enormous pressure. Brazil, to its surprise, found itself being accused of genocide. ... Part of the [Brazilian] image was of handling race relations [well] and with an admirable policy to Indians."

"The whole process [of development] unleashes ranchers, miners, et cetera. It hit central Brazil first." Denouncing it at annual meetings of the American Anthropological Association didn't seem like sufficient protest. Maybury-Lewis and his wife started Cultural Survival Inc. in the early 1970s to protest to a broader audience. They published a newsletter. The organization was run as a non-profit out of his office at Harvard by his wife. It didn't employ people until 1980 when it finally got grants from the Ford Foundation and USAID. USAID's interest in Cultural Survival was partly aroused by its literature and partly by its contacts. The USAID funds came from its Latin American office which had a certain grim past, including paying for training Latin American police forces in the techniques of repression.

Cultural Survival began to grow when it joined the debate over Nicaragua's treatment of the Moskito Indians, who complained that they were oppressed by the Sandinista government. The Contras used this repression of the human rights of indigenous people as another rationale to garner U.S. Congressional support: in return, the Moskitos helped the Contras on the ground. Before the Boland Amendments began restricting the CIA from supplying the Contras, the CIA helped the Contras on the ground too, beginning in 1981, joining an initiative already launched by the Argentinian military. Cultural Survival's Ted Macdonald advised the Moskito leaders to end their war with the Sandinistas, according to Maybury-Lewis. During this period, Cultural Survival Inc.'s membership began to grow. Members were basically subscribers to the *Cultural Survival Quarterly.*

Maybury-Lewis was no longer active with the group on a daily basis, but he hoped to set up a network in Southeast Asia similar to the one already in place in the Americas. He had a very ambitious view of Cultural Survival's task in the years ahead. "The role in the future is a clearing house for information worldwide," he said. This information would be collated and restated by trained Cultural Survival people. "You have to understand the issues, and wire services don't understand the issues."

He smoothed his napkin on his lap and began to talk about Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. In 1982, Richard Meech, a Canadian student of his, brought to him an idea for a TV series on indigenous wisdom. Meech asked Maybury-Lewis for help raising money. They created Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. to raise money for this series, to be called Millennium. The lawyers who joined the Canadian board were friends of Richard Meech and his producer/partner Michael Grant. As it happened, the two Canadian producers raised funds for the project without using the Canadian charity they set up. "I nearly had a breakdown in December [1988] when they said they had money to go ahead," laughed Maybury-Lewis.

After learning that CIDA would match on a three-to-one basis any funds raised by Canadian charities for rainforest projects, someone at Cultural Survival Inc. in Boston remembered that this Canadian shell charity still existed and decided to fire it up. The loose ends had all been tidied up, Maybury-Lewis said. "The lawyers voted with me to put two other people on the board." Then the Canadian lawyers resigned. The new Canadian board now consisted of "Tim Broadbent [sic]," whom Maybury-Lewis identified as the executive director of the Canadian Council for International Cooperation in Ottawa, and David Runnalls, whom he thought was a lawyer.[1] (He is not.) Elizabeth May would become the executive director. Quite separately, the producers of *Millennium* had agreed that some portion of their profits from the TV series would be allocated to Cultural Survival Inc. in Boston and it would also get a screen credit. Maybury-Lewis would write a book on the series as well as act as its narrator. He had taken a year's leave from Harvard. *Millennium* was paying for his services. Everything had now been taken care of.

Later that month, Elizabeth May, of the branch plant nongovernmental organization Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., sat at a table in a lovely Ottawa restaurant called Santé. She reiterated Maybury-Lewis's assurances that all was being done according to Hoyle.

A bay leaf dangled from her wrist; a small gold filigreed hand with a small stone in the centre nestled at her throat. She said this was called a Hand of Fatima (used in certain cultures to avert the Evil Eye). She had news, good news. She had just signed a four-year lease for an office for Cultural Survival Canada, the new but unofficial name for Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc., at 1 Nicholas Street. She said she had a problem raising money for her own salary so she had hired a friend, ethnologist Heather Hamilton, to work there. Hamilton had worked in the Arctic on Ellesmere Island; May had met her in 1986 when May was co-chair of the Fate of the Earth conference in Ottawa. "She worked for the Harmony Foundation."[2]

May now intended to raise money through Cultural Survival Canada to support a group in Brasilia called (in English) the Nucleus for Indigenous Rights, which lobbied for changes on clauses relating to aboriginals in the Brazilian constitution. Paiakan was on its board. "They need ... help to hire lawyers in Brazil. The staff person is Jose Carlos Libanio."[3] She looked for projects whose benchmarks were "accountability." She intended to expand the direct marketing campaign of Cultural Survival Inc. to bring rainforest products to consumers. She was talking to Loblaws. She had met recently with the head of Body Shop Canada. There was also going to be a major Japanese campaign. While Cultural Survival in the U.S. also had a Japanese campaign, the Canadian version would be different. Cultural Survival Canada would focus on Japan's trade in endangered species and tropical timber, use of driftnets, and their aid programs. "They have no concept of development assistance that isn't a blatant promotion of Japan's interest," said May, as if Japanese foreign policy was an open book, as if Canadian foreign assistance was driven by finer imperatives. She hoped to raise $10,000 to send a young Canadian woman to Tokyo to help the Japanese environmental movement, the weakest she'd ever seen. The Japanese, said May, "had no tradition of charity, of writing a cheque ... it's hard not to fall into clichés." This Canadian woman had already worked in Japan and in Canada for a Japanese trading company. She had already reported to May on the alternative environmental conference held in Japan concurrent with the official Global Environment meeting hosted by Prime Minister Takeshita. The environment groups who had put on this alternative conference all shared one office. They included Friends of the Earth Japan, World Wildlife Fund Japan, Greenpeace Japan, and the Japan Tropical Forest Action Network.

May had seen this office herself the previous year when she went to meetings in Japan organized by the National Wildlife Federation.

Cultural Survival Canada would also look at Canadian issues like the dams known collectively as James Bay II. May also wanted to help network between Canadian groups and others in the Third World. She expected to start with $20,000 in seed money from Cultural Survival Inc. in the U.S.

As May spoke she leaned in. She had done the same over a lunch table in Ann Arbor. She had started to tell me about herself then: now she completed the story. The Hand of Fatima winked while she talked.[4] Her mother was a Middleton, from Charleston, South Carolina. Her grandfather had had aristocratic and bigoted views, but her mother had views that were considered very left wing in the context of her father's house, where, according to May, if her mother used the word *integration* at the dinner table she would be sent to her room. May's mother, Stephanie May, had worked for Adlai Stevenson and the League of Women Voters, had been involved in a hunger strike to protest against atmospheric nuclear tests. Her father was comptroller at Aetna Life and Casualty Insurance, one of the most conservative companies in a conservative industry based in a conservative town, Hartford, Connecticut. "She was accused of being a Communist," said May. "She'd send letters to newspapers all over the country. My parents got irate calls. In real terms [she was] not radical. [But] she ended up on Nixon's enemies list [in January 1974]."

Her mother took May with her while doing political work. Born in 1954, Elizabeth May tagged along on Lyndon Johnson's election campaign in 1964; when Johnson started bombing North Vietnam, her mother went to work full-time to stop the war. She met Bill Clinton who stayed in their house during some of the presidential campaign of Eugene McCarthy. May described an unusual adolescence: no dates, no drugs, no rebellion, just good adult political work with mother. She lived in the same house for 18 years in the country outside Hartford. She attended Miss Porter's School in Farmington from 1970 to 1972 during Richard Nixon's first term in office. Miss Porter's School is the same school that Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis attended. It is a school for the daughters of the American aristocracy.

In 1972, just before she entered Williams College, May's family took a summer vacation in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. She had already become interested in environment issues: with the use of

Agent Orange as a defoliant, with children being burned with napalm, she saw the Vietnam war machine and "the polluting machine" as being almost the same. That summer, her mother bought 100 acres in Baddeck on Cape Breton Island. May's father was interested in Ceilidh culture. Her father came from an old British family: when he got to Cape Breton, he started to wear a kilt and felt he was coming home. They had thought of leaving the U.S. after May was gassed in Chicago at the Democratic convention of 1968, but her father said that "people in Czechoslovakia are staying ... so we stayed."

During a vacation to Cape Breton in the fall of 1973, May's parents decided not to go back to the U.S. May's reading break at Smith, where she had just enrolled, corresponded with Canadian Thanksgiving. May was told then that the family intended to stay in Canada. They sank a lot of money into the Schooner Village Gift Shop and Tea Room in Margaree Harbour on the Cabot Trail. "I spent the next eight years waitressing," May said, "and cooking. ... I brought my files with me."

She read about spruce budworm spray in 1976. At a health food store in Sydney she signed a petition against the Nova Scotia government's authorization of spraying with pesticide against budworm. She had become a Canadian citizen by 1978 (she never renounced her U.S. citizenship, which means she is still an American citizen as well). In 1980 she ran for election to Parliament as an independent (in association with the Small Party organized out of Concordia University by anti-nuclear activist Gordon Edwards) against Allan J. MacEachen, a Liberal force in Cape Breton, and an engineer of Trudeau's return to power in that election. May got 300 votes. Then she applied to Dalhousie Law School and was accepted in spite of the fact she had no undergraduate degree.

In her second year at Dalhousie, she was part of a group that went to court to enjoin forest companies from spraying herbicides to kill hardwoods. The injunction held until September 1983. In order to get the issue to trial, May's mother volunteered to sell land to pay court costs from a failed attempt to include Scott Paper in the ultimately unsuccessful injunction against Nova Scotia Forest Industries and its parent, Swedish Stora Kopperberg AG. These battles made May unpopular with certain forest industry members and certain members of the Nova Scotia bar. In 1984 she found work as a labour and administrative lawyer. In the fall of 1985 she got a job with Andrew Roman at the Public Interest Advocacy Centre in Ottawa. By March 1986, she'd joined the board of Pollution Probe in

Toronto. In June, she co-chaired the Fate of the Earth Conference in Ottawa, which was, according to May, a meeting of a thousand people interested in the "first integration of environment, development and peace in Canada. ... Just before that," she said softly, "Tom McMillan had asked me to work for him."

The federal minister of the environment, Tom McMillan,[5] had been getting bad press. He was mocked because his department had spent $650,000 of its $1-million budget for Environment Week on a rock video. McMillan had known May when he was the federal environment critic for the Progressive Conservatives: she'd lobbied him often enough. Friends of hers from law school worked for him as political aides. He offered her a job in late May, and she agreed to take it. Even before she started work officially, she organized the expenditure of $100,000 in grants to various environment groups direct from the minister's office. Her letter to one group said she was "to provide sustaining grants to eligible ENGOs [environmental non-governmental organizations] to cover some operational expenses incurred in supporting Canada's environmental priorities." No applications had been made to this fund because no one knew of it before she began to distribute it. She recommended who got this money without any consultation or process. Thirty thousand went to the Canadian Environmental Network Steering Committee, $15,000 to the Ontario Environmental Network. The Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, and Western Canada Wilderness Committee got funds. A cynic would say the minister bought himself some good will from those who had been friendly. At first she was put on the departmental payroll although she was clearly a political appointee: finally, he moved her to the political exempt side of his office. Her influence was amazing, given that the prime minister at first let it be known he didn't want May to see Privy Council documents. (These require a security clearance; she got a security clearance.) In October 1987, the minister's brother, Charles McMillan, left the prime minister's office. About that time a new chief of staff was appointed to McMillan's office. Ron Woznow had been an executive with Imperial Oil. Ian Smythe, of the Canadian Petroleum Association who also advised McMillan as a member of the minister's task force responding to the Brundtland Commission, recommended Woznow to McMillan. Woznow and May did not see eye to eye. The creation of a federal park on South Moresby Island had been announced when May was first asked to leave the minister's employ by the new chief of staff. McMillan told her to ignore Woznow. She stayed on until June 1988.

"When I found out about Rafferty/Alameda, that's when I quit," said May. These were dams to be constructed to constrict the Souris River in southern Saskatchewan to control water flows into the U.S. and to irrigate. No proper federal environmental impact assessment was held before construction, as was required by law. Construction was begun in the face of lawsuits. May was outraged, but she did not go public with her outrage immediately. First she attended the Global Conference on the Changing Atmosphere held in Toronto at the end of June. "Stephen Lewis [Canada's ambassador to the U.N.] was the chairman. Brundtland was coming to speak. I used it like high school graduation." Then she told McMillan she was leaving.

The story of her resignation on principle did not hit the press until the fall, in the middle of the federal election campaign. A cynic might say she saved it until the writ was dropped although she said that's when a reporter chose to print it. During the election, she made appearances in McMillan's riding and the cause of her resignation became an item on the party leaders' television debate. That same month she got a call from Tara Cullis to help raise money for Paiakan.

It was late, dark. She shrugged into her coat, eclipsing her deep purple silk shirt, turning herself into another servant of the people, a study in beige. I said I'd drop her where she wanted to go. She directed the taxi to a neighbourhood where she was staying with friends. In the dark of the cab she asked me questions. Was I writing that stuff about the *Millennium* TV production, was I still interested in that? she wanted to know. I said I was.

She said she thought I should know she planned a fundraiser for Cultural Survival Canada timed to David Suzuki's show on the Amazon, which was going on air in November. By the way, she said, she'd heard from her colleague Heather Hamilton that Cultural Survival Inc. in Boston might be CIA. She thought, after my various questions, she'd better check it out. She'd asked Maybury-Lewis about it. He'd said, "Oh no, not that again." He'd explained that when Jimmy Carter was president much outrage had been generated by a British group called Survival International, which claimed Indians in Paraguay were being tortured. The U.S. Congress had previously passed a bill mandating the cutoff of military aid to governments with records of human rights abuses. Cultural Survival Inc. had been asked by the U.S. government to examine these allegations about Paraguay. The Cultural Survival team had reported the Indians were in a terrible condition, but no torturers could be found. U.S. aid to

Paraguay continued. Survival International, which had helped publish the original allegations, was upset. After that, stories began to circulate that Cultural Survival was CIA.

So she'd checked with the man accused?

No, she said, she'd also asked Darrell Posey. He told her that he trusted Cultural Survival "absolutely." So, she said, there's no problem. She planted a big kiss on my cheek just before she jumped out of the taxi.

A few weeks later I stood outside the door to Cultural Survival Inc. It was off the second floor landing of a decrepit entryway to the Peabody Museum in one of the oldest parts of the Harvard campus in Cambridge, Mass. One very large room had been divided by filing cabinets and shelves, with a few small offices off to the side. It was a modern space, all white. Desks were arranged in the middle and around the perimeter. At a desk in the centre a handsome older woman with whitening hair introduced herself as Pia Maybury-Lewis, David Maybury-Lewis's wife. In a darkened office along the wall, hunched over a telephone, was Jason Clay. I had many questions for him. I'd found the behaviour of those associated with Cultural Survival Inc. odd enough that I thought it just might be a CIA front trying to help itself to funds from the taxpayers of Canada.

A tall, raw-boned man with big hands, freckled skin, washed-out ginger hair that curled and waved, Clay stood straight with his arms dangling, with no physical grace, like a farmboy balanced against the wind. He wore a fisherman's sweater, out at the elbow and corduroy pants baggy from overuse. He had glasses on, the kind that change colour according to available light, pink in a dark room, dark in a light one, never completely opaque or transparent. His face was hard to read. I found myself watching his mouth because it was the key to what was strange about him. It was peaked like Clara Bow's, but thickened on one side, slightly turned down. If there is such a thing as a cynical mouth, Clay had it. People who defend the defenceless, as Clay has done for most of his professional life, are not supposed to look like cynics. They are the opposite: they believe they can make a difference, that the basic nature of mankind is good and goodness can be harnessed to make things better. Clay's clothes looked the part, his body fit the part, his surroundings were just right, but his face was out of synch.

He had just come back from Brazil again. There were things to be attended to. Pia Maybury-Lewis said she'd spent five hours talking

to U.S. Customs saying she didn't know it was illegal to import a 13-foot blow gun with 15 attachments, curare included, from Brazil. "I am now a felon," she announced. She had somehow talked her way out of trouble but wanted Clay to know what she had said in case he was questioned. He was uninterested. He reminded her that all she had to do was to donate the gun to the Peabody Museum and that would take care of the issue. The bank account was bare, said a young assistant. No problem, said Clay, he'd returned with unspent money. That would cover it.

Would a CIA front have cash flow problems? I wondered. Wouldn't they try a lot harder to avoid the scrutiny of agencies of government? On the other hand, maybe this cash flow problem was just a short-term glitch. The way I saw it, Cultural Survival Inc.'s cash flow problems were about to end thanks to the Body Shop PLC and the *Millennium* TV series. I had by then learned that Global Television had supplied the series' producers with a letter of agreement to license the show, which helped get the producers more funds from Telefilm Canada—Telefilm would not say how much. The budget for the 10-part series was $10 million, very high for a documentary. The Canadian producers had just walked in and presented themselves to Global executives, who had known little of them but been impressed because they had signed Adrian Malone as executive producer. Malone had produced the successful *Ascent of Man* series and was head of media at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. The producers had also somehow got a MacArthur Foundation charitable grant to develop the project. The BBC was providing a small investment in the form of facilities. PBS was putting in about $1 million. The rest of the budget was being underwritten by the Body Shop PLC and the Roddicks. Strangely, in the various conversations with May, Maybury-Lewis, and Clay, no one had mentioned the Body Shop's role in the TV series. It seemed to me there was a real synchronicity between Cultural Survival Inc.'s intention to become a global clearing house for information and its various relations with the Body Shop PLC. The Body Shop PLC had just begun expanding rapidly into the U.S. Were they backing the TV series to help create a market for the rainforest products Cultural Survival Inc. also planned to sell to the Body Shop?

I put these questions to Clay over lunch in a Chinese restaurant. No, no, said Clay, the TV series had nothing to do with Cultural Survival's commodities operation which the Body Shop was also supporting. He insisted that the rainforest marketing scheme had

been dreamed up in New York at a Benefit for the Rainforest in September 1988. When Ben Cohen of Ben and Jerry's Homemade Inc. asked Clay what they could do, he'd just thrown out the idea of buying brazilnuts off the top of his head. Clay had picked up samples in February 1989 from Chico Mendes's territory in Acre. But Clay wanted to avoid the major actors in the nut trade, a family of Maronite Christians of Lebanese extraction who control 70 per cent of the market. The nut trade is a little like the fur trade—supplies are sold on credit to pickers who live in the forest and pay off their debt with their harvest. Profits accrued to the company by swapping low-value goods for goods that have high value elsewhere—in this case brazilnuts on the commodity market. "Good ole capitalism at work," Clay sneered.

In fact, for the first stage of Cultural Survival's marketing scheme, Clay had not purchased nuts from Chico Mendes's colleagues in the rubbertappers union (they had none to sell), but from a Lebanese Brazilian in Rio Branco, Acre. "He is a political type," Clay said. "He will run for Senador [a member of the Congress] in Acre, and he owns the television station, a newspaper and lots of buildings ... from the rubbertappers' point of view he's not the enemy, he's not thwarted them in getting extractive reserves established." He was also a member of the PMBD, President Sarney's party.

Why would Clay make his first "charitable" purchases from a politician, a man running for office? I asked. Politics and charities aren't supposed to mix in the U.S. either.

"He provides a political alliance that gets us a foot in the door. The Matrone family in Belem will not sabotage [it]. He exports through Santos—which avoids the issue of who controls the port ... [of Belem]." On his last trip Clay had carried the cash down to purchase the nuts. He wanted a plant running by February 1990 in Xapuri, Acre. He thought he had a window of opportunity in rainforest products of about three years. Then everything would depend on consumer demand. That was why Cultural Survival Inc. would not buy in the beginning from the rubbertappers union but from "guys in the market." Ben and Jerry would in turn buy from him. He had to bridge finance his purchases, but he wasn't worried: he'd raised $4 million for projects, $550,000 in the last eight months; $450,000 was committed from the Body Shop.

Had he known of the Body Shop's interest in these products when he went to the Altamira demonstration in February 1989?

"I suggested the Body Shop might be interested in putting up costs towards Altamira," he said. He had mentioned that to the Gaia Foundation in Britain. Sure enough, Anita Roddick had made a contribution to Paiakan's campaign.

Was he aware of their interest because of the Body Shop's decision to underwrite *Millennium*?

"That happened through Josh Mailman," Clay said, shifting in his chair. Mailman was a founder of a group called the Threshold Foundation[6] based in San Francisco, and he was a member of something called the Social Venture Network. Ben and Jerry and the Body Shop were both connected to that network too. "It's on the cutting edge of political issues," said Clay, a phrase that only deepened my concerns. The producers of the *Millennium* TV series had approached Mailman for money because he "acts as an intermediary for projects he likes." Later, the Body Shop PLC had decided it wanted to be associated with their programs about preserving cultural diversity around the world. Still later Mailman joined Cultural Survival Inc.'s board.

Look, I said, the Body Shop PLC seemed to be mixing business and charity through Cultural Survival Inc. They were paying for both sides of Cultural Survival's operations—the purchase of product for the marketing scheme and also a TV series that would both pay Maybury-Lewis and put Cultural Survival's name in front of a big audience. Maybury-Lewis would control the information put out on the series, just as Clay would control which Brazilian groups got the Body Shop's largesse when he made purchases with Body Shop money. This was an awkward marriage between profit and non-profit business.

The Body Shop PLC was not that central, Clay argued. In any case, there was a total separation between the Body Shop's interest in the television series and the commodity purchases by Cultural Survival in Brazil.

"They're not connected in any way?" I said.

"Definitely not," he said. While he knew Gordon Roddick well, had spent day and night with him over some five or six weeks out of the last eight months, talked with him often on the phone, the Body Shop had come to him, not the other way around. He never actually met either of the Roddicks until February in Altamira. There he had told Anita Roddick what he was doing. She had said she was interested in starting a rainforest cosmetics line. "I went to England in March and met Gordon and brought back other samples for [them to do] research and development on."

But wait, I said, hadn't Clay just said he told others, like the Gaia Foundation, to approach the Roddicks for money for Altamira?

"Anita paid for one or two buses to bring 60 or 80 Indians to the Altamira Congress," Clay agreed.

By now, too many inconsistencies had piled up. On the one hand, Clay insisted the Body Shop's interest in a TV series fostered by Cultural Survival Inc. had nothing to do with Cultural Survival's marketing scheme, which the Body Shop was also paying for. He'd sent other charities to Anita Roddick to get money for Altamira, while decrying Paiakan and the Kayapo to me as people who were in it for themselves. He had said the plane was the last thing the Kayapo needed, that giving money to Paiakan caused other Indian leaders to sell off more gold and timber rights, yet, indirectly he was responsible for Paiakan getting that plane. Without Clay's suggestion that Roddick might be interested, she might never have attended the Altamira demonstration.

Clay went to answer a call of nature. I thought things through as best I could. The Body Shop PLC had provided the money to make the TV series happen. The Body Shop PLC would also make Cultural Survival's rainforest scheme happen—by providing the seed capital and buying product. The Body Shop's donations to Cultural Survival for this marketing business would also attract more money from government agencies like USAID and other foundations. Recipients in Brazil were involved in politics. Cultural Survival Inc. was like a bridge between northern business and northern governments and people active in Brazilian politics.

When Clay came back, he talked about himself in a voice careful and controlled. His academic expertise was based on Brazil; he'd been a student of Maybury-Lewis. He did his undergraduate thesis in 1972 in Brazil on the peasant leagues which had taken over unused land and helped create the turmoil that led to the military takeover in 1964. He was in Brazil shortly after the height of the repression, which is also when Cultural Survival was started. He then took a PhD at Cornell, studied at the London School of Economics, and volunteered at Survival International. In 1979 he worked for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The budget for Cultural Survival was $100,000 when Clay was hired in 1980. During President Reagan's administration, the USAID portion of Cultural Survival's budget had climbed to about $400,000 a year.

We began to talk about Paiakan. He expressed further contempt for the man and the attention the Kayapo received. "Paiakan now

believes he's a chief—a visionary," he said derisively. "His vision is shaped by a lot of people around him." The Kayapo, he said, his voice like the slow seep of dark water on smooth stone, are richer than 80 per cent of Brazilians. A chief named Pombo was raking it in. I should ask the Body Shop why they gave Paiakan a plane, not him, not Jason Clay. Of course he recognized that Paiakan had black thoughts about him and Cultural Survival Inc. Paiakan "thinks we raise money and are not giving it to him. We insist on receipts in compliance with an agreed-upon project," he said with heavy sarcasm. "I will not give money to his wife. I've got to leave it with him. He's in the U.S., India, Japan, France. ... He's got to tell me how it's gonna be spent—it's not going into his personal bank account."

Well, if Clay felt so strongly, why had he let Cultural Survival become a collection vehicle for charitable funds flowing from Americans to Paiakan, like the fundraiser I witnessed at the Sierra Club meeting?

His voice bounced off the walls of the restaurant. "We don't work with individuals. [It's] a mistake. People raised money and sent it through us. [It was] always for the Kayapo, not for Paiakan."

Cultural Survival Inc. had supplied Paiakan with the credibility he needed or he could not have raised one penny. "As a non-profit if we raise a fundraiser we give credibility to him as a leader. If he stood at [the corner] of Madison Avenue in New York, he wouldn't raise any money. If we give him credibility, then he has to be accountable to people raising money—[it's] not [for] French bread, Coca Cola, consumer durables or whatever."

I asked him about the story Elizabeth May had passed on to me in the taxi in Ottawa. He confirmed the big blow up with Survival International over Paraguay.[7] "It parallels the thing with Paiakan," Clay said. "They raised it as a publicity campaign and didn't want facts in the way of the campaign. They decided we were all CIA."

"For the record," I said. "Are you CIA?"

"Never have been CIA," he said.

Well, given the persons in Cultural Survival Inc. with connections to Britain, for the record, "was Cultural Survival perhaps involved with the British secret service?"

"What would that be?" he asked. "MI5 or MI6?"

I said I thought it would be MI6.

No, he said, not to the best of his knowledge.

Back at his office he handed over Cultural Survival Inc.'s 990 forms (the filings required of U.S. tax-exempt charities by the Internal Revenue Service), information on his marketing scheme, and his curriculum vitae. On the plane home I read these documents carefully. They both supported and confounded many of Clay's statements. There were long lists of publications by Cultural Survival Inc. and Clay that showed they had been publishing on environment and indigenous rights issues since the early 1980s. There was a nine-year history of work on the evils of multilateral trade banks like the World Bank. However, Clay's curriculum vitae also showed he had acted as a consultant to the World Bank as recently as 1988, the same year Posey, Paiakan, and Cultural Survival Inc. were attacking the World Bank in public. Is it a conflict of interest to take money from an institution one attacked? I wondered.

The 990 forms for the fiscal year September 1, 1987 to August 31, 1988, showed how funds had been raised at Cultural Survival during the years from 1983 until 1988. These statements were at odds with what both Clay and Maybury-Lewis had said about their organization's financial state. Both had claimed the organization was doing well. These reports said it was in trouble. From 1983 to 1986, Cultural Survival Inc. had raised from the public and granting agencies a total of over $2 million, sold merchandise and services worth $287,699, and taken in as income from investments $12,000: this total of $2.3 million in revenue averaged out at about $600,000 a year. In 1987 it received $402,671 from public contributions and grants, $113,181 in government grants. Total revenue including the sale of publications came to $626,143. However, total expenses were $665,415 or $39,415 more than they took in. Only $157,312 was actually spent on programs, a low percentage: the rest was spent on salaries and wages and other expenses. While there was money left in earmarked funds, Jason Clay had personally lent Cultural Survival Inc. $30,000 for six months (from June to December 1988) at a low rate of interest "to pay operating expenses." It is almost a declaration of financial desperation when an employee has to lend his employer money to carry on. Ten earmarked funds were listed in the auditors' notes to the financial statements. The Rain Forest Fund was $11,959 in the red.

In other words, before Paiakan's bandwagon rolled into Clay's life in the fall of 1988, Cultural Survival Inc. had already gone into the rainforest business but it was not doing well. Its major activity was publishing, and its major sources of funds were the Ford Foundation,

the Public Welfare Foundation, and USAID. In 1988 Cultural Survival Inc. supplied information at a net loss.

Clay had also included a list of the expected funding sources for the years 1989 to 1992. Cultural Survival said it had commitments from USAID; Ford Foundation; the Noyes, Mott, and Lippencott Foundations. USAID had committed $5,000 less than Ford—the two were in for about $160,000 each for two years. The largest single contributor to the future for Cultural Survival Inc. was expected to be Body Shop PLC. It had advanced $215,000 in 1989. It promised $150,000 for 1990–91 and $150,000 for 199l–92. If Cultural Survival was a profit-making operation, one would say that it was being taken over by the Body Shop PLC, a British business, with support from the U.S. government.

The rainforest marketing proposal Clay had submitted to various foundations did not mention Paiakan or the Kayapo, nor was it limited to Brazil. The project was designed to spread rapidly to other rainforest areas. To find marketable commodities in the world's rainforests would require the work of part-time consultants. "Cultural Survival has an extensive network of some 2,500 social scientists and conservationists," said the proposal.

This network of 2,500 consultants stuck in my mind. So many trained observers around the world would be a very useful intelligence gathering network. I called Clay and asked about the nature of the connection between Cultural Survival and these various social scientists and conservationists.

He said he had about 700 Cultural Survival members, mostly Americans, who travelled to various Third World countries. Cultural Survival Inc. relied on these people for its information. "What we rely on is [to] get on the phone and ask who knows this town—and call them to check out something for us." Sometimes, these people were also paid as consultants when Cultural Survival needed to monitor things closely, but basically, they used this network to verify human rights abuses. "They're like stringers," he said, comparing his informants to free-lance journalists in distant locations who are paid fees for supplying stories to news organizations. Say there was a chance of a copper mine being dug in Papua, New Guinea, for example, and Cultural Survival Inc. needed to know its impact. "Within 24 hours, " he said, "[we'd have] a list of scientists who covered everything in that area."

Eight

Green Grease

A hot September wind blew dust devils around the courtyard of a new Ottawa townhouse. The occupant, an External Affairs official, was unpacking after moving back to Canada following a posting. A copy of Barbara Tuchman's *Practising History* already stood on his mantle while his furniture was only half out of the packing crates. I'd asked for a briefing on certain matters in Brazil after hearing that he knew most of the players I was interested in. In fact, I'd phoned him when he was in Brasilia to ask for help. One piece of advice he'd given then had grabbed my attention: "Take no one at face value," he'd said. I wondered if this maxim should also be applied to him. He looked like a very ordinary sort of fuss-budget, an owlish fellow of middle years. But his praises had been lavishly sung by Phil Hazelton of the Canadian International Development Agency. Hazelton had said this man's career was on a real upswing. As is the custom among foreign service officials, he'd agreed to see me only if his name was not used.

We sat amid his crates. He shared Clay's jaundiced views of Paiakan, although he said he had never met him. He'd already said on the phone that the Kayapo "were kind of like the Iroquois Warriors" and that if at some point Canadians wanted to say "who needs most support," the Kayapo would *not* be on the list. He knew all about their gold mining, their political skills. He then made it clear that to understand what I was dealing with I had to expand my horizon: Paiakan was part of something much bigger, a network that had carved up the world into territories. Another crowd had gone to Germany; Chico Mendes's rubbertappers owned Washington. While three or four of the Brazilian environmentalists had visited Canada, including Mary Allegretti, a colleague of Chico Mendes, Paiakan had staked out Canada as his special turf. "There is a network," he'd said. "There is a broad, common agenda out there."

Later, others used that term, *agenda,* too. I wasn't sure what they meant. What was this agenda, whose was it? He'd said he watched

this group, this network, explode into the public consciousness since the fall of 1986. "When I got there no one was posing ecological issues per se ... Chico Mendes was [involved] in organizing in the area he worked. In November, 1986, he ran as a candidate for the PT, or Partido dos Trabalhadores in his own home town, to be a state deputy. He lost. ... In 1987 he [Chico] made his first trip outside Brazil ... in September 1987 at the Waldorf Astoria hotel [he was] the Crocodile Dundee of Brazil. ... The political consciousness raising starts in Brazil, then we see it abroad. ... I'm a donor in this crowd," he had said.

In his living room in Ottawa he explained that money had been given to various Brazilian charities, or NGOs as they are called, from the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. "We have in the Canadian embassy a fund for funding NGOs. This year it's $250,000." (It was $500,000, which could be spent over two years.) This fund had given Chico Mendes a truck. He wasn't certain if the embassy had also given money to the Kayapo, but he suggested that there was a list that one could check.

In June 1989, a meeting had been held inside the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. Invited to the meeting were a network of foreign aid agencies, representatives of other countries' embassies to Brazil, and various Brazilian NGOs. These groups were interested in agroforestry: they had created a network. He'd chaired the network. In fact, he'd helped start it. He defined agroforestry as the harvesting of trees with productive plants. "[They want to] turn subsistence farmers into people who grow other things—weeding the forest—planting leguminous plants for nitrogens to increase the productive yield." A Belgian who lived in Brazil had proposed this, setting up "a network of people who want to link this together," said the External Man. "He came to us [at the embassy] and the Ford Foundation. Ford is the premier funder. They have $3.8 million [to spend] annually through their Rio de Janeiro office.[1] We had a meeting. ... We hosted three meetings in the embassy. ... Five projects were presented. Nine or 10 donor organizations were there."

How had these other donors got involved?

"We phoned up," he said.

I sat in his living room, spellbound. Who, I asked, had the government of Canada's embassy to Brazil phoned and asked to contribute to these Brazilian NGO projects? Who had come to the meeting in June?

He ticked off the participants. "Ford; ourselves; the FAO [the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization]; the German embassy; the Swiss embassy; the Dutch embassy; the British embassy; the Inter-American Foundation [which is funded by the U.S. Congress with board appointments made by the White House]; Oxfam." He also mentioned the presence of representatives of the Brazilian Ministry of Land Reform and its Agricultural Extension Service. Pollution Probe's Janine Ferretti was the only representative of a Canadian nongovernmental organization at these meetings.

Why had the embassy asked Pollution Probe to come? It was known for its interest in Canadian issues, in things like acid rain and toxins in the Great Lakes: why would Pollution Probe have an interest in Brazilian agroforestry?

The External Man said he had heard from Phil Hazelton at CIDA that Pollution Probe was planning to bring a group of Canadian NGOs down to Brazil.

We enjoyed a little silence together. I was transfixed by the fact that the Canadian embassy to Brazil had called other governments' embassies and aid agencies and asked them to give money directly to groups. The External Affairs Man explained that "one of the problems ... why foreigners are funding this, frankly, Brazil does not have well-developed international foundations and fundraising activities. A lot of the issues you deal with all had funding from foreign sources."

How much funding came from foreign sources?

"One hundred per cent," he said.

Did he mean to say that not one penny had been raised by these groups like the rubbertappers and the Kayapo in Brazil from Brazilians?

He said that was so.

This whole story seemed downright bizarre. Brazil has the eighth biggest economy in the world. It has had a historic concern about protecting its national sovereignty. Nevertheless, representatives of foreign governments had met in the Canadian embassy with Brazilian nationals and arranged to give them money. Worse, the organizations these Brazilians represented didn't get some small portion of their funds from offshore; they got it *all* from offshore. In order to help them get even more from offshore, so CIDA could add funds to the pot, the Canadian embassy official had asked to the meeting the head of a Canadian environment organization with no previous history of interest in Brazil. I had always thought nongovernmental

organization meant independent of government: nongovernmental in this context seemed to mean organizations that governments used to do their business indirectly. I began to think of these groups as private governmental organizations, PGOs. They are privately founded organizations, but they take their policy direction and some money from governments—while appearing to the world as if they are independent of government.

But why on earth hadn't the government of Brazil raised a fuss?

The External Affairs Man said "the explanation [is] they welcome foreign cooperation on environmental problems provided it's on their own terms. ... The Brazilian National Security Council [later called the National Defence Council] was fully cognizant of what the Council of Rubbertappers is getting [from abroad]. They calculate that if it doesn't undermine Brazilian sovereignty—it's not a problem. ... "

The Security Council was made up mainly of military officers who coordinated and reported directly to the president of Brazil. "Their constitutional mandate is all Brazilian development programs; all border matters and all ... natural resources."

By the way, said the External Affairs Man, as he showed me to the door, Phil Hazelton had asked him to sit in on CIDA meetings on Brazil in Hazelton's place. Hazelton was taking leave from CIDA: he was going to work for the Mennonite Central Committee in Nicaragua where an election was going to be held.

The External Affairs Man had hinted, broadly, that Phil Hazelton had a very interesting background. He said it was Hazelton who administered the CIDA funds distributed out of the embassy in Brasilia to various Brazilian nongovernmental organizations. (Hazelton vehemently denied that. He confirmed he had helped one Canadian NGO get funds that indirectly aided a private film project on Brazil and he led CIDA's planning mission to Acre.) It was Hazelton who Jason Clay and Elizabeth May had wanted to put on the new Cultural Survival Canada board. In addition to being an expert on rainforests and specifically on Brazil, he had grown up in a commune in Paraguay. His father was a communist; ask him about that, the External Affairs Man had said, with just a hint of malice.

Hazelton's office was up at CIDA headquarters in one of the big white concrete towers called Place du Portage in Hull. Hazelton was thin. He wore a plaid shirt, khaki pants with sharp creases, his hair was a colour of brown that has no name. He emanated an aura of goodness. He was in his late forties but looked much older, almost

weathered. No, said Hazelton, his father had not been a communist but a socialist. Before World War II, his father, who was British, was active in something called the Peace Pledge Union. His father and mother had joined a Hutterite colony in Britain shortly before the war because they were interested in living pacific Christian communal lives. "My Hutterite colony was kicked out of Germany by the Nazis," said Hazelton. "They bought two farms in south central England. My parents heard about it in Birmingham."

After war was declared, the British informed this group of Hutterites that the Germans among them would be interned as enemy aliens. "So we looked for immigration," said Hazelton. The Hutterian Brotherhood, as they called themselves, left for Paraguay by ship in the middle of the Battle of Britain. They landed at Buenos Aires and travelled up the Paraguay River looking for land, which they eventually found at the western limit of the Parana Plateau. In these humid tropics they farmed, built a hospital, and lost many children to diseases. The community got financial support from certain Canadian Hutterite communities that had admitted them to the fold in 1933. Hazelton grew up with a foot in the forest: they used forest products, ate the fruits in season, the flora, the fauna. For Hazelton, it was an adventure. "At five or six I was in a community like a frontier kibbutz."

This kibbutz analogy was not lightly drawn. Among the people who escaped Germany and entered Britain disguised as members of this Hutterian Brotherhood were a group of Jewish labour Zionists who eventually made their way to Palestine. They set up a kibbutz in the Negev that played an important role in World War II and the War of Independence. Hazelton's Hutterite colony still sends children to visit there.

Hazelton was sent back to England to attend the Ludlow grammar school and then the twelfth-century Royal Grammar School of High Wickham. He took his B.A. from the University of Connecticut in the U.S., then attended the University of London's Institute of Latin American Studies. In 1966, he went back to the U.S. to study Latin American history and politics at the University of Wisconsin. His parents had already moved to the U.S. in 1961 when the colony in Paraguay split in two over religious differences. Hazleton had already left the community for a woman he'd met as an undergraduate. He was drafted; he failed to get conscientious objector status. He dodged the draft by coming to Canada on his British passport in

1968. "I have three nationalities," said Hazelton, "British, Paraguayan, Canadian."

It was curious, I thought, that a man of three nationalities could have won such a position of trust at CIDA, which reports to Parliament through the minister of Foreign Affairs, a highly security conscious department. Hazelton said he had become a super Canadian. He'd worked for the Company of Young Canadians, he spent years in the Yukon working on Indian land claims issues. But he also returned year after year to Paraguay. In 1980, the federal government's IDRC gave him a grant to study the incursion of Brazilians into Paraguay. He believed that the thing that distinguishes Canadians from others is "a certain humanity that we share. At the Canadian Embassies [there is] a spectrum of ordinary Canadians and always those who have some humane and caring perspective on life."

In 1980, a treaty was signed between Canada and Brazil, after a visit there by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, which included a bilateral agricultural aid program to be delivered through CIDA. Brazil's GNP should have disqualified it from receiving Canadian aid: however, its distribution of wealth is so skewed that 80 million of its 140 million people are desperately poor. Hazelton joined the department of Agriculture in Ottawa in 1980 and worked as a planner for that bilateral aid program; then he transferred to CIDA, the agency which would carry it out.

Brazil has everything that the industrial world can provide, Hazelton said, "just not in an ethical framework." He used a Brazilian slang word to describe what he meant. Brazil, he said, is the land of *jeito*, which means arrangements. In Brazilian politics, *jeito* means impunity for anyone with enough money to pay. "So how does Canada deal with this?" he asked rhetorically.

"Up until three years ago Brazil was a strong and equal trading partner. There was no surplus. Trade was about $\$\frac{1}{2}$ billion each way. It was [our] biggest partner in Latin America." This relationship of equality had then changed to a trade surplus in Brazil's favour. Canada bought immense amounts of coffee and oranges, and Brazil no longer bought Canadian wheat. "It has become self-sufficient in wheat," he said. It had done this through the application of subsidies. Subsidies had also made it overproductive in soy beans. The European Economic Community was already knee deep in its own subsidized soy beans, which it fed to its own subsidized pigs. All of these subsidies had fed the global trade war among the EC, the developing countries, and major agricultural powers like Canada and

the U.S. National governments were going deeper and deeper into debt subsidizing agriculture for which there were fewer and fewer export markets. The domestic politics behind such subsidies had turned attempts to craft a new global trade pact through the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade into a Gordian knot. Brazil argued it needed to sell its surpluses abroad to pay off its huge debt; but such sales interfered with others' traditional markets. If Brazil abandoned its debt, it would put the screws to creditor nations' banks. Bankers are big political donors, but farmers elect people to office. By dumping its subsidized products on world markets, Brazil, in effect, was transferring its debt to the national treasuries of its creditor/competitors — who had to deal with electoral pressures the Brazilian state was still immune from. This directly affected Canadian interests. But CIDA had no leverage on Brazil.

After Brazil had the temerity to ask CIDA to fund aid projects in its agricultural sector, mostly in the well-developed and competitive wheat-growing south, the 1980 trade agreement had lain dormant. Brazil stopped paying its debt owed to the Canadian Wheat Board. Quite recently, however, the trade agreement had been reactivated. In fact, phase two of the agreement had been skipped entirely—the program was going straight to phase three.

Hazelton had watched these matters inside CIDA: his expertise was natural resources, particularly tropical forestry, and indigenous people. When the Canadian embassy started to fund projects in these areas, he helped form the policy; he helped orient people. He had enjoyed this work. "Committed and informed people ... can be oriented by very committed people," he said. In this process he had come to know Cultural Survival very well. "I've been close to Cultural Survival Inc. for 10 years. ... In this storm of Amazon interest [they are] taking very practical steps. ... CIDA can't help an American NGO. I hope it will help Cultural Survival Canada." He thought he was to be on the board of Cultural Survival Canada. "We just refounded the inactive Canadian branch," he said. Cultural Survival Canada had already asked CIDA for money, but it still had some hoops to go through before it qualified for that money. "It has to have a track record—one or two years of program expenditures to show. We say ... the link to the U.S. Cultural Survival should put it in very good position. They're building on proven experience."

In fact, Hazelton was the CIDA official who had gone to see Jason Clay and Ted Macdonald of Cultural Survival Inc. in December 1988 and informed them of CIDA's wish to fund Brazilian NGOs through

Canadian NGOs. CIDA recognized that there was little Canadian NGO capacity to do much work in the tropics unless it wished to work with Christian missions. Christian missions were not satisfactory vehicles for CIDA or the International Development Research Centre (IDRC) to use since they have a different "orientation to the autonomy of indigenous people." To get leverage in Brazil, CIDA needed its funds to flow through Canadian NGOs active abroad, but there weren't any Canadian environment NGOs active in Brazil.

What did he mean, exactly? I asked. Had he gone to Cambridge to invite Cultural Survival Inc. to guide Canadian environment groups through the humid tropics?

"I happened to be [in Cambridge] to explain the possibility of a Canadian branch," he said. "This thing flared up with Paiakan—the Kayapo—in the fall of last year [1988]. That's when Canadian consciousness exploded vis-à-vis the Amazon." He could not recall Jason Clay or Ted Macdonald telling him then that they already had a Canadian charity with a tax number that had never been activated.

I told Hazelton the Canadian charity Cultural Survival Productions Canada Inc. was a shell set up to fund a TV series, yet Elizabeth May had used it to hold a fundraiser for Paiakan before the old Canadian board members stepped down.

"Forget that whole part," he said. "I didn't know it was incorporated in Canada and could have been programming all this time. Forget it. Don't worry about it."

It is a foolish reporter who forgets things people tell her to forget. I was stunned by what he'd told me. Hazelton, a representative of the Canadian government, had asked a U.S. charity to set up a Canadian branch to carry out Canadian government policy in a foreign country. Clay had obliged: he had remembered the dormant charity and even found a friendly American/Canadian—Elizabeth May—to run it. Hazelton also said Canada was way behind the Americans on this. The big U.S. environment organizations "have been the strongest in turning these issues around. ... We are behind the U.S. and Europe. But [we are] one of the first bilateral agencies invited to address the Amazon by Brazil."

Hazelton had just been in the Brazilian rainforest state of Acre laying the groundwork for a bilateral project that would use sophisticated Canadian remote sensing technology to support land use mapping. There would be technical assistance and training offered to Brazilians to improve the programs of the rubbertapper councils and to support agroforestry research on forest products. This aid

would go through the Brazilian Agency for Cooperation (ABC), part of the Brazilian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

I asked Hazelton to explain why the Brazilians allowed certain foreign agencies and embassies to meet with Brazilian NGOs in the Canadian embassy to, in effect, auction off these groups to the most interested foreign players. Could he explain why low-budget Canada had got to the front of the pack if the U.S. environment organizations were way out in front on these issues? "It surprised me myself," he said, slowly. "I honest to goodness ... the Brazilians are taking a risk."

Right, I said. Why?

Well, he thought Canada had been more quiet, less critical of Brazil than certain other countries. "Canada made no public declarations on policy as the Americans did. The Dutch Ambassador said [do a] mega debt swap for the Amazon. They may see us as naive or innocent."

Please, I said.

"I really believe that," he said, fervently.

But it was obvious even to a naif like me that some kind of deal had been made. Only the military in Brazil had the power to do that, the External Affairs Man had said they knew all about it, so what did they get in return for allowing Canadians and others to mess around in Brazilian domestic politics?

Hazelton said I should get the story from the External Affairs Man. "Brazil is the country that offered to hold the world environment conference in 1992," he said as he walked me toward the lobby, "when the world was screaming that the Sarney government has no proactive Amazonian policy."

The world had screamed at Brazil before, I said, and the military had control of the Amazon. So the deal was cut through the military, right?

"The Ministry of the Interior has the watchdog role on the Amazon," he said. "The deal is not fully cut. The Brits are behind us. ... If there is a deal, there is a certain innocence."

He had begun to sweat. I saw it bead up on his lip. He talked in bursts, elliptically, as if he didn't believe what he said but had to say it. How could he believe it? He had described Brazil as a country fuelled by *jeito*, not the kind of place where issues relating to national sovereignty would be decided on the basis of a certain innocence. He said that he too was surprised by events. He'd been working away, trying to get projects going. To his amazement, he was allowed to

go farther and farther. Prime Minister Mulroney had just announced Canada intended to join the Organization of American States immediately. There had been no public debate: it flew in the face of the view in foreign policy circles that the Organization of American States is a group of banana republics whose leaders are tied to the United States like fruit to a vine.

"I'm pushing my rope as far as I can go," said Hazelton. "I thought we had been hauled in in June. I figured we'll bury this one. Then there was a phone call—'We want a planning mission in July.'"

On the marble steps by the big CIDA security desk, Hazelton shook hands and said he was off to Nicaragua. There was a white, pinched look about his face. He held his papers clutched tight to his chest, his shoulders hunched forward protectively. He seemed lonely and unhappy. He'd been burrowing away for years, working with a few significant others, only to find somebody Very Big had wrapped up his efforts in some unimaginably large agenda. What was this agenda? Who created it? He looked like a man who wasn't sure who he worked for any more, and worse, if he could move fast enough to satisfy.

Part II

Nine

Déja Vu

In November 1989, approximately one year after Paulinho Paiakan first came to Toronto, I went to Washington, D.C. The U.S. Congressional Human Rights Caucus and the American Anthropological Association (AAA) were playing host and tribute to Paiakan, Kuben-i, Tapjet, and Darrell Posey, putting the Kayapo on a public stage once again. I knew, and surely the organizers of these events knew, that Paiakan and Kuben-i and Tapjet were no one's environmental saviours. While the External Affairs Man had hinted that I needed to expand my horizon of understanding, when I arrived in Washington I focused on the most basic questions: I wanted to know who knew about the Kayapo profiting from the exploitation of the rainforest, what they knew, when they knew it. I should have known better.

The Congressional Human Rights Caucus, which was co-chaired by John Porter, a Republican from Illinois, had called a public briefing on the situation of the Kayapo Indians for 10 A.M. at the Sam Rayburn Congressional office building. The Congressional Human Rights Foundation had paid for the plane tickets for the Kayapo to attend. Katy Moran and Dr. Tom Greaves had organized their appearances at an invited session of the American Anthropological Association. Greaves, a specialist in the anthropology of hardrock miners, knew Latin America well. Moran, an applied anthropologist, knew politics well. She had worked for Representative Porter for a number of years; she had just taken a job as Democratic Congressman James Scheuer's press secretary. She also knew Darrell Posey. She had helped set up both the Congressional caucus briefing and the AAA invitation.

Without warning, the Congressional Human Rights Caucus session was cancelled. A woman in Congressman Porter's office explained that while Porter's office had known for a week that Paiakan wasn't going to attend, up until that very morning they had still expected Kuben-i and Tapjet. Dr. Greaves and Dr. Terence Turner, the Kayapo expert from the University of Chicago, had gone to meet

them at the Washington airport only to find they hadn't boarded the plane in Brazil. Porter's assistant had no explanation.

The American Anthropological Association annual meeting was held in the Washington Hilton *sans* Kayapo. Katy Moran, Posey's friend and Congressman Scheuer's press secretary, was standing outside the room reserved for the special invited session titled "The Kayapo Offensive." Moran had spiky short hair of a reddish hue, a face prematurely drawn and aged by too many late nights and cigarettes. She extended an invitation to a party at her house but couldn't say what exactly had happened to the Kayapo. It was known they had picked up their plane tickets in Brazil and tried to rebook flights to the U.S. at a later date. Since Congress was going to recess at the end of that week, the Human Rights Caucus had taken steps to cancel the tickets.

Darrell Posey walked down the crowded corridor. He'd been in Munich, Germany on an Alexander Von Humboldt Foundation Fellowship: he looked like a New Man. His hair had grown long. It was very blond and it curled under at his chin—almost like a pageboy bob. He cut a certain swath as he moved. He was widely greeted—sometimes as a star, sometimes as a person of controversy. He said he was staying at Katy Moran's house. He took his place at the large head table. In the darkened seating area, microphones had been set up for questions. A man with silvering hair and a confident manner sat down near Posey—Dr. Ted Macdonald of Cultural Survival Inc. Beside him sat snub-nosed, blank-faced Dr. Terence Turner. In the audience behind me sat Posey's grant officer from the World Wildlife Fund U.S. She had a fixed stare on her face. She did not rise to greet Posey.

After the introductions, Katy Moran read a statement faxed to her regarding Paiakan's absence. The statement said Paiakan hoped we would all understand, but he and other Indian leaders were flying instead to the Yanomami territory (on the border between Brazil and Venezuela) to look into three murders of Indians there. The Brazilian government had "forbidden non-Indians from entering. ... Please tell everyone this is a dangerous trip we are about to take, please keep your eye open for us," she read.

Dr. Greaves then stood. He explained that the two other Kayapo weren't coming to the invited session either. "Kuben-i ... and [his] colleague Tapjet ... went to the airport in Belem and found a [confusion] of travel documents [and they were] unable to board the

plane. That is what we know today." Greaves then summarized what he said were the facts of the Kayapo Offensive, how a local problem in a rainforest had become a global issue. "Twenty months ago," said Greaves, "a series of events was instituted by the Kayapo and others that became global. Brasilia found itself thwarted. ... The task is to learn more of the Kayapo struggle. How did an isolated society succeed in thwarting the policy of the government? How did members of the U.S. Congress and Treasury get involved, U.S. foreign policy, a rock star, and how and when did the worldwide media become involved? Who was writing the script? Did the Kayapo become objects of a script written by others or if they did not, then something new is involved, forces within the reach of other small societies."

As he spoke, a man walked up the aisle and surreptitiously dropped a brown envelope into my lap, without breaking stride. He was a senior anthropologist, a recognized expert on the Kayapo, with whom I had spoken before under the condition I not refer to him by name. He had declared at the beginning of our conversation a conflict of interest since he often acted as a consultant to the World Bank (but then so did Jason Clay and Maybury-Lewis: they had declared no conflict). He had shown me a copy of *Veja*, a Brazilian weekly news magazine somewhat like *Maclean's* or *Time*. He had translated for me a recent story about Paiakan.

The story explained that Paiakan had just received a prize at the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York from a U.S. organization called the Better World Society. The prize had been handed to him by one of the Society's board members, former U.S. president Jimmy Carter. Another prize had been given on the same night to Mikhail Gorbachev, General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. There was a picture of Carter. There were also pictures of Paiakan and his new plane and a picture of Paiakan and his new car outside a bank machine in Belem. *Veja* described how well Paiakan lived in Belem. *Veja* said the Kayapo were doing well too, earning nice sums of money from the sale of gold and timber. "Gorotire village and Kikretum in the north have gold mines," he'd translated. "They receive approximately 13 per cent of the gold collected in the area." *Veja* estimated this worked out to a cash value of about $50,000 U.S. a month. What the Kayapo did with this money, according to *Veja*, was to engage in "bold initiatives," including the purchase of crystal beads from Czechoslovakia for body decoration.

The anthropologist had wanted me to know he was galled by the North American and European view of the Kayapo as defenders of the rainforest. He particularly wanted me to understand the environmental realities of the placer mining occurring near the Kayapo villages of Gorotire and Kikretum. Mine tailings went directly into streams. Mercury was used to separate gold from the surrounding earths, and some made its way into the water where it was transformed by bacterial action into methyl mercury. Methyl mercury concentrates as it moves up the food chain from small organisms, to larger fish, to humans. The Fresco River, upon which Gorotire is situated, had become so polluted that fresh water had to be piped in from another river two hours away. Both the miners and Indians who ate the contaminated fish could eventually develop a degenerative disease of the central nervous system. Standing water left in these placer mines after rain also provided perfect conditions for the breeding of malarial mosquitos. The *garimpeiros* had also brought a taste for violence and sexual exploitation to the Brazilian interior. They used prostitutes: they infected Indians with sexually transmitted diseases. The Kayapo, the anthropologist insisted forcefully, were partners in this devastation. Both miners and Kayapo acted outside government control, although government permitted these conditions to flourish. The Brazilian government had also engineered a situation with the Yanomami Indians, whose lands straddle the northern border with Venezuela, which he characterized as permitting absolute corruption. The Yanomami lands were being demarcated by Brazil, but only around settled villages in spite of the fact the Yanomami use huge areas and move their villages often. Lands between villages were being designated as national parks: miners were getting permission to mine in these national parks. Gold from both Kayapo and Yanomami lands was sold on the black market. The airstrips, the pumps, the fuel, the implements, the provisions, the mine sites were all the product of outlaw business.

With grim concentration, he had described the Kayapo and the Xavante Indians as groups made by anthropologists. These aboriginal people had been catalogued, itemized, studied, learned about by Westerners. However, this learning had not been a one-way street. The Ge people, of whom the Kayapo are one group, had studied those who studied them. They had absorbed Western values from the scholars upon whom Western culture is indelibly stamped—on their clothes and tools, right down to their interests and opinions in things like democracy and global politics. The Brazilians, said the anthro-

pologist, liked to think of Indians as benign beings living in some abstract state of nature. But the reality of Kayapo culture is not benign: it was well suited to military organization. It split both vertically along matriarchal lines and horizontally along what he called age-grade lines. As a result, the Kayapo could organize easily across the kinship boundaries that restrained effective organization among some other indigenous groups. "That makes them effective militarily," he said. Historically, the Kayapo had expanded at the expense of other groups. (Posey had noted in his thesis that they were expanding into the area around Sao Felix do Xingu.) They had been victims of the expanding Brazilian frontier, but then they had found ways to surmount these difficulties. They had a knack for holding up a mirror to the broader culture and of being whatever the dominant society wanted to see.

Distortions about them being purveyed by his colleagues were not so much intentional as part of a wider problem in anthropology. Anthropologists tended to superimpose their ideological views on Indians. "Marxism," he said, "is the touchstone of modern anthropology. Anthropologists are romantics—they are professionally unhappy with [the] society they live in. [They] look to primitive societies as models for the social forms lacking in our own society." Indigenous people had to cope with the modern world somehow. Even if they stayed hidden, eventually anthropologists would seek them out, carrying with them the seeds of Western culture. "They believe in themselves and [their] righteousness [and] they are willing to distort truth to achieve a higher goal," he said of his colleagues. "Because of their moral absolutism they become part of the problem. ... You favour someone, the indigenous people of the world, they will restore the environment. ... You sell that message ... you forget the other little exceptions. The Kayapo [like us] are subject to being greedy."

This conversation pressed upon me as Katy Moran introduced Darrell Posey to the assembly of anthropologists at the Hilton. He proceeded to demonstrate my informant's thesis. "It is one of the roles of the anthropologist," Posey said in his address, "to open space for native peoples to be heard, part of our responsibility as scientists. From 1983 to 1988 a number of special courses were given by the Kayapo at national congresses in Brazil. ... In 1988, January, I recall that when a letter arrived inviting me to describe forest management by the Florida Rainforest Alliance and the Florida International University, I wrote back to suggest the Kayapo." In Florida, said Posey,

the Kayapo had spoken for themselves. They had spoken of the rainforest as a source of spiritual knowledge and strength. They had also turned to other concerns: "Major was the construction of the Xingu-Altamira project—three dams [were] admittedly involved. During the trip to Washington with the help of Survival International, they saw nine dams [had been] planned. They became angry."

The Kayapo went on a whirlwind tour, Posey continued. They met North American Indian leaders, some of whom were lawyers and activists, and even met a Maori leader from New Zealand who had been successful in shutting down some development plans there. "It was magic," he said. But then came the return to Brazil. "I was accused of inciting them—taking them illegally out and provoking an economic crisis."

An ethnobiology conference with delegates from 35 countries was held in Brazil in June 1988. The indictment against Posey was discussed there and became an international issue. A month later, the Indians were indicted as well. This made them exceptionally angry, and Paiakan and Kuben-i then organized the international event at Altamira, said Posey. This event brought together the largest group of native peoples in Brazil ever to protest the dam project, and it also brought representatives of 100 non-Indian environment groups. With this event, Posey said, the Kayapo had bridged two previously opposed worlds as well as the very diverse indigenous people in Brazil. On the other hand, Posey said "there is a division among the Kayapo themselves. Now, there are differing opinions on natural resources. Not everyone thinks preserving means not allowing lumber and gold mines. As late as twenty years ago there was intervillage warfare. This brings back old hatreds, like [in] Germany now."

Posey then quoted a Brazilian anthropologist who once said that to do Brazilian anthropology is a political act. "I agree. It's impossible to do it without being political. The very [act of] being there is political. In my opinion, my personal opinion, if [one] is not prepared to become involved in the struggle for survival of people and lands, [it's] better to stay home. ... It is dangerous to organize people to speak for themselves. This was brought home when Chico Mendes [was] assassinated. Then there's consciousness-raising, giving them a vocabulary of defence. There is no way you are not also imparting your [values]. The act of anthropology is a consciousness-raising process, and you are imparting those categories. Then there is the opening of opportunities, there is political space for them to be heard. We know and can help make the political space for them. Then

[there's] the question of making native people financially independent. ... If the Kayapo had no money from [the] gold mine, they couldn't have organized to insist on the inclusion of statutes in the Constitution."

I couldn't believe I had properly heard what he'd said. First, he had downgraded the seriousness of the Kayapo profiting from environmental degradation; then, he'd reincorporated this behaviour into his argument as a virtue. Yet it was Posey's description of the Kayapo's superior ecological knowledge and commitment to preserving their pristine landscape that had recommended them to environmentalists for support: this was why environmental groups raised funds on their behalf. Now we were told their profits from gold mining had made them politically effective. Only one more step in his argument produced an interesting equation: if aboriginals wished to be heard by larger societies, they should start by selling off their resources. "I'm working with Cultural Survival on how the forest has valuable products and there are ways they can develop markets without destroying their cultures," he said. "If we see native knowledge as important we have to defend [it] ... internationally under statutes of use rights and knowledge rights. That is where it has to go."

There was a burst of applause.

Katy Moran's paper was titled "Cultural Brokerage or Access to Power." It was all about how anthropologists had brought together the mutually reinforcing needs of politicians and media outlets and in the process pulled the Kayapo to a position of some political power. These events, she said, fitted into a larger agenda, a political campaign she said had begun in 1983. It had started with Congressional hearings on the evils of development bank practices that had been organized through Congressman Scheuer by Brent Blackwelder of the Environmental Policy Institute, Bruce Rich of the Environmental Defense Fund, and Barbara Bramble of the National Wildlife Federation. Testimony had been heard about a disastrous Brazilian development project. Congressman Scheuer wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, James Baker. His letter became a news story in the *New York Times*. The *Times's* story was heard in Brazil on *Voice of America*. In 1985, anthropologist Stephan Schwartzman published an article in *Cultural Survival Quarterly*. There had been a show on *60 Minutes* on the Brazilian development plan; Sting had played at the Kennedy Center in a play called *Yanomamo*; Bob Geldof narrated and directed a film called the *Price of Progress*; the Grateful Dead

had been witnesses at a hearing chaired by Congressman Porter. Why had anthropologists been so successful at getting such attention from the press and on Capitol Hill? "It was sexy on the Hill," Moran said. It was sexy because it had good story elements: there was the romantic rainforest setting, the little people challenging the big guys, the boost from the weather—the hot summer of 1988. The Kayapo were important too: "They have their own airplane, or is it airforce, Terry?" she quipped, shooting a fiery look at Dr. Terence Turner. "The media played a role bringing the issues to the fore—the *Washington Post* and Barbara Pyle of Turner Television [sic] was working with environmental groups and NGOs. She's here today."

Right on cue Barbara Pyle of Turner Broadcasting System, last seen in Adam Zimmerman's living room, came striding up the centre aisle and took a seat in the audience. I was surprised. I had asked her secretary if she was coming to this event, saying I wanted to speak to Pyle: her secretary had said she would not be in Washington.

Until it was Dr. Turner's turn to speak, he sat at the table deadpan, giving no hint what he was going to do. When he rose, Posey shifted in his chair as if to prepare for a public assault: he knew Turner had been less than complimentary about his work in the past. Turner was blond, tanned, lined, in his late fifties. He looked as if he could walk for days without tiring, like a man who would not shirk from any confrontation. He'd certainly been pugnacious about Darrell Posey and the Kayapo when I'd spoken to him earlier in the week at his mother's Washington apartment. He had said that Paiakan had been forced to leave Gorotire as post chief after losing a power struggle for control of the community accounts. He said that Paiakan had fought with the traditional chiefs of the village and with Tapjet and Kuben-i, who were the main instigators behind the sale of mahogany from Kayapo lands. Kuben-i and Tapjet had won control of the Gorotire accounts. While Paiakan went to work for FUNAI, the Brazilian federal government's Indian agency, a small group in Gorotire controlled the community's new wealth from gold and timber sales. Some had used it to build themselves ranch-style homes around the Brazilian frontier town of Redencao, their homes staffed with servants. There had been increasing reports of episodes of drunkenness and licentious lifestyle by some of the Kayapo, behaviour in which Paiakan was not involved. "Money for drunks came from timber and gold money. ... It is an ingredient of the conflict that developed. Kuben-i was ... called to account at a meeting of the chiefs in Gorotire. Kuben-i did a public act of contrition last year."

According to Turner, it was Darrell Posey who had mediated a political reconciliation between Kuben-i, Tapjet, and Paiakan. In sum, Turner did not accept Posey's description of the Kayapo as defenders of the forest. In his view, they were trying to preserve Kayapo sovereignty. "There are no homogeneous Kayapo now. ... They're not ecologists." The differences among them had been clearly expressed in New York a few months earlier when Raon-i and Megaron met with some U.S. foundations. Raon-i had asked for $1 million in contributions: he said he needed that much to stave off the other side at home.

This was a damning set of facts. But when Turner spoke to the auditorium, he was sparing in his use of them. "What we see with the Kayapo [is a] more spectacular case of general phenomenon." The very idea of culture was changing, he said. What we were witnessing was the "self-conscious creation of cultural identity in the reassertion of ethnic rights ... and this is becoming a central theme."

In Amazonia, since the 1960s, as the indigenous population had begun its climb back from the brink, there had been a focus on getting control of a resource base so that indigenous communities would not depend on the Brazilian economy and society. The Kayapo had taken a lead in these matters. Yet those forces that pulled the people closer and closer into contact with Brazilian society (roads, infrastructure, exploitation of resources, population movements) had also been beneficial. They made available medical help and national and international sources of support. Even the dependence of the national Brazilian government on the World Bank had had its positive effects. These forces had lifted indigenous people to a certain threshold level. They were no longer at the mercy of local rubber barons and ranchers. "The great focus [has been] land rights—not native ideology of forest conservation. ... I don't think we can accurately describe them as having ecological consciousness. ... It is also true among the Kayapo [that] a significant proportion don't want to preserve a resource base but to cut trees, mine gold, as long as it can be used by individuals for [their] own ends—the devil take the environment. We hoped to bring together spokesmen for the extreme development wing, Tapjet; the other extreme, the ecological defender of traditional Kayapo culture, Paiakan; in the middle of the road, Kuben-i, who speaks for many."

This was as close as Turner got to a direct challenge of Posey's thesis, to a clear statement that two of the Kayapo honoured in Washington as defenders of the forest were in fact partners in its

destruction. As he spoke, Congressman Porter of the Congressional Human Rights Caucus walked in and sat down at the head table. Tall and thin, with grey over black hair, he exuded earnestness. He had obviously heard Turner's remarks, but his face showed nothing. In fact, this had been the general reaction to Turner's remarks—no response.

Katy Moran cut Turner off. She said Congressman Porter had to speak immediately because he had to get back to the Hill for a vote.

Porter gave a history of his interest in these issues. He thanked Moran for making his efforts on the issues of environment, development, and indigenous people more effective.[1] He said after he'd made a trip to the Soviet Union in 1982 he co-founded the Congressional Human Rights Caucus because he realized there was no focus on the Hill to discuss concerns about human rights, which he called the central concern of American society. The Caucus was interested in every part of the world, from China to Romania, from Cuba to South Africa, from Malaysia to Brazil. The Caucus had set up a Congressional Human Rights Foundation to operate off Capitol Hill. He intended to ask members of the Supreme Soviet to form their own caucus to work with his. "Human rights are indivisible and know no boundaries—that denial of the rights of any person anywhere is the denial of the rights of all persons everywhere. We do not recognize the claim that mistreatment by a government of its own people can be an 'internal affair' and we should butt out."

Without any hint that he had heard what Turner had just said, Congressmen Porter then gave as his opinion that if one preserved the pristine state of Kayapo lands, one preserved their rights. The Kayapo required their forest, he argued. He acknowledged that this concern by American legislators for Brazilian indigenous people and their forests might seem hypocritical considering the state of the American environment and American indigenous people. He acknowledged that Americans must act and act responsibly.

Questions followed. It was as if Turner's critical comments about the Kayapo and their practices had fallen through a hole into that Yellow Submarine universe. One young woman, a very earnest woman, stood up and asked Congressman Porter for help with her ideas. She said she was an environmentalist. She didn't want to waste her time preaching to the converted. How could she change people's minds?

Porter flashed a tight smile. "Welcome to the land of the frustrated," he said. "The answer to that [is] you start out with the truth

and you have to know the truth." He recommended she do painstaking research.

Concerns were expressed about the recalcitrance of the media when it came to putting these truths in print or on the air. Barbara Pyle of Turner Broadcasting System stood up, a flash of red in the darkened room. "I gained knowledge from friends of mine," she said. "I'm a quote unquote journalist." She explained that journalists were people too and just needed to be informed. They'd be glad to help get the message out. She had some advice for people in the room. "Take a member of the media out for a beer and explain it to them," she said.

I went up to Pyle at the end of the session, reminding her that we'd met in Toronto at a fundraiser for Paiakan, and said that I'd like her to explain it to me.

Not now, she said.

That night, at Katy Moran's elegant little house in Georgetown, there was a party. The dining table was laid with utensils, but there was little food. The kitchen was packed with men drinking and snickering about past AAA annual meetings. One anthropologist from Laval University in Quebec regaled all with his memories of a female colleague who had given a paper on dominatrix behaviour as practised by prostitutes, then invited colleagues to a party in her hotel room for a demonstration. Other scurrilous stories flew. The front door banged open and Barbara Pyle rolled in, red coat flying, a bottle of beer at her mouth, boxes of food in the other hand, ready to party.

Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc. wandered out of the kitchen. Moran, the press aide, and Pyle of Turner Broadcasting and CNN huddled in a corner with a man from Survival International.[2] Pyle seemed to be saying she wanted somebody to prove to her there actually were three dead Yanomami, that she wasn't willing to do a newscast without evidence.

He said he had statements.

Pyle shook her head and moved away. I went up to Pyle and asked if this was a good time to explain things to me. Not now, she said.

Darrell Posey bounced down the stairs from the second floor like a teddy bear, announcing he'd just been on the phone with Barbara Bramble of the National Wildlife Federation. He and Pyle hugged and kissed like long-separated brother and sister. She stroked his long, blond pageboy with mock disapproval. It was at this point I realized I was experiencing a sensation that I had first noticed at the

Zimmerman fundraiser, a feeling that this wasn't a party, it was a meeting. Here was Pyle of Turner Broadcasting/CNN; Moran, press secretary for an important U.S. Congressman; Posey; Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc. This too was a gathering of a network, a network with an agenda.

By the time I caught up with Darrell Posey at the final Saturday morning session of the AAA, I was deeply troubled. I had been interviewing people all over Washington. I had been trying to hold them to account, then trying to understand what agenda was so important that important people kept telling half-truths in public.

Posey had heard from others about some of these conversations I'd had. He was not his usual buoyant self. We walked until we found a favourite restaurant of his, which he said was the oldest Cuban restaurant in Washington. It was a tidy little place with fake wood panelling half way up the walls. He ordered a chicken dish spicy enough to make his cheeks sweat.

Posey seemed bitter about the critical things Turner had said publicly about his work and his views on the Kayapo as environmentalists. He kept talking about himself as if he were a character in a play. "It's not just Darrell, it's a team you know," Posey said. He'd spent six or seven months each year in Gorotire between the years 1982 and 1987, when he got sick, "minimally five months every year, always with other researchers," he said. His team, which included a botanist, an entomologist, and fish specialist, had swollen to 20. Needless to say, he knew the Gorotire Kayapo very well. He had become close to Kuben-i, and he had "helped raise Tapjet, I knew him when he was 15. Terry [Turner] doesn't know that. ... I was more with the older people and the young kids. The young leadership is coming into power."

Posey was particularly irked by any suggestion that his analysis of the Kayapo culture was simplistic. "Darrell's dangerous simplistic analysis," he sneered, apparently in mimicry of words Turner had used elsewhere. "Darrell knows their entire society is built on a dialectical structure, the Xavante and the Kayapo are dialectical and thrive off opposition. [That] doesn't mean they're not united. It's [like] the loyal opposition. ... After 10 years I see them as people, they are family [with] all the foibles dominant in human society, what changes is [a] certain differential for some to take power."

We began to talk about Turner's assertions that Kayapo culture was being perverted, that it had turned from a traditional share-the-

pot community to one of private accumulation, that far from living the traditional life in the forest, the new leaders were mimicking southern Brazilians and building bigger and better ranchhouses with hot and cold running servants, going on drunks, hiring hookers. I told him the unnameable senior anthropologist had charged that the Kayapo used their airplanes to fly in fresh bread and Coca Cola. Jason Clay had suggested that's what Paiakan's plane would be used for. Posey himself later admitted the 500 kilometres of trails around Gorotire where, he had written, the Kayapo managed the forest, were basically being "paved over."

"The traditional system of the Kayapo was one in which you shared," agreed Posey. But he disagreed about how things were shared or that Kayapo ideas about ownership had ever been simple.

He had sidestepped the issue. Did he not think that big houses and cars and planes owned by a few dominant individuals had replaced an older system?

"I don't see that the houses of Kuben-i or Tapjet [are] mansions, or Paiakan's, " he said. "They're nice lower-middle-class houses. They drive decent cars. Paiakan has a nice car. ... Kuben-i has a house that. ... I don't call [it] a mansion. Kuben-i has a serious drinking problem. ... [He] drinks too much and gets violent. Yes, [he] was arrested for breaking up a hospital. [He had] one kid in the hospital and three vehicles [of the] Kayapo [had been] stolen. The police did nothing. [He had] a new car. [There was] a guard in front [of the hospital]. The car was stolen. No one saw anything. He smashed up the hospital. ... Over 60 per cent of the cars in the interior of Para [are] stolen. It's chaos, anarchy," said Posey.

He went on to make more excuses. This hospital incident had occurred while Kuben-i was being prosecuted for his trip to Washington with Posey and Paiakan. "He was also shot during the period," said Posey, "in Redencao ... they say by the police." Posey thought this might have been deliberate, a provocation. Why? "To discredit Kuben-i—to make him look like a reckless Indian," said Posey.

But Posey also acknowledged that Turner was right about other things. Tapjet was pro-development. Tapjet was in the army and had studied agriculture. "His idea is to turn everything into cattle pasture; [that's] what he learned in the army." He said Turner was also right about the Kayapo culture changing. By 1983 or 1984, what with the gold miners coming in, running the Indian post at Gorotire, things had gotten very hectic. That was the first year there had been no Green Corn Ceremony, the major ceremony in the Ge peoples' cul-

tural lives. The old chiefs had still been in charge until 1986: then a plane had crashed in a down draft, which had scared the chiefs. Younger warriors were put in charge, said Posey. "Tapjet was in charge of lumber leases."

Posey confirmed the sale of timber had been going on for quite some time: it had brought in big money to Gorotire since about 1983. "They negotiated for building a new village and buying an airplane which Paiakan bought. That was a good move. [People] could see evidence [that] something [was] happening." Posey confirmed Paiakan had been falsely accused of using community funds for his own purposes. In fact, Posey said, Paiakan had sacrificed for the good of his people, yet they had accused him of taking money. Paiakan had stayed in an area near Posey's house in Belem, a very dangerous part of Belem. He had to leave his wife alone with three little kids, and when he brought her to the city, she was isolated because she spoke little Portuguese. The allegations against him were "galling and devastating." However, Posey said, he had never heard the word "expelled" used in the context of Paiakan going to work for FUNAI until the day before. And he would have heard it, he was sure. "I spent every day [every] morning with the chiefs, they came for coffee every day."

What had they talked about? I asked.

"[We were] discussing things—seeing how I would react," he said. They'd listened to the radio together and asked him what was going on. "There was a lot of intellectual exchange and particularly regarding destruction. [They] became aware of how destructive they were. [There was] so much deforestation between Redencao and Gorotire, [an area] they knew as children, and no trees [were] left. They had no idea what 10,000 trees meant. They count 20 at most."

The current situation was that the Kayapo had been between leaders for two or three years. To be an anthropologist and ethnobiologist of a people in that circumstance was very difficult. "It's like war," he said. "It's like sending analytic crews to England in the blitz in the Second World War. Decisions [are] made. Not everyone agrees. I think all the way through, opposition between Paiakan and Kuben-i [was] more fabricated by whites."

It was Posey who had talked to the Kayapo in Gorotire about the dams to be built on the Xingu River. But now he also admitted he had known a great deal more about Eletronorte's plans than he had let on before. In 1987, Posey had been subcontracted through the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi in Belem by a consortium of consult-

ing engineers hired to do a feasibility study of dams on the Xingu River for Eletronorte. He had been given six months to produce a report on the impacts dams would have on the human population of the area. Instead of finishing this report, he said, he had resigned from the contract in January 1988, just before he, Paiakan, and Kuben-i went to Washington to protest these dams at the World Bank. He returned some of the contract money, but he kept some to cover his expenses. His resignation had "pissed off" a lot of important people. Rumours had begun to fly. But he had been careful. He had kept documents on everything, he had run the money through the administration at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi, and he had been out of the country when certain unfortunate events were alleged to have taken place. He had sent copies of his letter of resignation to the World Bank, the *New York Times*, the Brazilian Society for the Advancement of Science, and the Brazilian Anthropological Association. What particularly upset the Brazilian government about his behaviour was that Posey was not just any anthropologist, but a senior member in the national research system of Brazil, a titled researcher of the National Science and Technology Council with a salaried position.

I said that it had begun to look to me as if he'd just slid the Kayapo onto a pre-greased path, part of some sort of agenda set up to bring certain matters to the public attention of legislators like Scheuer and Porter in Washington. Ever since, his Kayapo friends had been collecting charity on the basis that they would protect the rainforest.

He wasn't a part of anything, said Posey. He knew something co-ordinated was going on that had to do with the rubbertappers, but he wasn't a part of it. In fact, in Florida, said Posey, there had been a public screaming match over bringing Posey and the Kayapo on to Washington. A man named Stephan Schwartzman of the Environmental Defense Fund had yelled at the man who had obtained money for Posey for the trip, or so Posey had been told.

"I'd never fool myself into thinking they see me as one of them," Posey said. Those who were against him, against the Kayapo, had tried to engineer divisions between him and Paiakan through "bad talk. Paiakan came to me six months ago. He said 'FUNAI people said you're making money off selling our plants.' I said, 'You should know—[that] was created at the ethnobiology conference in 1988, in Belem. I said that was what [it] was all about—to guarantee you get compensated for knowledge.'"

Was that what the Body Shop was doing in this? I asked.

"They are looking for cosmetics, essences, body products. It's a realist position, practical. If we don't create [a] situation in which [the] living forest [is] worth more than [it is] cut and native people [are] seen as a resource. ..."

We walked back through Washington's streets, kicking at the falling leaves. I watched him. He looked shrunken, deflated. I had thought I would get some satisfaction from facing him down with the contradictions between the facts and the dreams he was marketing, but there was none. It was not so simple as catching a man telling lies or half-truths. His work, if true, was insightful. There was no doubt he had helped organize the Kayapo, so his rendering of facts could not be remotely objective. On the other hand, this lack of objectivity seemed to be the standard among anthropologists.

I felt sad for him. He was an American man in his forties with an appointment at a Brazilian national institution. The powers in Brazil had every reason to want to roast his backside. He'd taken their coin, then denounced them from the biggest public platform in the world. Like Cultural Survival Inc., he had been under pressure when the Body Shop PLC came along. He said he was now trying to find products for them: part of the reason he had taken up his Humboldt Fellowship and gone to Germany was that he intended to write about how native people could get patents or get use rights for plants. In Germany there was a tradition of the use of substances without prior animal testing—provided these products had a long history of human use.

We walked.

"Do you have something for the Body Shop, Darrell?"

His partner, Dr. Elaine Elizabethsky,[3] had something, he said.

Ten

The Agenda

Dr. Stephan Schwartzman, Cultural Survival Fellow and paid staffer of the Environmental Defense Fund (EDF), one of the largest U.S. environment organizations, marched down the Washington street with a long stride. He was a gawky man with an Ichabod Crane neck poking out of a white shirt. He wore a dark suit. He could have been taken for just another MBA or investment banker, except that his hair was shaggy and his tie was the wrong colour. He showed the way to a student restaurant around the corner from his office.

Schwartzman took off his jacket, loosened his tie, rolled his sleeves up. He said he had been working on environmental issues since 1983, the period when Katy Moran had said this agenda, or whatever it was, had come together.

What is the agenda? I asked.

He said it was a strategy that included an assault on the lending practices of the multilateral lending banks, like the World Bank. These practices were seen to be the critical factors in tropical deforestation. This strategy had been organized by people working for large U.S.-based environment groups: it was their bash-the-banks network that had brought Chico Mendes, Paiakan, Posey, and Kuben-i to Washington.

According to Schwartzman, the network's strategy or agenda had been devised by his colleague Bruce Rich, a senior attorney in the international division of the Environmental Defense Fund, by Barbara Bramble, director of the international programs of the National Wildlife Federation, and Brent Blackwelder of the Environmental Policy Institute, an organization that had just merged with Friends of the Earth. In the early 1980s, they had all decided to concentrate on tropical deforestation in order to show that environment and development issues were all part of the same process. This connection had first been explored back in 1972 at the United Nation's conference on the environment held at Stockholm. It was Bruce Rich[1] who saw that "the World Bank and others had enormous

influence on that process and that certain projects were degrading resources and not leading to sustainable development."

The World Bank is made up of four regional banking institutions, among them the InterAmerican Development Bank. Its capital comes from member nations' contributions. The capital is leveraged and lent out to poor countries to encourage their development. The World Bank's staff created vast planning documents about various countries' economies: it had lent $21 billion in 1988. "It is the informational linchpin to the whole international financial system," said Schwartzman. "Assessments that the Bank makes of the economy of a country have influence on the attitudes of private banks. So it has enormous influence. The other element is that the Bank and regional development banks are susceptible to pressure from major donor countries."

The U.S. guarantees 17 per cent of the World Bank's capital—it is the largest single national guarantor. The U.S. Treasury Department must get approval from Congress to make such guarantees. Rich had had this insight: if one wanted to shake up the World Bank, one had to first shake up the Congressional committees charged with oversight of this guarantee process. To shake up such committees, one had to reach the chairpersons, something often done through letter writing campaigns from organized constituents close to election time.

Bruce Rich, who had joined the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC) as an intern in 1981, had the House Committee on Banking's subcommittee on International Development and Finance, chaired by California Democrat Jerry Patterson, looking at how the World Bank funded disasters by 1982.

"Rich had picked up some indications from a mole in the World Bank that a project called Polonoroeste in Brazil was a project with real problems," said Schwartzman. Rich had access to World Bank personnel because, in addition to his work at the NRDC, he also sold his services to the World Bank as a consultant. He helped a World Bank vice-president write a book on development. To use the mole's information, Rich realized he needed people knowledgeable about Brazil. That is how Schwartzman got involved. "I knew people who could find out what was going on," said Schwartzman.

Schwartzman had gone into anthropology with a desire to "get as far as I could go from [my own] society and culture." He had studied anthropology under Dr. Terence Turner at the University of Chicago: Turner had sent him to Brazil to study a Ge group of Indians.

Schwartzman arrived as a student in Brazil in 1980, in time for what the Brazilians call The Opening. The military regime had begun to prepare the country for an eventual return to electoral politics. People were finally permitted to organize unions and other kinds of political groups and to run for election at the local, state, and even the federal level. (They just weren't allowed to run the government.) While in Brazil, Schwartzman met with Brazilian anthropologists concerned with Indian rights and "mobilizing" in Brazil. "I wanted to find out who was doing what with Indians in Brazil," he said. "I was interested for two reasons. Part of what drew me to anthropology was it was critical—to influence events in the world was real appealing. A lot of these groups saw the fate of these people as fundamental to the national politics of Brazil." These groups pressured the government to defend Indian land. By 1982, Schwartzman had moved on to Washington where he was doing volunteer work for Survival International. That's where he met Rich.

Schwartzman got in touch with Brazilian anthropologists through the Brazilian NGO, CEDI, the Centro Ecumenico de Documentacao e Informacao, an organization that years later helped Paiakan organize the Altamira demonstration. People at CEDI had recognized that to bring pressure on the government of Brazil they had to have friends on the outside, that the best public platform in the world is the U.S. Congress. Rich and his associates had no idea about CEDI's interests in U.S. contacts—they just needed a graphic example of environment problems caused by a World Bank-funded development in the tropical rainforest. Soon they realized local Brazilian groups affected by World Bank-funded developments were essential for their Congressional campaign, and Brazilian NGOs could provide them with a steady supply of victims. "It's one thing for a list of U.S. organizations to say a project is a disaster. The Bank has an easy response—the government wants it and the people want it and who are you to tell Brazilians what to do with their environment," said Schwartzman. But this response failed when the World Bank got an earful from groups in the affected country. "And we learned something else important," said Schwartzman cynically. "Money talks."

In 1984, which was an election year, the House Committee on Science and Technology held hearings on the Brazilian Polonoroeste development project. Forty U.S. environment groups signed letters of complaint about it. The World Bank wrote back and said, "Thank you for your interest." Bruce Rich took this limp letter to Senator Robert Kasten of Wisconsin. Kasten, a Republican, was then chair

of the Foreign Operations subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee. Guarantees for the World Bank had to pass through Appropriations. Senator Kasten and the right wing of his party were not sympathetic to the World Bank.[2] The right believe the World Bank supports state socialism worldwide. Senator Kasten, up for re-election in 1986, also represented a state with a large number of environmentalists who voted their views—the National Wildlife Federation has a large chapter in Wisconsin. Senator Kasten wrote a letter to the president of the World Bank. He said he found it strange the World Bank would brush off the complaints of a wide cross-section of environmental groups. He noted that this was not wise considering how difficult it was for the World Bank to get funds out of the U.S. Congress. "Then we got an appointment with the head of the Bank," said Schwartzman.

Rich had already begun to draft legislation for Congressional staffers concerning environmental criteria multilateral banks should have to use before making loans: these criteria came out as recommendations in 1984.[3] The legislative reform was introduced in 1986[4] by Congressman David Obey, a Democrat from Wisconsin. Obey is to the left of the Democratic centre and was an adversary of Senator Kasten. Obey had been thinking of running against Kasten.

"He decided not to," said Schwartzman, puffing on a cigarette.

In Schwartzman's view, Obey's reasons for participating in this bash-the-banks strategy or agenda were the opposite of Kasten's. "He believed in development. Consequently, demonstrations that the Bank [was financing] disasters he took extremely serious. The upshot of this ... was that at the end of 1985, the World Bank suspended a loan to Brazil on its Polonoroeste [project] pending Indian land demarcation. It was a demonstration of the hypothesis that citizen groups in the U.S. could influence the Bank. The Bank had never suspended before on such issues. ... They suspended at the end of the military [regime] so all blame could fall on the military regime. In that context, I worked for the [Brazil-based] Instituto de Estudos Socio-Economicos (INESC)." He thought this Brazilian group was founded as a lobby sometime in 1983[5] by a woman named Marie Jaime. Schwartzman's job was to get information in Washington for INESC. His salary was paid by the various northern NGOs that supported INESC. He thought Oxfam, a British-based charity, had sunk a lot of money into INESC, whose mandate was to influence Brazilian policy on land reform.[6] Schwartzman's job was to inform

INESC of "opportunities to work with U.S. groups on information they might want to know about."

In November 1985, Bruce Rich joined the Environmental Defense Fund as head of its international program. Around the time the World Bank suspended the Polonoroeste loan, the InterAmerican Development Bank authorized a loan to Brazil to pave a road between the frontier states of Acre and Rondonia. This was a perfect opportunity for U.S. environment groups and Brazilian political activist networks to mesh. INESC organized in Brasilia the first national meeting of the rubbertappers, who would be affected by this road. "Here was a grassroots constituency breaking into the national scene, concerned about the bank loan, seeking partners [and] with their own alternative proposal. ... Rather than investing in colonization, the government should give control to us [the rubbertappers] to manage [land] on a co-operative basis. That had everything," said Schwartzman. They'd been thinking of indigenous people when they made that argument, but the rubbertappers would do just as well. Mary Allegretti, the adviser to rubbertapper unionist Chico Mendes, set up the Institute for Amazon Studies in Curitiba and got grant money from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation. Schwartzman also raised money for her from the Threshold Foundation, the Beldon Fund, and others.[7]

In 1987, the Environmental Defense Fund also hired Schwartzman, who arranged to bring Chico Mendes to Washington twice. As a result of those visits, the InterAmerican Development Bank was also pressured to suspend its road loan to Brazil. Then, along came the opportunity with the Kayapo. Just before Paiakan, Posey, and Kuben-i attended the rainforest conference in Florida, Schwartzman talked to Posey in Brazil. Bruce Rich and Barbara Bramble arranged for Posey, Paiakan, and Kuben-i to come to Washington. That brought the Kayapo into the strategy or agenda that Schwartzman, Rich, and Bramble had already established. As the U.S. had only 17 per cent of the capital of the World Bank and votes to match, coalitions had also been formed with NGOs in other countries, like Canada, who could push their governments to vote the right way at Bank meetings. The Canadian contact group was Energy Probe, the parent of Probe International: Bruce Rich had set up that relationship.

So how much had Schwartzman heard about Posey and the Kayapo before bringing them up to Washington? I asked.

He said that he certainly knew about the Kayapo's previous political activities in Brazil.

So, I said he surely knew the Kayapo had negotiated their own deals on gold mining and timber leases and were getting a reputation for high living, that the river around Gorotire was heavily polluted? Hadn't he warned his colleagues?

"Nobody asked me," he said. He smoked faster. Everyone in Washington had been impressed by the Kayapo. "The Kayapo have the great advantage of being Kayapo," Schwartzman said. "The ceremonial regalia is not a put on. They have a strong traditional identity. This was part of a continuing process of applying pressure. The Bank was infuriated at the meeting with Paiakan. ... They took objection to our press release."

Yet the broad strategy had been successful. The InterAmerican Development Bank had authorized loans to Brazil to start four extractive reserves in Acre. This was a tremendous victory for the rubbertappers. It created a new circuit of power for nongovernmental organizations. They had not only stopped a bad project, they had diverted the funds to a project of their own.

I was both impressed and appalled by Schwartzman's story. He and his colleagues had created an ingenious structure to influence at least three national governments and international institutions. However, they had used this structure to allow lies to be propagated. How could he condone a worldwide campaign for protection of the rainforest that used the Kayapo as its victims/guardians?

He smoked and explained. Not all the Kayapo agreed that gold should be dug and mahogany cut. Some, like Raon-i, had berated others about development. Besides, the Kayapo had a high profile in Brazil. They had organized a successful demonstration at Altamira. Traditional enemies had presented a united front. Schwartzman did want to make it clear he didn't think it was acceptable to "close a river in the Amazon" and that he was well aware of such problems. That was why the environment organization he worked for had not organized any *post*-Altamira speaking engagements for the Kayapo. "We never maintained that the Indians are natural environmentalists who will save the forest. ... [They] are just as capable of signing logging contracts as anyone else and control a big area. We maintained two things: these groups, like others, have to be consulted, and indigenous groups in the Amazon in general are one of the few constituencies, with the rubbertappers, actively combating the worst abuses of the environment. The point of fact is the Amazon is not socially and culturally homogeneous."

I expressed the outrage that had been building up inside for quite some time. I explained that people like me trusted environment groups like his to provide accurate facts. When the Environmental Defense Fund or associated groups asked for money and letters of protest from citizens to help stop a World Bank loan that would permit 22 dams to be built on the Xingu River—not the 3 or 9 that people now seemed to refer to—and said in public that the Kayapo were the best defenders of the rainforest, they were believed. Now Schwartzman had the temerity to say that he had known from the beginning that the Kayapo were active in the gold and timber trades? It wasn't good enough to say that no one had asked his opinion about whether or not to support the Kayapo. His organization had brought them to the U.S. as part of its own agenda. Hadn't he just used the Kayapo myth to shake down the InterAmerican Development Bank for money for his rubbertapper constituency?

"I told a lot of people from the press to talk to Chico, that's for sure," he said.

Had he volunteered information to the press or anyone else that these Kayapo were not champions of the environment?

"If someone called from the press, I wouldn't send 'em to Gorotire to look at the gold mine. I'd send them to Rondonia or Acre to look at cattle ranches, look at satellite pictures."

By then we were both quite hot under the collar. It seemed to me the people who had gone to St. Paul's Church in Toronto in 1988 to help Paiakan and the Kayapo save the rainforest had been treated with contempt. Schwartzman did not appear to like a journalist loudly calling him to account. We walked stiffly back to his office, a tiny cubicle with posters on the walls, files piled on the floor, on the desk, on the word processor. It was obvious that this was the office of a man devoted to his ideals, and he was not used to having some stranger question his integrity.

I told him about how the Canadian government had begun to orchestrate fundraising among other governments for Brazilian NGOs. We began to quarrel over whether NGOs in Brazil that took money funnelled to them from foreign governments like Canada, Germany, and Switzerland could be said to be independent or whether they are PGOs—private government organizations. I said they were just like his arms and legs in Brazil if he paid for their activities and programs. Those NGOs would become his agents. The principle was the same if those NGOs took money from foreign governments. They became agents in Brazil of those governments.

At this point a small man with white-blond hair cut like a choir boy's came in. Schwartzman introduced him as Tony Gross, a representative of Oxfam who worked in Brazil through the NGO CEDI. Schwartzman asked Gross if the groups in Brazil who got support from Oxfam were, in effect, bought and paid for.

Gross considered this question. He said there was no independent body of support in Brazil for such groups because organizations of what he called "civil society" had until recently been seen as subversive. He pulled out an edition of *Veja* that evaluated the electorate who had just gone to the polls in Brazil's first free presidential election in 25 years. *Veja* said 75 per cent of the electorate earned less than $100 per month—they were too poor to support NGOs. There was no tradition of such support for such organizations outside the Church and the state, nothing like the Protestant tradition in Britain of co-operatives and thrift clubs and workers' education associations. In the 1970s and 1980s, this continuum of voluntarism in the West had expanded to include environment groups like Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth, and World Wildlife Fund. Brazil didn't have such groups.[8]

But did they not fear what would inevitably happen when it was learned these groups took money directly from governments like Canada with interests that compete with Brazil's? I asked.

"Sometimes beggars can't be choosers," said Gross with a shrug.

Besides, said Schwartzman, the Canadian government was a small player. The Toyota truck that the Canadian government gave to Chico Mendes was not a big deal. Mendes's organization, the Council of Rubbertappers, had just submitted their minimum requirements for the next two years to their foreign funders. For essentials like phones, fax machines, and administrative support, they said they needed $900,000.

I thought that was an astounding figure given the general level of poverty of the population. That was close to the annual expenditure of one of the largest Canadian environment groups—Pollution Probe—located in Toronto where the average salary is roughly 20 times that in Brazil. But in Schwartzman's view, $900,000 was a reasonable sum. The Council of Rubbertappers, he said, consisted of 35 people "who represent a social movement in an area the size of western Europe ... air fares to get anywhere are $500 a piece."

It isn't cheap to fly in Canada either, I said. What, by comparison, was the Environmental Defense Fund's annual budget?

The EDF, said Schwartzman, which had 100,000 members and employed 75 professionals, had a budget of about $6 million.

Later, I read the annual reports of the Environmental Defense Fund. In 1985, the year Bruce Rich joined its International Program, the total revenues for the Fund for the year, its best ever, were $3,179,133. By 1989, four years later, its revenues had grown to $8.5 million. (By 1992 revenues had soared to $20 million.) So the rubbertappers' request in 1989 amounted to one-eighth the EDF's total revenue for the year, and EDF was one of the biggest environmental groups in the U.S.

While I was at it, I read the Environmental Defense Fund's annual reports with an eye to its own independence. What I was curious about was this: since the EDF was pushing this strategy or agenda to change the behaviour of the World Bank, who helped set the EDF's agenda? Its annual reports showed its striking propinquity to the foreign policy makers of the U.S. government. Significant national politicians and officials were major donors. The now-deceased but then important Republican Senator John Heinz had a family foundation that contributed to EDF and had representatives on its board of trustees. Anthony A. Lapham, an attorney in Washington, D.C., had served on the board of trustees from 1972 to 1976. He then resigned to serve as general counsel to the Central Intelligence Agency under Admiral Stansfield Turner. Lapham had left the CIA in 1979. He rejoined the EDF board in 1981 and had continued as a trustee since that time. Paul Nitze, the arms control expert and former U.S. State Department official who advised Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, joined the board of trustees after serving President George Bush. A long-time chairman of the board was Frank E. Loy, a president of the German Marshall Fund and a man who had enjoyed a long career in the U.S. State Department.

While the names of those on the board who had been government foreign policy makers were fascinating, they only told part of the story about the EDF. Founded in the late 1960s by scientists concerned enough about preserving a wetland to sue its polluters, its board had long since become dominated by persons at the apex of U.S. public life where economic and political power meet. For example, William Parson, consulting partner in the Rockefeller-associated law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, was on the board. That law firm had once been the preserve of John J. McCloy, a man generally referred to until his death as the chairman of the

board of the American Establishment. Ted Turner, the founder of CNN and Turner Broadcasting System, joined the EDF board in 1991. Investment bankers—people with a profound interest in international banking, debt restructuring, terms of trade, and the behaviour of the World Bank—were well represented. Freeborn G. Jewett, Jr., the treasurer of the EDF, joined the board of trustees the same year Rich brought his bash-the-banks agenda to the organization. Freeborn G. Jewett was also the deputy general counsel to the InterAmerican Development Bank, the very bank that gave Rich and associates their first big victory—the loan to Brazil for the extractive reserves to be under the control of the Council of Rubbertappers.

It was Barbara Bramble, the National Wildlife Federation's director of international projects, who really explained the purpose of the bash-the-banks agenda. This was an agenda with a capital A. It was not just a strategy; it was a major operation that used both strategy and tactics. It was not only designed to use the multilateral banks to make economic and political change in jurisdictions competing with the U.S. It was Bramble who explained it was also designed to have political impact *inside* the United States.

The lobby of the National Wildlife Federation reeked of money. Its mahogany-stained pillars were banded with rosewood insets. The organization took dues or donations from the six million hunters/conservationists who were its members and supporters, but its annual report showed that it also took money from corporate donors, such as Exxon and Union Carbide, well known for their environmental challenges.[9] Scanning the list of corporate donors might induce one to describe the National Wildlife Federation as the environmental NGO brought to you by big oil and big chemical companies.

Bramble had a small office, but a fine one. One whole wall and its attached desk were made of the finest polished hardwoods. A vaguely flower-like painting hung behind the desk in a place where there ought to have been a window. A small china lamp with a silk shade gave a nice glow. When Bramble came in, she kicked off her shoes and curled herself into her chair. Her hair, fluffed and blond, wrapped her head in a soft halo and settled around her rounded shoulders like a cloud. She had a soft, oval face, large eyes, a warm manner. It seemed absurd to think of her or this organization running a strategy to redirect the international financial system and by doing so, to make environment a hot political button in Washington, but that was the story as she told it. Along with Rich, Schwartzman,

Blackwelder, she had marshalled the tools of American interest group politics to do the job.

She had graduated from George Washington University law school in the early 1970s and worked as a lawyer with a public interest Washington firm specializing in energy and environment issues. She had appeared before regulatory commissions like the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) in Washington and even in Canada, where she presented information on behalf of the Sierra Club and others to the Berger commission of inquiry into a northern pipeline. This Alaska gas pipeline proposal as it was known in the U.S. (the Mackenzie Valley pipeline was how it was described in Canada) had become a sticky problem for President Jimmy Carter. Apparently a committed environmentalist, he was faced with an anti-subsidy Congress on the one hand and public fear over scarcity of energy supplies on the other. The pipeline proponents in the U.S. wanted expensive Alaskan gas and cheap Canadian gas to be mingled and brought to market down the Mackenzie Valley and through Alberta, but Congress didn't want to subsidize such an enormous undertaking—projected costs were set in the middle 1970s at about $14 billion. Environment groups like the Sierra Club and various political groups were opposed to development along Alaska's North Slope and in the Mackenzie Valley for environmental and social reasons. Soon an oil and gas man named John McMillian, close to one of Carter's major campaign organizers (Robert Strauss), found a partner in Canada (Bob Blair of Nova Corporation) to put forward a new Alaskan route as Mr. Justice Berger listened to affected parties by travelling up and down the Valley. Berger came out recommending a moratorium on all pipeline projects in the Valley for 10 years just as Canada's National Energy Board decided in favour of the new Alaskan pipeline route proposed by Blair and Carter's supporter McMillian. But in the end, no gas pipeline from Alaska was built, just a southern section of the Blair/McMillian proposed pipeline known as the prebuild—which shipped cheap Alberta gas to the U.S.

In 1979, Bramble went to work as assistant general counsel in Carter's Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ), whose offices were part of the White House administration. That made her a political apointee. The CEQ, created by Richard Nixon, was then in the throes of drafting a document for Carter known as Global 2000, an attempt to understand the resource problems of the U.S. until the year 2000 (see Part III). The report looked at global resources, climate change, population, food production, and their impact on the U.S.

The Global 2000 report was made public in 1980. An implementation report for the U.S. government was drafted just as Ronald Reagan took office. It called for a remaking of the global environment with the help of major American controlled multinational corporations. In April 1981, as Reagan's staff planned the first Canada/U.S. summit, the CEQ prepared a briefing paper on a transborder environment issue Canadians were upset about, acid rain. After the summit, Reagan's aides proceeded to clear the environmentalists out of the administration. Bramble got her pink slip like everyone else. She did some consulting work out of a law office shared with the Natural Resources Defense Council. There she often ran into Bruce Rich. They both realized that there was a new game in town, but environment lawyers like them weren't in it.

By 1982, the question facing American environmentalists was how to push the U.S. government to deal with the environment at home, how to get it back on the domestic agenda. "I came here in 1982 to start this division," said Bramble. "I thought it was possible to do an end run around the wall." She thought if one could get environment on the table through foreign policy development issues, it would force it back on the table of U.S. domestic politics.[10] The first year, she and Rich started with a campaign against cattle ranching in Central America. But the feedback loop between Central America, cattle ranching, U.S. foreign policy and U.S. voters was too long. However, they found a lever to work with in the institutions that provided the credit for the ranches, ports, refrigeration—the multilateral development banks.

A good friend of Bramble's knew someone at the World Bank who wanted outside help to stop a project in Brazil. This "mole" inside the Bank was fighting it all alone. Bramble called the mole, who raised the subject himself at lunch. Others inside the Bank then handed over documents, the contrary Bank reports on the Polonoroeste project that had never seen the light of day. However Rich's employers, the Natural Resources Defense Council, got money for their international division from the World Wildlife Fund U.S. The World Wildlife Fund U.S.'s Brazilian expert, Tom Lovejoy, had written the World Bank's environment conditions for the Polonoroeste loan. He supported it. When Rich and Bramble started to make a fuss about Polonoroeste in public, Lovejoy "got angry."

In 1985 Rich left the NRDC and moved over to the Environmental Defense Fund. Bramble, Blackwelder, and Rich got a lot more documents from their friends at the World Bank and used them in various

hearings in the U.S. Congress. Since the NGOs they worked for had members and those members voted, their ability to mobilize voters was the force that moved the lever with Congress. The whole point of their Bash-the-Banks Agenda was to make the banks include NGOs in decisions. Bramble believed that if consultation with affected parties and environment criteria became matters for lending policy at the World Bank, it would be impossible to say such matters had no importance in the U.S. Pushing this Agenda on the banks through Congress would bring environment NGOs back to the table at home.

Interestingly, her group was not seen as friends of the environment at the first Congressional hearing. "We were seen as agents of Reagan in the fight over getting money to USAID to direct it." In the early 1980s, conservatives thought the World Bank should be stopped from giving money to Nicaragua: they wanted to use USAID as it had once been used before, as a way of getting money to friendly political strongmen abroad. "At the end, the Treasury Department came in to say [they'd been] big skeptics ... but [were] convinced. By September 1984, Congressman Scheuer decided to have [his] own hearing on Polonoroeste." The hearings produced a letter to the Bank. The Bank replied disdainfully and that brought Senator Kasten into things.

Congressman Scheuer was not moved to hold this hearing because he had an election looming, according to Bramble. Scheuer was politically unique—he held hearings into matters that interested him regardless of their potential political benefits. I had been told of Scheuer's uniqueness before—at the Canadian embassy in Washington in 1982. He had been introduced to me then as a friend to Canada by embassy staff. Canadian ambassador to the U.S., Allan Gotlieb, was then working the Congress to line up allies for sectoral free trade agreements between Canada and the U.S., agreements also being sold to Canadians as the only defence possible against suddenly rampant American protectionism. When asked why Scheuer was a friend to Canada in these matters, I was told he just happened to be interested.

The Scheuer hearings were well publicized. Filmmaker Adrian Cowell had shot footage in Brazil for a television series for Britain's ITV called *Decade of Destruction*. (Phil Hazelton had used CIDA money to help Cowell indirectly, even though his series was paid for by private British television interests.) Footage of Rondonia burning was shown. "[We and Scheuer] wrote a letter to the Bank saying this project is an outrage." The Bank response to this provoked Senator

Kasten's stand. Yes, Kasten was up for re-election in Wisconsin in 1986 and, yes, the National Wildlife Federation had arranged for him to get an award from their Wisconsin affiliate, but Bramble insisted Kasten made the issue his own.

In 1987, having established herself as a major presence in environmental issues in Brazil by forcing changes in the World Bank's behaviour, Bramble was invited down to Brazil to a conference in Belem. This conference, in her recollection, was odd. "It was paid for by the Ford Foundation and put together by a Brazilian woman who wanted to put together a network—Juneia Mallas." It was Mallas who later introduced Paiakan to David Suzuki. Bramble thought Mallas's Amazon Watch project was doomed. She had not invited the Brazilians who were in the know—no rubbertappers, none of the movements. "She invited Charles Secrett," said Bramble with a small smile, "and David Treece of Survival International, me, Steve Schwartzman. ... It was mostly foreigners except for those Steve and I insisted on, like Mary Allegretti and Manuela da Cunha, the president of the Brazilian Anthropological Association at the time. ... People said ... we don't know who the hell you are. This is Brazilians saying this, not Americans and Brits."

In January 1988, after having successfully brought Chico Mendes to the U.S., Bramble met with Paiakan and Posey in Florida. Bramble remembered sitting outside the rainforest conference with them, talking about the fact that the convention of Brazilian legislators charged with writing a new Brazilian constitution was moving in the wrong direction on issues concerning Indian land rights. Bramble knew the lobbyists involved—they were friends of hers. "They picked the wrong strategy," she said. They'd pinned their hopes on one or two of the congresspeople who had failed to put together broad coalitions. They were "going down the tubes. We talked about how Indians could mount their own campaign. [Paiakan] was depressed."

Bramble and Rich decided right then that Paiakan could be part of their Agenda. They "needed him for things—a personal witness for project problems. ... We said here's a marvellous opportunity. Come to Washington, give a speech. In return, [we] will introduce you to leaders in Washington. They agreed. We set up the meetings. They came the following Tuesday." After they returned to Brazil, the Kayapo organized "significant" demonstrations in Brasilia that led to major improvements to the language of the Brazilian constitution on Indian rights.

It seemed to me this relationship with Paiakan, the Kayapo and her group had the flavour of a transaction. Bramble and her friends provided credibility to Paiakan and Kuben-i in Washington, and in return the Kayapo demonstrated in Brazil for clauses in the constitution that Bramble's lobbyist friends wanted. She didn't see it that way. She thought the Kayapo gave her fellow strategists credibility in Washington. How much had Bramble known about the Kayapo at the time?

Bramble said she didn't know much about Paiakan and Kuben-i before she invited them to Washington. She said she thought they wanted to balance a process gone out of control in their area. She thought Kuben-i was a chief in a village somewhere. She thought maybe his function was to serve as witness that Paiakan wasn't doing his own "political campaign. ... [They're] so invaded by *garimpeiros* and timber people. Most of the groups in Gorotire area have [in] one way or another been afflicted with timber and gold mining operating on their land. Most Indians in Gorotire disagree with this. It's [an] affliction to them," she said.

How had she come to that conclusion? I asked, blood pressure starting to rise.

"Just from conversations with Paiakan," she said.

Was she not aware that Paiakan himself had cut the deal on gold in the Gorotire area?

She said she thought the contracts were approved by FUNAI and that had been the case up until 1988. Yet when I pressed her and asserted that the Kayapo had been direct partners in the sale of gold and timber for years before that, a fact well-known to her colleague Steve Schwartzman, she readily agreed this was correct. She then said she was certainly aware that while in other places Indians took payments from those exploiting their land under the table, the Kayapo had managed to insist that they get some share "by force of arms. Good for them," she said.

She had just turned a partnership in destruction into a virtue. I said she and her colleagues had presented Paiakan and the Kayapo as the possible saviours of the rainforest from gold miners and mahogany cutters, from the fire and roads and dams. I said I thought there was an element of masquerade here.

"I'm tired of everyone saying just 'cause he's got a few thousand dollars he's no longer an Indian," she said.

"I agree he's still an Indian," I said. "But he's a hypocrite."

"I like it even if it's damaging to the environment," she said defiantly. "They aren't angels any more than anyone else. We are totally—why are Indians held to different standards than ourselves?" she asked the air. "I own a car. Why is that?" There was a fight within the tribe over these issues of preservation versus development, she said. "The fight within the tribe will be won by the good guys."

"Who are they?" I asked.

The good guys were leaders like Paiakan and Raon-i, she said. She was not happy about the business of the Kayapo selling gold and timber rights. However she recognized that "this practice, which was giving the Kayapo financial resources to fight for control over their land, would eventually allow the advocates for better protection of the forest to prevail in the internal tribal dispute over land use." She insisted she had told reporters who asked about this at the demonstration at Altamira and in Brasilia that the Kayapo were the Indians who made the *garimpeiros* give them some of their gold. That was the first thing she'd heard about the Kayapo down in Belem. If reporters didn't choose to print these things, that wasn't her problem.

This was another evasion. Blood began to pump in my ears: did she not see that she had given credence to the myth of the Kayapo as defenders of the rainforest instead of the militarist/sovereigntists they are, I yelled. How about the planes? Did she know that Paiakan wasn't the only Kayapo with a plane?

Yes, she said, blandly, she did know they'd "gone through a few. ... It is typically Brazilian, nothing gets maintained."

At base she believed in Paiakan, though she did recognize that her belief could be ill-placed. "If I'm wrong, it's major to be wrong about," she conceded. "I'm worried about it. The history of 99.9 per cent of Brazilians is not good. Ilsemar Mendes turned."

After Chico Mendes's murder, Bramble's friend, filmmaker Adrian Cowell, had tried to organize a film project about Mendes. A payment of $25,000 was to have been made to Mendes's widow, Ilsemar, but she had ideas of her own. "She's under the sway of two guys and fuck the *serengeiros* [rubbertappers]," said Bramble. "She signed a contract with Brazilian producers for huge money for her. They sold the rights to Guber/Peters Productions [in Los Angeles]. The whole idea of the sale was ... to get money to the rubbertappers. ... They made her the honorary president of the Chico Mendes Foundation. ... She went nuts. And I didn't see it coming."

So how was this Agenda seen at the World Bank? There was a tornado warning in Washington the day I went to inquire. People scurried along the streets, running for cover, coats flying, briefcases lofting over their heads. The wind sang and screamed around the heavy brick walls of the Bank, banging on the plate glass windows like the dispossessed rioting at the Bastille. In the main floor cafeteria, a tall beefy Canadian, Dr. J.R. (Robert) Goodland, arranged his plates on a round table. He was the chief, Environments/Latin America for the World Bank, a world-renowned expert on rainforests.[11] With his hair parted down the middle and his round glasses, he was a look-alike for Robert S. McNamara, former Ford executive, former adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and World Bank president from 1968 to 1981. McNamara had appointed the Bank's first environment adviser in 1971, just in time for the first U.N. conference on the environment. In spite of the fact that McNamara made an annual speech about environment and population, when he left the Bank 10 years later the number of environment staffers had only climbed to four. Environment was not a big concern to the Bank until 1984—the year of the Congressional hearings on Polonoroeste organized by Bramble, Rich, et al. A number of new policies had been brought forward since then: one on general environment matters, one on tribal people, another on resettlement of human beings. "The latest step," said Goodland, "is that ... environmental assessment is now mandatory as of October 15, 1989." Though the actual categories to which assessment applied were still too sensitive to be in the public domain, and major dams described as irrigation projects could get through without assessment, it was a victory. Goodland was grateful for any victories. While he had tried to make sure all dam loan projects got environmental studies done, he admitted this was not the same as a formal assessment. A lot of projects had "slipped through our hands."

Originally from Guyana, Goodland had studied at McGill University in Montreal and designed his own doctorate in tropical ecology.[12] He too is a Brazil expert. In 1965, he did research in central Brazil. In 1968, with National Research Council of Canada funds, he helped set up an ecology department in the brand new Federal University in Brasilia. He was in Brazil through the height of the repression. Goodland's area of study was not then seen as subversive, which may be why he got such great co-operation from the Brazilian military. Air force pilots dropped him and his students at various locations

throughout the Amazon. In 1974 he became a professor at the Amazon research centre in Manaus, INPA.[13] He recalled meeting Darrell Posey at an Amazon conference held at Cambridge in Britain. He had frequently bumped into Posey at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi. Goodland, like Posey, also consulted for Eletronorte. He did the environmental studies for the dam called Tucurui: he helped assess major Brazilian development projects like the TransAmazonian Highway and the Carajas project. He had been very vocal in his distaste for the results. Nevertheless, he had somehow avoided getting into trouble in Brazil. How? "Canadians protected me," he said. He thought very highly of the Canadian Ambassador to Brazil of the moment, John Bell, a man he called "a born-again environmentalist." Bell had done a great deal for Indians and Brazil by using his money effectively, said Goodland. Bell had got himself "incredible leverage nationwide. You know the concept of a catalyst?" he asked, his round blue eyes staring at me from behind his round glasses.

I said I did. A catalyst is something that permits a reaction between two or more other chemicals but does not take part in it. I also knew a little about the concept of financial leverage but I thought he was actually referring to Phil Hazelton's kind of leverage—political leverage inside Brazil.[14] He knew Phil Hazelton too.

"Ambassador Bell's work is a bit like that," Goodland said.

Goodland took a staff job at the World Bank in 1978. Not long after he started, he was visited by filmmaker Adrian Cowell, who had just been given a virtual blank cheque by Britain's ITV to investigate in Rondonia. "He got a lot of money, crews, air fares and he disappeared into Rondonia for five years."

Cowell asked Goodland if it were true the World Bank might finance a new road which would open the Amazon state of Rondonia to an influx of settlers, ranchers, and other developments. Goodland found the Bank was interested. This road was the central infrastructure for the development plan Polonoroeste. The World Bank loan package included funds for agriculture, transport, environment. The road went ahead. It was built under budget and ahead of schedule, but the Bank's conditions were treated as frills and ignored. In 1985–86 "for the first time we suspended disbursements. Turned off the money tap ... it was a historic moment."

He did not believe this was a result of the Agenda pursued by Rich, Bramble, et al. in getting the matter in front of the TV cameras and U.S. Congress. "The multilateral development bank campaign

had only started and was not as influential as it became," he said. Goodland also didn't believe a mole from the World Bank helped make Bramble, Blackwelder, and Rich's campaign successful. What mattered more was that there was someone on the inside at the U.S. Treasury Department that they called on. Goodland found this out because the World Bank had assigned him to learn where the pressure was coming from. In effect, Goodland was a spy on their campaign—for the Bank.

Goodland heard all about Paiakan, Kuben-i, and Posey's visit to the Bank in January 1988 in the company of the EDF's Bruce Rich, although they came to call at the Bank while he was away. In Goodland's view, it was the Bank's policy calling for indigenous groups to be informed of projects that will affect them that had changed the Bank's behaviour over the Xingu River project, not their protests. "It was studied and dropped early in 1988," he said. The idea of a dam on the Xingu River had been just one of a long list of technically possible sites drawn up by Brazilian engineers as part of an inventory of future power sites. All major hydroelectric companies regularly make such lists. All these possible damsites had been treated by environmentalists as a done deal.

It took me a while to grasp what he had said: Did he mean to say that there had never been 22 dams planned for the Xingu River, just sites studied for feasibility? That sites on the Xingu had been dropped from the World Bank's loan plan to Brazil *before* Paiakan came to raise funds in Toronto to protest the dams?

"They thought the geological camp was a construction camp," he laughed. "I told them it was normal—it would still get dropped if shown not suitable."

What had really incensed some staffers at the Bank was that Bruce Rich had issued a press release about the substance of the meeting with Posey, Paiakan, and Kuben-i at the Bank *before* it started. The Bank officials had been handed the press release as the meeting began.

Why? I asked. Why had they done that?

"Any environmental pressure from their point of view is good whether [it's] directed at something or not," he said slowly.

Pedro Malan was the alternate executive director of the Brazilian delegation to the World Bank. Just as Canada represents a coalition of Caribbean countries on the Bank's board, Brazil represents the interests of several other countries, including Ecuador, Colombia, the

Dominican Republic, Haiti, the Philippines, Surinam. Malan was a civil servant appointee of the Brazilian Ministry of Finance.

He was a cool, intelligent man, with slicked-back dark hair, shining nails, and a shirt of blinding whiteness. He looked as if he'd been polished from head to toe. He sipped a cafezinho from a china cup. He detailed the Brazilian view of the Bank, which was certainly radically different from how it was seen by those who'd crafted the Agenda. When the World Bank was formed [15] at the end of World War II, the U.S. held and voted 35.5 per cent of the equity and Britain held 16 per cent, which gave the Anglo-American alliance voting control. That position had gradually shrunk to something less than a quarter of the Bank's equity. Thus, the politics of governance of the Bank had changed. Coalitions could now be led by Brazil, Canada, or African groups. Such coalitions could have interesting impacts on Bank plans. The Bank, Malan said, is the largest single non-sovereign borrower in private capital markets. (Translation: it bestows profits on commercial banks by borrowing from them.) The Bank's board had to examine and approve around 250 projects a year and be responsible for bank assets (loans) of about $20 billion U.S., to fulfil its mandate and bridge the various conflicting national interests on its board. The Bank's board also had to contend with the Bank's huge bureaucracy, which had acquired a life of its own. Senior managers at the Bank had been there for many years and seen many dozens of ministers of finance come and go from the board. "So there is a lively interaction with the board," he said suavely.

One such lively interaction had recently occurred over nongovernmental organizations having their interests, as distinct from the interests of their governments, actively represented at the Bank. Malan had received many letters from NGOs about Bank policies, but this current NGO "upsurge" and remarkable influence upon the U.S. Congress was of recent origin. It was apparent to him that pressure on the Bank from NGOs emanated from "U.S. NGOs trying to influence their own country—U.S. NGOs, British, German, and Dutch NGOs." One of their channels for this influence was through the Bank's administration. Another channel was through certain executive directors. The pressure they brought to bear was aided by the misapprehension that Bank lending is a form of aid. He sniffed at the very idea. The Bank is not a drag on U.S. taxpayers, he said. The Bank makes a profit, which is reinvested. The U.S. share of paid-in equity had to support about 20 per cent or $14 billion worth of capital. The actual U.S. outlay was $450 million spread over a five-

year period, not a significant sum for a country with a federal budget approaching one trillion dollars. The U.S. got back as much as $2 billion a year from the export of goods and services tied to Bank loans. In spite of these facts, the perception remained among NGOs that the Bank is bankrolled by the U.S. taxpayer and that the U.S. Congress therefore has a right to control how Bank money is spent. This was a cause of much unnecessary misunderstanding.

Malan was concerned ("I'll be frank") over the speed of the World Bank's response to this pressure by environment groups. It wasn't that he didn't think environment is important: "I believe it is crucial," he said. Three months before the Bank's annual meeting in Berlin, in September 1988, the NGOs had said there would be a big demonstration against the Bank for its lack of concern. To appease them, the administration had opened a Pandora's box. "The administration issued, without consulting the board, an operation statement on cooperation with NGOs." He read from a document: "In July, 1988, as a matter of Bank [policy] staff [were] encouraged to work closely with NGOs in project implementation and monitoring. There will be ample prospects for hiring NGOs as consultants, contractors." Usually these operational manifests were internal documents. "This one," Malan said, "was disseminated all over the world ... [without consulting the board] it was distributed to thousands of NGOs worldwide saying, please, come to us, there are opportunities for you."

"We started getting letters and visits from dozens of NGOs asking how to be hired as consultants. It becomes a nightmare," said Malan, spreading his hands wide in a gesture of dismay. In Sao Paulo alone the Bank identified 3,000 NGOs. "We [in Brazil] have [had] a lively network of NGOs for years. Most of them are local, grassroots. ... Many [are] linked to political parties. ... For the World Bank $100,000 is peanuts. For a small NGO in a city in the interior of Brazil it is [an] enormous amount. The perception is [there's] a lot of money. Supply is creating its own demand." The bank's board had shut this offer down.

The picture he painted was of hundreds, possibly thousands, of fly-by-night groups masquerading as representative organizations, or worse, fronts for political parties settling on the World Bank like flies on a global pork barrel. Malan thought the Bank should work with NGOs who had contributions to make. "But the Bank went wholesale involving anyone who is concerned without distinguishing between concern expressed and knowledge." The whole thing made him nervous—after all, the president of the Bank, an American, must surely

have agreed to the circulation of this policy statement *before* it was discussed by the board.

That American, Barber Conable, had previously been a Republican Congressman and a member of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. He had been the co-campaign chair for George Bush in 1980 and was made president of the Bank in 1987, picked by his old friend U.S. Treasury Secretary James Baker. Although Malan didn't raise this point, but he may also have been nervous about the Bank's Canadian vice-president for policy, W. David Hopper.[16] Hopper, who had worked as an economist with both the Ford Foundation and the Rockefeller Foundation, had been president of the Canadian government's International Development Research Centre (IDRC) for years before he joined the Bank. Hopper had approved this policy (but not its premature distribution).

Malan, whose country was in the throes of being democratized, raised the spectre in my mind that funds from the Bank would find their way to the heart of Brazilian politics. It was one thing for the government of Brazil to respond to the pressures of domestic-based NGOs playing an advocacy role in Brazilian politics and society, he said. It was quite another for Brazil to respond to "pressures emanating from international NGOs—who play a purely advocacy political role." What right did the Bank have to bring pressure on the shape of the Brazilian democracy?

The atmosphere in the room was dense with things left unsaid, the implications of nations playing games with each others' domestic politics, grease supplied from an American government-directed World Bank to political NGOs in various countries. And yet, there was no reason to leave such things unsaid. As I later learned, Bruce Rich had basically said them when he published the outline of the Agenda in the *World Policy Journal* in the spring of 1988. With co-author Pat Aufderheide, senior editor at a New York publication called *In These Times,* he had stated that in concert with U.S. politicians, U.S. and foreign NGOs had applied political pressure on what they considered to be political problems: "international development issues are intrinsically political." Bringing political pressure to bear on recalcitrant governments through the World Bank was what this agenda with a capital A was all about.

Eleven

The Body Shop

By December 1989, when Anita Roddick, the managing director of the Body Shop PLC came to Toronto, I had a sense of how broad my horizons had to become if I was ever going to understand the forces that brought Paiakan to Toronto. For one thing, I knew I had to stop looking at the world as a place where groups and individuals stayed neatly in their assigned categories, crossing no barriers, blurring no lines. Those involved in the network of NGOs working on the broad Agenda ran it with the help of people inside both national and multilateral agencies—the same agencies they appeared to be attacking. Lines between World Bank critics and World Bank consultants didn't exist. Lines between NGOs and government policy makers crossed everywhere too. Charities raised money for political work abroad: a government with rules against such behaviour offered them more, and called other charities up to ask them to get involved.

What I couldn't figure out was why a successful publicly traded corporation like the Body Shop PLC was embroiled with so many of these Agenda players. It seemed to have financial relationships with so many. Darrell Posey had an indirect relationship with the Body Shop; his partner Elaine Elizabethsky directly worked with it; Cultural Survival Inc. was supported by it and hoped to use its funds to finance the work of many others; the Roddicks and their franchise holders had helped provide Paiakan a plane. How could the Body Shop benefit from the Agenda? It harboured no politicians in its ranks, it wasn't a government. Corporations act in their shareholders' interests. What was their interest in getting environment issues back on the table in Washington? It took Anita Roddick to teach me that a business that acts like a charity can use other charities to serve its business interests, that blurring the line between self-interest and altruism is a marketing device of significant importance.

Roddick arrived in Toronto as a keynote speaker at an international exposition on business and the environment. Her local public relations firm set up a meeting for me, faxed me reading material,

and sent me out a video on the rainforest that the Body Shop displayed that month in its stores. The Body Shop International PLC sells cosmetics and sundries of its own and others' manufacture through its own stores. It also sells franchises and its own products to franchise holders. In 1984, Body Shop International PLC went public, offering its stock on the London Stock Exchange's Unlisted Securities Market. At the end of December 1989, it had an annual turnover (which approximates revenues) of about £185 million.

Anita Roddick, described as the inspiration of the company, later published an autobiography called *Body and Soul*. It said she was brought up in a world where things were not always as they seemed: for example, she thought her father was the man her mother was married to. In fact, her father was a man she was to taught to call uncle who lived in the United States. Born in 1942, Roddick was the daughter of a woman who had immigrated to Britain from Italy as a teenager. She grew up in the town of Littlehampton, close to the resort of Brighton and various British naval yards and ports. She became politically active on the left after reading about the Holocaust as a young girl; she demonstrated against the Bomb as a member of CND, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; was thrown out of South Africa for being in a black club. By then she had already travelled to Israel, lived briefly on a kibbutz, and worked in Geneva at the U.N.'s International Labour Organization. She continued to travel extensively until she met Gordon Roddick, her future colleague and husband, at her mother's Littlehampton bar, El Cubana. Together they ran a number of small businesses until they started the first Body Shop in 1976. Later, Roddick won a series of British awards for marketing and was awarded an Order of the British Empire. Like Barbara Pyle, Chico Mendes, and Paiakan, she also won the Global 500 award from the United Nations Environment Program.

The first Body Shop store was opened in Brighton and painted all in one colour—green. The displays were made of the shampoos, creams, and scents sold in reusable, refillable bottles—because they were cheap. While Anita got the first store going, her husband Gordon fulfilled part of his ambition to ride by horseback through South America from tip to top. (He arrived in Argentina just in time for the military coup that deposed Mme. Peron.) By 1979, the Roddicks had handed out the first franchises—one to a Belgian, the next, for all of Canada, to Margot Franssen and her boyfriend Hall (Quig) Tingley. Franssen and Tingley paid nothing for the franchise rights, but a

decade later, Franssen and Tingley owned and operated nine stores and had sold sub-franchise rights to operate 52 franchise stores in Canada. Tingley had also set up Quig Manufacturing to act as the middleman between the Body Shop PLC (his supplier) and the Canadian sub-franchise holders. Margot Franssen had been named by Simpson's and Toronto Life Fashion as one of seven Canadian women who make a difference. Franssen and Tingley had also recently appeared in an advertisement in the *Globe and Mail* pushing a new, government-funded corporate charity campaign called Imagine.

Charity, or at least the nineteenth-century virtue of good works, seemed an integral part of the Body Shop's chosen corporate profile. The promotional literature stressed that the Body Shop is like no other cosmetics business and that its leader, Anita Roddick, like no other cosmetics queen. In various press stories, she was positioned as a woman of causes. There were various *cris de coeur* evident in the promotional material: save animals from cruelty (a guarantee that no Body Shop product or supplier had used substances tested on animals in the last five years); save the planet from acid rain; save the rainforests of the Third World through trade, not aid.

As I watched the supplied video, I began to see that the Body Shop had positioned itself not just as a green cosmetics company but also as a self-funding, stand-alone nongovernmental advocacy organization, in other words, a profit-making NGO. It had been effective at advocacy: it had run a public campaign in its British stores against the burning of rainforest in Brazil earlier in 1989 and collected one million signatures on a petition that was presented to the Brazilian embassy. It had achieved a breakdown of the traditional barriers between charities and business, between a business controlled by three people and a political lobby. It is all these things.

The video, made by Jacaranda Films, which was 80 per cent owned by the Body Shop International PLC, explained that rainforests have been reduced 50 per cent since 1945 and that Brazil had one of the last large remaining rainforests, though it too was disappearing at an appalling rate. Anita Roddick appeared on camera in a white t-shirt and baggy shorts against a rainforest background. She made the standard save-the-rainforest speech right down to how many species are going extinct per minute. There was footage of the Kayapo demonstration at Altamira; there were shots of Paiakan descending from a small plane into the arms of his people. David Maybury-Lewis's son Bjorn explained solemnly to Roddick on cam-

era that there were to be seven dams built on the Xingu River, which would inundate an area as large as the United Kingdom.

The scenes switched to a sequence with Roddick, Paiakan, and David Suzuki. They stood on a balcony, but the video did not say where. Behind them was a leaden sky. Suzuki was identified as an environmentalist and broadcaster. (Canadians would know that he appeared regularly on the premier natural science show on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network.) Suzuki made a plea into the camera to help save the forest dwellers, who would save the forest. He said he himself had been asked to help Paiakan, the kind of person who comes forth in a society only once in several generations. The scene switched to Dr. Elaine Elizabethsky, Darrell Posey's colleague, who was also identified as an expert. Standing beside Anita Roddick, Elizabethsky talked about the kinds of plants used by the Kayapo to make hair thicker and for protection against sunburn. Roddick held the plant for this use in her hand as Elizabethsky discussed it. Roddick then announced that several anthropologists and ethnopharmacologists like Elizabethsky would search out products for her new line of rainforest products. Then, there were shots of Paiakan and other Kayapo in a Body Shop store in London sampling wares. There were pictures of people sitting at a big table apparently discussing what to do with the charity funds the Body Shop PLC had raised at its 1989 franchise meeting.

This video was, in my opinion, a long infomercial for Body Shop products with mutually supporting endorsements—by the Kayapo Indians, who were presented as defenders of the rainforest and therefore real Green people; by David Suzuki, a scientist/broadcaster who endorsed Paiakan; by Elaine Elizabethsky, the ethnopharmacologist who endorsed the efficacy of the plant Roddick held out as a possible product. The whole message was submerged in a sea of pseudofacts about the threat of dams—the line of the network working on the Agenda. In many ways, it was like a modern version of the travelling medicine shows of the old American frontier.

I waited and watched while Roddick posed for a photographer on an ottoman in her Toronto hotel room. Canadian franchise holder, Margot Franssen, and a public relations woman watched too. Franssen looked soft, without edges. Her hair was smooth, reddish brown and cut off at the chin; she wore clothes coloured in earth tones. She sat at Roddick's feet. Roddick wore a beautifully cut tweed jacket, shot through with a thin red line, stretch pants, small neat Oxfords, sub-

dued make up. Her hair was wild and thick. She had a thin aquiline nose, large brown expressive eyes, a small mouth, small hands. She was interesting enough to draw, but something about her wasn't quite pulled together—maybe it was her inability to hold on to a state of physical repose. She seemed to be in a constant state of irritated motion. Her voice was warm, and yet it grated on my ear, sandpaper on metal. She started right in advocating; she decried Westerners who patronize native people. She said the Kayapo had no concept of land ownership, no concept of selling land. She said the Kayapo had talked at Altamira about how insulting whites were for assuming that Indians wanted to live in a town as debased as Altamira, a "Cat Ballou town" she called it, when they already lived in a place as paradisiacal as the rainforest. The Altamira meeting, she asserted, had been very effective. After it was over, the World Bank had killed the loan and the dams were halted.

She described how she had become acquainted with Paiakan. After giving funds for the demonstration Paiakan was organizing at Altamira, she had decided to attend with her daughter: while there she had been told that Paiakan's life had been threatened. David Suzuki and a documentary filmmaker she described as her dear friend, Juneia Secrett (née Mallas), had told her Paiakan needed help. They wanted to take Paiakan away and hide him in "Victoria" for three months. They told her he needed to have a communication system to communicate with other tribal leaders or if he "needed the ability or funding ... to zap to Washington to the World Bank, it's there."

So Roddick had promised to help do something about Paiakan's security and communications needs. She and her daughter had returned to England and put these matters to the Body Shop's international franchisees' annual meeting the following week. The franchisees had pledged £200,000 on the spot. This sudden embarrassment of riches presented a problem. The Body Shop is "a campaigning company, we're radical, a force for education ... we haven't a clue" what to do with this money, Roddick said. She then met with environment groups and groups protecting indigenous tribes, like Survival International, to ask them who should get this money. Roddick told them she wanted to use some to buy a plane.

"That caused a furore," said Roddick, but she would not be deterred because the franchisees had given money specifically to defend Paiakan's security. "We set up a foundation through Cultural Survival," she said. David Suzuki was the chairman of this founda-

tion, she asserted. She thought money had been placed in Toronto to attract money from other foundations, like the Ford Foundation. Suzuki was in charge, she said.

I said I thought she must have meant Tara Cullis rather than David Suzuki. Neither Roddick nor Franssen had heard of Cullis. I explained that she is Suzuki's wife and the person who, I had been told, had actually bought the plane for Paiakan. Roddick said she'd given no money to Tara Cullis. "We sent it through the foundation Cultural Survival here in Canada," she said firmly.

The public relations woman fished out green sheets of paper that gave details of how the franchisees' charity money had been spent. The title of the sheet was "Trading in Brazil: Product Development." The sheet stated that support had been given to Chico Mendes's organization, the National Council of Rubbertappers, to set up a brazilnut processing factory. It also stated that with the help of Cultural Survival, an "anthropological pressure group in the USA, we have been channelling funds via Canada and the USA. Making donations in this way has attracted matching contributions from other sources and has enabled us to stretch the Rainforest Fund further than if we had made payments directly to organizations in Brazil."

Donations made from the Body Shop's Rainforest Fund to recipients in Brazil until the end of November 1989 were listed as follows (figures in £):

Paulinho Paiakan	64,321.67
Union of Indian Nations	16,913.59
Ecumenical Center of Documentation and Information (CEDI)	22,943.23
National Council of Rubbertappers	8,298.00
Nucleus for Indigenous Rights	15,800.00

This totalled £128,376, much less than the total raised by the Body Shop's franchisees. More than half of the money accounted for had gone to meet Paiakan's needs. In an explanatory note, Paiakan was described as possibly the central figure at the Altamira event. It said he'd been given travel documents and that a light aircraft had been supplied to the people of his village. The Body Shop undertook to make more contributions to the listed organizations over the next three years. It also undertook to buy directly "from the marketing cooperative being developed by the forest people of Brazil."

I was nonplussed. These figures differed from Jason Clay's projections of Body Shop contributions to his commodities project and from Tara Cullis's statements to me. The sheet clearly said the Body Shop had already channelled their funds through Cultural Survival in the U.S. and Canada. It seemed to suggest Paiakan had got cash as well as the use of a plane.

Had the Body Shop committed $450,000 (U.S.) to Cultural Survival U.S. over three years for its rainforest products marketing project, a claim Jason Clay had made on Cultural Survival's documents?

Roddick said the money was not going for that project; it was going to help Indian nations. It was going to those things listed on the green sheet.

I tried to clarify the nature of the Body Shop's various relations with NGOs, co-operatives, activist groups, Indian nations, academics, and TV producers I'd met over the last year. What about *Millennium*, the TV series, I asked? Wasn't it a form of corporate advertising for the Body Shop? She insisted it was not. Wasn't it just another way to get funds to Cultural Survival Inc. by paying fees to Maybury-Lewis and others to supply research and scripts? While Roddick acknowledged that Maybury-Lewis was to provide the series with academic "tone," she asserted *Millennium* was not associated with Cultural Survival Inc. at all. It was strictly a Canadian production. After getting Franssen to call the Canadian producers to check, she said the Body Shop was putting up $3 million for this series, of which $750,000 would come from the Body Shop franchise operation in Canada owned by Franssen and Tingley.

Roddick then explained she had met the series' producers in the fall of 1988 at a meeting of the Social Venture Network. It was later that fall that she was invited to a private fundraiser for Paiakan organized by Edward Posey of the British-based Gaia Foundation:[1] Posey told her the Kayapo needed money for boats and buses. After she gave money for that purpose, Posey asked her to go to Altamira.

Roddick confirmed she had personally arranged a contract with Elaine Elizabethsky, though she could not recall the name of the Indian group Elizabethsky worked with. She knew of no contract with Darrell Posey, although she thought he might have arranged one with her husband without her knowledge. She had no contract with the Kayapo yet, though she had met with their leaders and brought back materials from them for study. They wanted her to buy finished brazilnuts which she had no interest in, and she wasn't interested in

sending them machines to mess up the rainforest. She didn't want to be attacked at some future date for giving them machines when she was supposed to be trying to keep the rainforest pristine. She'd asked a British company, the chemical giant ICI, to see if they could dream up a technology to process brazilnuts that would not wreck the forest. She didn't want machines made of plastic, for example. Plastics pollute.

In all such decisions, the Body Shop was being guided by Cultural Survival Inc. "We don't make one inch of a step unless we have advice from these people," said Roddick, "whether it's Juneia, whether it's Darrell Posey, whether it's Jason Clay, whether it's David Maybury-Lewis."

I asked her once again if Body Shop PLC had promised $450,000 (U.S.) to Cultural Survival's rainforest products marketing program.

"If that's what they're saying, then it's true," she said, which I thought an odd answer. She added that if she was giving Cultural Survival Inc. this money, it was personal money, money she was paid for giving talks, money she got from her husband. If there was a discrepancy between the original £200,000 raised by the franchisees and this $450,000 (U.S.) for Cultural Survival Inc., it was because this money had been doubled up by other foundations. If I wanted to know more, I would have to ask David Suzuki. She believed Jason Clay had helped set up something she called Canadian Cultural Survival along with David Suzuki and her husband. She turned to Franssen to ask if Franssen's husband was on the board of Cultural Survival in Canada. She was sure Gordon had stipulated that.

Franssen said that rang a bell.

I said the only Canadian organization I knew of with a similar name was run by Elizabeth May. They didn't recognize Elizabeth May's name either. We were all perplexed. It was suggested that I should speak with Gordon Roddick, the person who actually dealt with Cultural Survival Canada.

The Body Shop, said Anita Roddick, in order to explain these odd relations between a publicly traded corporation and various charities, was not like other companies. It had never advertised. (At least Body Shop PLC never advertised. Body Shop Canada did in the early days.) Roddick made a continuous effort to educate her staff, which spent as much time on consiousness-raising as on the biology of skin. They had AIDS victims in to lecture. They even had torture victims come in and talk to the staff. The press, of course, did not understand that it is possible to be both commercial and altruistic at the same

time. Because of the commerce, the altruism was suspect. That didn't matter. She had 1,400 people in her direct employ and 5,000 indirectly employed by franchisees; she was "buggered" if she'd let them leave her without having been educated about the environment and human rights.[2]

We talked then about the quality of the education she was providing. She did not seem to be aware that the Kayapo were involved in the traffic of timber and gold. She was not aware that there was any question about the number of dams to be built on the Xingu River or whether, at the time of the Altamira demonstration, the World Bank had already shelved any thought of a loan to Brazil for this project. She did not care that Paiakan still worked as an employee of FUNAI, a Brazilian federal government agency, at the time her franchisees gave money for a plane for his use and cash for his travel documents. I should understand that it was survival down there in Brazil, she said, and if one had to be a renegade capitalist to get around the dead hand of bureaucracy, that was fine with her.

Both Franssen and Roddick went with me to the door. I fumbled for my coat in the closet and, for a moment, couldn't find it. Franssen said with a wicked grin that they'd sold my coat and sent the proceeds down to Paiakan.

I no longer knew what to believe about the nature of the relationships between the Body Shop, Cultural Survival Inc. and its Canadian affiliate, about where the lines were between what was business and what was charity. Why didn't Roddick and Frannsen know Cullis and May? I decided to check and see who had actually bought that plane with the Body Shop money.

Betty Collins, of Collins Aviation of Houston, remembered selling the plane to Tara Cullis. She checked her files and found the wire transfer record. It showed money had been wired from the Bank of Montreal to the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York. A deposit had arrived on June 2, 1989. The rest of the money came on June 5, 1989, just three days later. The U.S. paperwork showed Tara Cullis had acted in this transaction as an escrow agent.

Collins then mentioned that she had only recently sent a letter to the U.S. Federal Aviation Authority to tell them to deregister the plane. Normally a seller deregisters a plane within thirty days of the transaction. Yet she'd kept the plane on the U.S. registry in her company's name for six months after she sold it to Cullis—because she felt Tara Cullis and the pilot were doing something worthwhile.

However, she would have had to pay tax on a plane she no longer owned if she hadn't moved when she did to strike it from the U.S. registry. "When [it was] infringing on me with the tax authority I thought [it] was time to step in. I just felt if I did it, I knew it would get done." She did recognize this could create problems. "If Brazil doesn't register, it's not legal to operate."

The plane bought for Paiakan's use had been flying in Brazil and the U.S. for months under U.S. call letters, registered to a U.S. owner other than the party named on the bill of sale. The bill of sale said the plane had been bought by the indigenous Kayapo community of Aukre.

The U.S. Federal Aviation Authority confirmed that the plane had been struck from its registry on December 26, 1989. A call to Brazil's Department of Civil Aviation in Rio de Janeiro on January 10, 1990 produced no information, just an invitation to come in and talk whenever I went to Rio.

I wondered how much of the Body Shop's altruism was actually recorded as charity on its public record of commerce, its annual reports. The Body Shop supplied all its published annual reports since it went public in 1984. I could only find one reference before 1990 to charitable contributions made by the Body Shop PLC: there was a note that £54,000 in charitable donations had been made during the reporting period of seventeen months ended February 1989. The 1990 report later showed donations by the group of £163,000, triple the previous seventeen months' performance. The report also showed that the Body Shop PLC treated its involvment with the *Millennium* TV series as a business deal, although Anita Roddick had insisted that underwriting *Millennium* had nothing whatsover to do with the commercial interests of the Body Shop. The Body Shop PLC's annual report said the Body Shop Film Company Limited had been created to "finance the production of a 10 part television series to be broadcast in late 1991, provisionally titled Millennium: Tribal Wisdom and the Modern World. These productions and other related costs are carried forward as prepaid development expenses to be set against future income when it arises. T.G. Roddick and A.L. Roddick have personally guaranteed the capital element of the bank borrowing of the Body Shop Film Company Limited. ... The Company has guaranteed the interest element."

There was nothing to show that the purchases of rainforest products from groups such as the Kaxinawa Indians, or the rubbertappers, or from Jason Clay's marketing group, were being treated as charity by Body Shop PLC. In fact, in other reports such purchases were described as business.

In another unexpected way the annual reports were revelatory. I had assumed that the Roddicks had always been the only dominant shareholders in the Body Shop. I was wrong. In 1990 Anita Roddick and Gordon Roddick together owned a little less than one-third of Body Shop. Later, their combined holdings dropped to 25.4 per cent of the company. Another shareholder held almost as many shares as the two of them combined: yet this shareholder, I.B. McGlinn, was not even listed as a director of the company. (In 1994 the Roddicks sold some of their shares of the Body Shop PLC to pay off their guarantee of the capital element of the Body Shop Film Company Limited bank borrowing, reducing their combined interest to 25 per cent of the Body Shop PLC. That left Ian Bentham McGlinn as the largest single shareholder of the Body Shop PLC with 27 per cent of the company's stock.) Who was McGlinn?[3]

The Body Shop's Toronto public relations person only knew that I.B. McGlinn had lent money to Anita Roddick at the beginning of the Body Shop's operations, long before it went public. A quick computer search of various newspaper stories on the Body Shop PLC up to early January, 1990 showed no mention of McGlinn. The head of enforcement at the London Stock Exchange, Mr. Wilkinson, undertook to find out what the Exchange knew about McGlinn.

After searching exchange records, Wilkinson said that while Ian Bentham McGlinn was a founder shareholder along with the Roddicks when the Body Shop PLC went public, neither the Body Shop's offering prospectus nor the Exchange's records department contained information about him. The Exchange only knew that he owned the largest block of Body Shop shares. Wilkinson said he found this remarkable: he'd been at the Exchange for many years and not seen anything like it. He felt chagrined. He had personally looked at the Body Shop closely in its early days as a public company to investigate suggestions that the brokers might have held on to some of the shares themselves when the stock was launched. He hadn't noticed McGlinn's holding. Of course, the London Stock Exchange would have required a great deal of information about I.B. McGlinn if he had chosen to be a director of the company. Since he

had effectively put his holdings in the Roddicks' hands, the Exchange required nothing of him.

During a period when I was talking to the London Stock Exchange about the possible whereabouts of I.B. McGlinn, I was told that Quig Tingley of the Body Shop Canada wanted to talk to me. We've never met, said Tingley, when I called him. He wanted to say his wife Margot and Anita Roddick had felt ambushed by the questions I'd asked them. They had felt uncomfortable that they didn't know Elizabeth May. He wanted to meet, but before that, he wanted to say that Gordon Roddick is perhaps "the finest human being I've met in my life." Unfortunately, Gordon Roddick had also got the impression that somehow I thought he and his colleagues had been suckered on the funds they'd raised and passed on to Paiakan. Tingley had no concerns about that. "We heaved over $50,000 from the Body Shop Canada," he said. No, he didn't know exactly where this money was or how it had got down to Brazil. If money had been improperly used, Tingley wanted to find out. He too had questioned the idea of using charity money to give someone a plane. But Gordon Roddick, a practical guy, had explained to him that Paiakan had to see people on the outside and there had been a threat to his life. Quig wanted it understood that Roddick was angry at me.

I said I was very sorry, but that some of the things Anita Roddick had said to me had been strange to hear from the managing director of a publicly traded company. I quoted him back a few sizzling lines. He laughed.

Whereas Anita Roddick had objected to the very idea that a TV series might be of commercial value to the Body Shop, Tingley bluntly explained that in his view the *Millennium* TV series was both good public relations and worth doing for its own sake. "Making dough is grasping at straws," he explained. They'd be lucky to get back ten cents on every dollar invested in *Millennium,* but the message mattered. The message was "Let's not kill any more people for progress." What was happening to Indians down there was genocide, he said, no different from what happened to the Jews in Europe. He didn't need any more money, but in the long run he'd make more money if he also got a reputation for good works. After all, anyone could make a product as good as his. Proctor and Gamble certainly could. "But this we can do that they can't compete with."

This interest in doing good was a change for Tingley. He said he'd been "heaved out of a few private schools" before arriving at the

University of British Columbia in 1965. There he read Ayn Rand (the libertarian novelist). "When everyone was going socialist I just got older and saw realities," he said. He couldn't say why, but he'd lately beome concerned about others being pressed to the wall by the advance of development. He said he wasn't a do-gooder but he thought he could make dough and people in the rainforest could too. He really thought I should talk to Gordon Roddick through whom he had met Prince Charles. Roddick had played polo with Prince Charles since school days. Tingley admired this since he "couldn't ride a dachshund." He'd first met Roddick when Tingley was still both a partner and a director at McLeod Young Weir (now ScotiaMcLeod), a Toronto brokerage house with close connections to the Progressive Conservative party. He gave Margot, then his girlfriend, the money to develop the Body Shop Canada franchise. Tingley had joined Franssen in the business shortly before the Body Shop PLC went public. He and Roddick had been trading since 1980. They had not had anything on paper to define their relationship since 1988. He trusted him completely.

The chairman of the Body Shop PLC, Gordon Roddick, made it clear three people had said my angle on things was destructive. I gave assurances, which were accepted. He then gave his version of various events. He was born the same year as Anita Roddick but in a different circumstance. He'd attended a private school in Edinburgh, then graduated from the Royal Agricultural College. He'd spent five years doing menial jobs to earn money to travel in Australia, South America, Africa. His eldest sister had married someone in the British navy. There was a port close to Littlehampton: he went to visit his sister there in 1968 and drifted into Anita's mother's bar, El Cubana. When Anita came home from her travels they met, moved in together, had children, ran a bed-and-breakfast, and then, by the early 1970s, ran a restaurant with the political slogans of the day posted on a chalk board.

He and his wife were interested in politics, although they did not support the main political parties. In the early 1970s, a period of real political extremism in Britain, they had worked for a charity called Shelter which was active on behalf of homeless people. It was a loose national federation of many local groups and it was also affiliated with other such groups abroad. Some of its members were Trotskyites, some Maoists, some had no ideology but were fed up with the fact that buildings were empty while poor people were living on the

streets. "Our group was particularly active in aggravating people who had empty houses," Roddick said.

In 1976, after he and his wife opened the first Body Shop store in Brighton (named after a car repair outfit Anita had noticed in the U.S. when they travelled there), he took off for Argentina, arriving just as the military coup began. He stayed in Buenos Aires for two months making contacts, then got himself two horses and went on to Uruguay, from there across to Bolivia. In Bolivia, his horse threw him and fell to its death. While he was out of contact, his wife Anita decided to open another Body Shop store in Chichester. The banks would not give her a loan. That's when she borrowed £4,000 from "our friends."

From Mr. McGlinn, I said.

McGlinn was a friend "in the restaurant business we had before the Body Shop," he said.

I asked Roddick to tell me what McGlinn looked like. I'd been trying to contact McGlinn for weeks. I hadn't even found anyone who claimed to have seen him.

Roddick said McGlinn hated to be interviewed. He said this as if McGlinn had endured plenty of requests for interviews in the past, although it was only in the past few weeks that the British press had taken any notice of McGlinn's huge Body Shop holdings. "He says there can't be any advantage in it for him to talk to the press," said Roddick. "He isn't interested in being observable."

I had by then begun to doubt the existence on this earth of I.B. McGlinn. I had begun to toy with various improbable scenarios about who might own the I.B. McGlinn block of Body Shop shares. I had played with the outlandish notion of McGlinn as a pseudonym for a civil servant in charge of government reptile funds invested in British companies trading abroad: the Body Shop PLC had plenty of outlets in interesting places like the Middle East (Kuwait, Dubai, Oman, Saudi Arabia) and the Far East (Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Japan), Canada, the U.S., and soon, Brazil. The staff travelled extensively and had reason to poke into nooks and crannies diplomats might have found difficult to get into. I'd also wondered idly if I.B. McGlinn was a name used by those launch brokers who wanted to hold an interest in the Body Shop without being noticed. There were other possibilities.

Roddick said McGlinn used to eat in his restaurant in Littlehampton. He said he was half Irish and half Scot. Roddick said he had also known McGlinn's mother, who was from Scotland. It seemed Rod-

dick had already been told by others that I'd tried to contact McGlinn. "I think the answer is he won't talk to you," said Roddick.

On the other hand, he said he and McGlinn were always in touch and had been able to be "in tune" with everything. "He trusts me 120 per cent." (A 1992 story in the *Daily Mail* said McGlinn spoke to Anita Roddick twice a year when Gordon Roddick was out of the country, suggesting a less than friendly relationship.) This agreement between them had been translated onto paper to ensure that McGlinn's Body Shop shares remained in friendly hands. "I am an executor of his will," said Roddick. "He has one child and we have a pre-emptive agreement. There isn't anybody can get to him or me. If he happens to die, then I am the executor of his will and a trustee in terms of the shares." However, this agreement did not work in reverse. Why? "He would not want control of the company. ... What we ... are in the process of doing is [to] covenant our shares into a trust," said Roddick. "If we die, the company remains secured on behalf of those who are working in it. ... The trustees are friends of the Body Shop."

He said these trustees included Edward Posey [4] of the Gaia Foundation, the man Jason Clay advised to ask Anita Roddick to contribute money for Paiakan's demonstration. (Four years later Posey knew nothing about any such plan. Roddick had never raised the issue with him.) Posey (no relation to Darrell) had also been at the meeting of NGOs held at the Body Shop about the money the franchisees raised in Paiakan's name. Clay had attended that too. Roddick had invited Clay to come. Why? He had read Clay's work on Ethiopia and found it straight and tough. Roddick knew that to achieve anything in Brazil, he would need "to have my hand held. I chose Jason to hold my hand," he said.

He insisted it made sense that he made charitable contributions to organizations in Brazil through Cultural Survival. "It's better to pay it into a charitable organization. Our tax is treated a bit differently. Also Jason was able to go to someone like Josh Mailman [the activist/philanthropist] and say, why the Body Shop have agreed to give $25,000 to UNI, will you match it." He had heard about my misunderstanding about Elizabeth May. He said he did everything through Clay, but he had met May twice, the first time at Tingley's house, where she'd been introduced as the person representing Cultural Survival Canada, the person to talk to if there was any need for the Canadian franchise holder, Tingley, to do so. He had thought both Tingley and Suzuki would join the board of Cultural Survival Canada

although Suzuki had mentioned some problem about a conflict. As to the money for Paiakan's plane, it "went straight to David Suzuki," Roddick said. "The money comes from the Body Shop International. It was part of that cash raising. We had told the franchisees it was the main reason to get cash, to get the plane. It was important to Paiakan." All the money listed on the green sheet as having gone to Paiakan had actually gone to Suzuki: out of that money, Suzuki was to provide gas and pilots as well as the plane. No support was to be given to Paiakan.

Gordon Roddick knew more about Paiakan than Anita Roddick or Quig Tingley. "I was aware that he had FUNAI connections, yes," said Roddick. He knew of the Kayapo reputation for exploiting their land. "I think there isn't anybody who works harder to preserve than Paiakan. He certainly organizes his area, Aukre, to not do that," he said. He thought he should add that the Kayapo actions on the Brazilian constitution had effected "the most important change in the history of Brazil."

He said his company had hired Darrell Posey as a consultant and treated buying goods from the various co-operatives in Brazil not as charity but as normal business transactions. "The wholesaler is Cultural Survival, who happens to be earning cash out of our trade in order to use these earnings to help the various causes within Brazil." He said it was not unusual to have such relations between a charity and a publicly traded company. He would not say what size wholesale markup Cultural Survival Inc. would earn as a wholesaler to the Body Shop. He said he had no obligation to reveal his margins to his shareholders or anyone else. If I had more questions, possibly we could meet when he came to Toronto in the spring for the tenth anniversary of the Body Shop Canada.

The Body Shop's public relations person called some months later to say that Gordon Roddick could only be seen at the Deerhurst Inn, two hours from Toronto, for fifteen minutes. When I said that would be fine, she called back to say it wasn't possible to see Roddick after all. Then Quig Tingley called to say he'd see me instead after the meeting was over. Did I know they'd paid David Suzuki a pot of money to come and speak to their franchisees?

One day in the late spring of 1990, Quig Tingley opened the door to his midtown Toronto house. His hair was long and cut to one length, as if trimmed under a bowl. He wore round metal-rimmed

glasses and jean shorts. He was small, compact, steely, and yet nervous. We sat in the breakfast area off his kitchen.

Tingley wanted to talk about Cultural Survival Inc. He and Margot gave to Cultural Survival, he said, although he still was not sure which Cultural Survival he gave to, the Canadian or the U.S. operation, or how he gave. He did know he'd raised and sent off more than $89,000 for Paiakan. He said he'd find out how it was handled.

He called later that day to say the money he gave went to Cultural Survival Inc. directly and not through Cultural Survival Canada. No tax receipt had been issued—because they were not allowed to deduct tax when sending money to an out-of-country charity. The money he gave had not been earmarked for the purchase of a plane. He had sent one cheque for $50,000 from Quig Manufacturing Limited (the wholesale company of which his wife is not a director). The second cheque was sent after a Canadian franchise meeting just after Christmas in 1989.

Later, when all this was checked again with the Body Shop's representative who checked company documents, I was told that what Tingley had said was wrong. A cheque for £25,000 had been sent from Quig Manufacturing to the Body Shop International in April 1989. The other $39,000 Tingley had referred to was probably raised from Canadian franchisees, who may have sent it to the Body Shop's Rainforest fund on their own—there was no record of any second cheque for $39,000 in the records of the company. Further, the Body Shop International had then sent by wire £63,816.20 to an account of the Bank of Montreal in Vancouver on May 31, 1989. Three persons' names were on that account—Tara Cullis, Paulinho Paiakan, and David Suzuki. One hundred thousand dollars (U.S.) was to be used for the purchase of a plane and its maintenance. This was not deemed by the company to be a charitable transfer.

The public relations people for the Body Shop supplied reports of two trips Gordon Roddick made to Brazil in 1989. In one report written after his first trip in April 1989, he discussed how funds raised surplus to Paiakan's needs had caused him to go to Brazil to meet with several Brazilian NGOs. He said he hoped to channel money to them through Cultural Survival in Canada "and through Canadian government assistance [we] can increase that cash reserve by 3:1 to be used on projects that we can identify and approve." He mentioned that these funds would also be levered up further by contributions from U.S. donors.

The second report, written after a trip taken with Jason Clay in the fall of 1989, said the Body Shop's principal source of information on exploitable plants in Brazil would be the Ethnobotanical Institute, founded by Dr. Darrell Posey. The report stated that the early costs of this institute had been carried by Cultural Survival Inc. Roddick said he had also inspected nut-processing factories and visited a new extractive reserve near Xapuri in Acre. One of the people he met in Acre was "Dr. Wim Groenewald [sic] a tropical silviculturist now living in Porto Velho in Rondonia" who had his own NGO called the Institute for Ecology, Prehistory and Archeology (sic). According to Roddick's report, Groeneveld knew all the important players. Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc. had hired Groeneveld to oversee, or be the comptroller of, all the Body Shop's projects in Brazil. "His continued involvement in setting up sustainable development projects with forest people is clearly of paramount importance." In Rio, Roddick had again met Groeneveld and two others to craft an agreement. The others were Peter May (no relation to Elizabeth May), who had worked for years with the Ford Foundation, and James LeFleur, who had experience "in offshore banking and the export business." May and Groeneveld also worked with the Canadian embassy in Brazil, and Groeneveld had helped set up the Agroforestry network.

If these facts were accurate, Roddick was giving financial support to just about all the smaller players active on the Agenda—at least on the Brazilian end of the net. No wonder the man from External Affairs in Ottawa knew a great deal about that broader network out there—he was part of it; so was the Canadian embassy.

The Canadian embassy in Brasilia confirmed that Roddick was correct. In fact, Groeneveld still acted as a consultant to the embassy on various Brazilian environment issues. Furthermore, Groeneveld also did some private work preparing a clean-up plan for the tin-mine operation of a major Canadian-owned company with environment problems in Brazil—Brascan.

I called Peter May in Rio. He had formerly been head of the Ford Foundation's rural poverty program there. Through Ford, he had given early support to the rubbertappers. The Ford Foundation had also given $92,000 to kickstart the Agroforestry Network set up at the suggestion of the Canadian embassy by the man I'd met in Ottawa. May was also hard at work crafting export channels for the Body Shop. His role was to contact Brazilian suppliers and make certain they could actually produce the volumes that the Body Shop needed. His suppliers were groups he'd helped to fund earlier at

Ford—NGOs like the National Council of Rubbertappers—organizations actively involved in the network of the Agenda.

It was as if the Body Shop/Cultural Survival/et al were corporatizing these various Brazilian NGOs, turning political groups into businesses, fuzzing their lines and definitions—with one exception. Oddly, Peter May had very little interest in the Kayapo as suppliers. He thought it was possible the Body Shop had other contacts with them through "the Belem connection."

"I think they're more into marketing gold," May said of the Kayapo, with a nasty snicker.

Did he not know the Body Shop had given a plane to the Kayapo for Paiakan's use?

"Why would they give them a plane?" he asked.

Twelve

Flying Down to Rio

I wanted very much to know how much NGOs and individuals on the Brazilian end of the network knew about the Agenda and its goals. Were the Brazilians putty in the hands of North Americans and Britons primarily concerned with their own political interests? It seemed to me that Americans, with the help of Canadians and Britons, were trying to set the direction and vector of Brazilian political activities for their own ends. I wanted to know if the Brazilians understood, when they received money from abroad, exactly where it originated and why they got it.

In the first week of February 1990, I boarded a flight to Rio de Janeiro. The recent vast changes in global political relationships were much on my mind. There had been a miraculous flowering of democracy everywhere in the few short months since I'd been in Washington. In October, the Berlin Wall had come down. In November, the Czechs had overthrown their Communist government without bloodshed. Huge demonstrations in Moscow had *not* been suppressed, and Gorbachev went about in crowds talking about *perestroika* and *glasnost* and getting rid of the nuclear threat. The Baltic republics, traded like fish to the Soviets as part of the secret pact between Stalin and Hitler, were talking openly of secession from the U.S.S.R. Down in the southern half of the Americas, which American foreign policy experts have considered their sphere of influence since President Monroe, the same thing was happening. Most of southern America seemed committed to democracy. The Brazilians had just safely held their run-off presidential vote. The only political trouble in the hemisphere had been in Panama. Days after the Brazilian election, the U.S. had invaded to arrest President Manuel Noriega. Noriega had refused to step aside in favour of the U.S.-backed opposition which had won the Panamanian election.

From 35,000 feet, these events in the Soviet and American spheres of influence suddenly seemed tied to each other. The old authoritarian models of governance offered by the right and the left were being

replaced by another, the U.S. republican democratic model. These political changes also augered major economic shifts to come. Authoritarian regimes tended to be protectionist. The new democrats seemed to like free trade. George Bush and Brian Mulroney had just pushed through the Free Trade Agreement between Canada and the U.S. but it already seemed as if it were old hat, as if everyone knew Bush would soon call for an intrahemispheric free trade zone from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska. One could almost feel beneath one's feet the forces below the surface pushing for a world without trade walls, without barriers.

I had brought with me on the plane the World Wildlife Fund U.S. spending plans for Latin America and the Caribbean for 1990 and beyond which I had obtained from Pegi Dover and Steve Price, executives with World Wildlife Fund Canada. I had gone to see them to find out how much they knew of Paiakan and the Kayapo before they lent WWF Canada's name to fundraisers on Paiakan's behalf. They had explained that WWF Canada took on the Paiakan fundraiser with full knowledge that WWF U.S. did not want to be involved. They had later sent representatives to Altamira in spite of being warned they were steaming into controversial shoals. They said they did so because they wanted to be at the Brazilian table independent of WWF U.S. which, since a 1987 reorganization, distributed most WWF funds spent in the Americas. WWF Canada had already carved out a sliver of independence. It had been at the Central American table independently since 1986 when it bought rainforest land in Costa Rica. Its rainforest fundrasisers had been very successful. In fact, since that event for Paiakan at St. Paul's church in Toronto, such revenues had tripled. Price and Dover said not only had WWF Canada handed over donations they collected for Altamira's costs to CEDI, a Brazilian NGO that handled the accounting for the project, they had also given U.S. $20,000 in travellers' cheques directly to Paiakan at Altamira. They had no regrets.

I couldn't understand why WWF Canada would have taken such a risk. At the time of the event at Altamira, Paiakan was still an employee of FUNAI, a Brazilian government agency. He had already played a large role in the Brazilian constitutional debate, which is surely active engagement in politics under Canadian charity rules. A close reading of the WWF Latin American/Caribbean funding document disabused me of any notion that WWF Canada had gone temporarily off the rails while acting on its own. The bulk of the WWF Americas program also seemed aimed at influencing Brazilian poli-

tics. The WWF U.S. planning document described Brazil as the geopolitical centre of the whole region. WWF U.S. therefore intended to spend the bulk of the $6 million it had for the whole region in Brazil. It seemed to operate in Brazil on two levels: it gave funds to scientists studying issues related to conservation; it also gave money to encourage the growth of democratic values, institutions, and even to politicians. While most recipients were not elected officials, one donation was slated for Deputado Fabio Feldmann to help him press various states in Brazil to include environmental protection in their state constitutions. The document noted Feldmann had been given funds before by WWF U.S. when he was an elected member of the Brazilian National Assembly working on the federal constitution.

If one measured the importance of a project to WWF U.S. by the money allocated, Darrell Posey's Kayapo project was the third most important WWF project in Brazil. It had recently got $50,000 a year from WWF U.S. It was described as the continuing study of the Kayapo and their relationship to the ecosystem in which they found themselves. While mention was made of the pressures the Kayapo were under from gold mining, lumber interests, and soybean farmers, nothing in the document explicitly said that Kayapo villages such as Gorotire had already succumbed. The document did say that Posey's project had been taken over by the Kayapo themselves through a Kayapo foundation, "which will be controlled by tribal leaders and be responsible for future research programs and other activities to protect the Kayapo's cultural heritage and natural resources." The phrase "other activities" could cover anything from lobbying, to demonstrations, to sales of gold, to war. WWF U.S. seemed to be passing control of these funds to a group known to be in partnership with people ravaging the rainforest. In short, WWF U.S. was messing around in Brazilian politics.

It had also occurred to me that a number of others involved in the Agenda network also had close connections to U.S. politics and politicians—for example, to former President Jimmy Carter. Cultural Survival Inc. had got its first shot of USAID money during Carter's last year in office. It had done Carter a large foreign policy favour. Barbara Bramble had worked for Carter. Jimmy Carter was also a board member of the Better World Society (BWS), which had presented awards to Paiakan, Chico Mendes, his associate Mary Allegretti (and Mikhael Gorbachev). The Better World Society had been started by Ted Turner, who controlled Turner Broadcast System, which employed Barbara Pyle, who'd made films on Paiakan and

raised money for him. Pyle's curriculum vitae also showed she'd made an eleven-part TV series that had aired on Turner Broadcast System in a co-production agreement with the Better World Society.

I had asked questions about the Society before getting on the plane to Brazil. I located it through the Carter Center in Atlanta. [1] Ted Turner, founder of TBS and Cable Network News (CNN) and the Better World Society, was also one of the larger contributors to the Carter Center.

The Better World Society, I was told, focused on fostering public awareness and education on global issues like arms control, population stabilization, and stewardship of the Earth's environment. These were Carter's big issues at the Carter Center too. The Society raised charitable funds to make TV shows about these issues. It sold the rights to air these shows and short infomercials on the same issues to raise more funds. It claimed to have fifty thousand members: individuals, corporations, governments and their agencies. It was a registered U.S. charity but interesting politicians and their servants were on the Better World Society's board.

The board included Gro Harlem Brundtland, the prime minister of Norway and the head of the U.N. Commission on Environment and Development of 1984-87; Canadian politician/businessman Maurice Strong; Georgy Arbatov, long-time director of the U.S.S.R.'s U.S. and Canada Institute and member of the Communist Party's Central Committee; Ambassador Zhou Boping of China; Yasushi Akashi, an undersecretary general of the U.N.; Hiroaki Shikani,[2] son-in-law to the chairman of Fujisankei Communications International, which owns a major Japanese newspaper *Sankei Shimbun*; M.S. Swaminathan, long-time Indian cabinet minister and an important figure in the Congress party; Rubens Vaz da Costa, a secretary of planning in Sao Paulo, Brazil and a Brazilian delegate to the Stockholm Conference of 1972; former President Olusegun Obasanjo of Nigeria; Jimmy Carter and Ted Turner. Thomas Belford, Carter's former White House aide, was the executive director.

Better World Society spokesperson Victoria Markell had said that most of the BWS shows were aired on Turner Broadcast System and its commercials were often aired on CNN. The Society gave Chico Mendes a prize and made a TV commercial about him after his death. The sale of rights to air this commercial was used to raise funds. The Better World Society had also got involved in a fundraiser for Paiakan just held in Vancouver in November 1989. A Vancouver woman who saw the commercial for Mendes and purchased the right

to show it on B.C. television had flown to New York to meet Paiakan when he was given a prize in October 1989. It was the Better World Society's board that had decided to give Paiakan a prize. No, Markell hadn't known the Kayapo sold timber and took profits from gold mines. "I missed that episode," she'd muttered.

Markell had faxed me a copy of the invitation to that Vancouver fundraiser. The invitation included a cover letter to prospective donors from David Suzuki asking for help for Paiakan. Tara Cullis was an advertised speaker. The invitation said the hoped-for $100,000 in proceeds after expenses would be split: $30,000 to the Western Canada Wilderness Committee, $30,000 to Paiakan. The invitation said the organizers hoped to raise $15,000 for the Better World Society, which, in addition to making television, "directly supports grassroots groups in areas like the Amazon and provides some protection for those in the third world who risk their lives to save the environment." Markell said BWS was still waiting for its share of those proceeds.

Maybe it was because I was on my way to Brazil, which had just had its first free presidential election in a quarter of a century, that I found all these murky relations between various players in the network so fascinating. Politicians from several countries were involved with a major international broadcaster through a charity. They sat together on a board. They selected political persons as prizewinners. Those persons were featured on documentaries and commercials that drew in more funds. It was a productive circle: politicians got to create and promote selected political heroes in various countries. It also brought to mind the circumstances surrounding the coup in Brazil in 1964. The 1962 election had brought to power a leftist/nationalist, Jao Goulart: the CIA had allegedly spent between $5 and $20 million in support of anti-Goulart candidates. Nevertheless, Goulart won. According to William Blum in *The CIA: A Forgotten History*, the CIA then played a big role in funding the political turmoil that led to the coup that removed Goulart and brought the Brazilian military to power. CIA money found its way to the financing of mass demonstrations against Goulart; to the formation of women's groups; to a chain of right-wing newspapers. Brazilian trade union leaders were brought to the United States to be trained and took active part these in events. U.S. media were also active supporters of the 1964 coup. Newspapers had still been the most important way to mold public opinion: now nothing can compare to the wonders of television.

Rio de Janeiro shreds myths and preconceptions on contact. Brazil was definitely not a country of naifs; before I even got out of the steaming airport I learned to understand the ways of *jeitinho*—little arrangements. I needed Brazilian currency: it was a policeman standing in the airport arrivals hall who directed me to the only place where I could buy some at that time of day—a black market trader who kept his foreign cash under the counter in a car rental booth and made no eye contact with his customers. On the beach at Ipanema across from my hotel, the sands were hot. Young men and women prowled the beach in bathing straps so small they were a pornographer's dream. The denuded mountains of the former Atlantic forest jumped up behind a thin line of beach hotels. Small brown boys in ragged shorts dived from a little bridge into a filthy canal draining at the beach.

The signs in my hotel room warned that it was not safe to wear anything important on one's person or leave it in one's room safe either. Among the beautiful young, there was a tired wariness. The people at newsstands, the people on the beach, people in cafés behaved as if they could not rely on any other, as if they had seen every scam ever tried and expected them all to continue, as if they bore no responsibility. Under the bright, bright sun, sunglasses and hats cast sinister shadows. Everything grated on a middle-class, middle-aged Canadian's sensibilities, right down to what was on TV: a perfect ice blond woman dressed like a Flash Gordon science fiction fantasy descended daily from a space ship into a studio of well-fed kids. This southern Barbarella was a role model for Brazilian children. Nothing dreamed of in Washington or Ottawa could have been slipped by anyone in Brazil. I tossed out the putty theory.

My taxi bombed through the hot and narrow streets of Botofogo, the commercial district of Rio, a far cry from the shopping district near Ipanema Beach. On the sidewalks near the beach, the sun had beat down on the figures of sleeping street boys, legs covered with sores, bodies filthy, feet bare. One boy, who looked no older than eight, lay in front of a women's clothing store window in which three mannequins were draped in linens cut and starched to perfection, available for an amount of money no street boy was ever going to see. By comparison, Botofogo was chaos: narrow dirty streets, noisy traffic. The street boys there were awake, trying to sell pieces of fruit or a window wash to people stopping at traffic lights. Cars sped by them as if they were louse-ridden dogs.

On a side street, I waded ankle deep through the leavings of a fruit market until I found the number of the house I wanted—a beautiful, sun-drenched stucco building that housed IBASE, a media-watching Brazilian NGO. IBASE did opinion polling and offered access to information through computer-based networks to various other NGOs. IBASE had good connections in Canada: it had been recommended to me by Liisa North of York University's CERLAC, an institute funding Latin American studies done by Canadian and foreign scholars. IBASE was also part of the Agenda's network of NGOs that I would track through Rio, Sao Paulo, Curitiba, Manaus, Belem, and Porto Velho, finally ending up at the heart of the government in Brasilia. The people who ran these NGOs were members of the Brazilian left-wing and centre political elite, people shut out of political power by those who engineered the 1964 coup, people who were now trying to make a new network of power in the new Brazil.

Herbert de Souza, the director of IBASE, had a typical background. He had been Goulart's minister of education in 1964, the year of the coup. De Souza was thrown out of Brazil and went to Chile where he worked for Allende's government. After Allende was overthrown, de Souza came to Canada as a refugee and studied politics and international relations at York University. He was supported by the World Council of Churches. He returned to Brazil after the government declared an amnesty for its exiled political opponents. His associate, Carlos Alberto Afonso, a former naval officer, had also enjoyed refuge at York. Liisa North had said that in the context of Brazil, de Souza and Afonso were leftists: in the Canadian political context they were middle of the road. What she didn't say was that IBASE had done the polling for the left/centre coalition of political parties and their candidates in the presidential election campaign. IBASE was a Brazilian Decima of the left.

De Souza met me upstairs in a sun room. His life had left hard marks. He was perilously thin but seemed in an almost ecstatic state of mind. He wanted to talk about the spectacular near win of Luis Inacio Lula Da Silva, Lula for short, the presidential candidate of a coalition of left and centre parties who had come within a hair of being elected president of Brazil. Lula had put together a coalition that stretched from true liberals (laissez faire individualists) all the way to the Communist Party of Brazil (formerly Stalinists). Lula's performance was like a miracle, and understanding it was the key to understanding Brazil—and the NGOs on the Brazilian end of the Agenda network. Workers had always been seen as people on the

bottom, losers, without value he said. For the country to have almost elected a poor migrant steelworker from the impoverished northeast was "more than a dream, it was a fantasy."

The Brazilian presidential election had been fought as a television war. IBASE's polling showed that Lula had been peaking perfectly until a few days before the election. The other side had then mounted a campaign of lies on television. Lula's momentum stopped cold. There was only one national network that reached 80 per cent of the population: Globo TV. It was privately owned by Roberto Marinho, whom de Souza called the "true president of Brazil." De Souza's figures showed Globo TV had given Marinho's favoured candidate, president-elect Collor de Mello, much more coverage than Lula. Collor was a product of "the new politics of Brazil. A combination of polls, marketing, and media."

During the election campaign, Collor de Mello had promised a great opening of the Brazilian marketplace to the world. In de Souza's view this opening was already a fait accompli. The only place where Brazilian national companies were still in full control was in the financial sector, although tight reins were also kept on microprocessing. In his view, state-owned companies were basically vehicles to deliver subsidies to the private interests of friends or former members of the government. So de facto privatization had already occurred. What was hard for a Canadian to grasp, said de Souza, was that in spite of Brazil's international economy, in spite of the fact that Brazil's GNP is the eighth biggest in the world, only 15 per cent of the population lived well. People who'd been displaced into the cities by the mechanization of agriculture in the 1960s and 1970s lived from the underground economy, the economy of *jeito*. The black market in goods and services made available everything from drugs to lottery tickets.[3] "Fifty per cent of the labour force has relations with the underground economy, which explains why Brazil doesn't explode," he said.

The bulk of the population is young: in the right economic circumstances they could be a huge market. However, there was incredible concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, including a concentration of media assets. That had serious consequences for the creation of Brazilian democracy. Before free-time political broadcasts kicked in during the presidential campaign, de Souza had tracked the rise of the conservatives in the polls. Afterwards, he tracked the rise of progressives, as he called them. The only difference between these two periods was "the existence of free communications. ... The media

is a kind of God," he said. "If Roberto Marinho ignores you, you could be Jesus Christ and you'd be ignored. If he promotes you, you could be the devil and be presented as Jesus Christ."

IBASE and de Souza took inspiration from certain Canadian thinkers like C.B. Macpherson. IBASE had been created to solve the problem faced by all activists trying to open up a closed, anti-democratic society in which power is centralized in a small number of hands. The problem is the lack of reliable information. "If you are blind," said de Souza, "how can you go [forward]? If [you're] systematically manipulated, how can you work for a democratic society? We are political scientists, economists. Information is power."

IBASE got its money from offshore, a fact de Souza shrugged off as just another artifact of the old military-backed government and repression. In 1981, when he and Afonso started IBASE, no Brazilians wanted to help. In Canada, he had seen hundreds of NGOs receive millions from the Canadian government. In Brazil, by contrast, he said, the government gave no such support to new groups, new parties, real unions, movements of the poor. So IBASE got its money from Canadian and European NGOs, especially from a group in Montreal called Canadian Catholic Development and Peace, which in turn got a lot of money from CIDA. It also got money from the United Church and a group in Germany called Brot. In part with this money, IBASE provided its polling services to the political parties that supported Lula. Formerly de Souza was a Marxist: democracy and its mechanisms were what now concerned him. He had come to understand that democracy is not a natural phenomenon; it "has to be thought, lived, experienced. And there is not a right line."

IBASE saw its task as nothing less than democratizing Brazilian information. All of its actions fell within the general notion that "the most important weapons are not military but cultural, ideas, values, the techniques of production [of] emotion. Media in Brazil produces emotion. They used a woman lover of Lula to denounce him. ... On TV this woman was crying and saying he's a monster. [They] use everything possible if power is at stake. ... It's much more important to dominate the means of communication than the means of production. You could democratize anything."

One of IBASE's Amazon specialists then gave me a short lecture on the relations between the Brazilian military and what he called civil society. There were then four ministries relating to military matters. The balance of power between the services was held by the army and the navy. Ex-army and ex-navy officers controlled many

of the government-owned companies. The Companhia Vale do Rio Doce, for example, the company that created the Carajas mining project near Kayapo territory, had a subsidiary called Ferre Carajas, which exported iron ore to Europe and Japan. It was controlled by an old army man, Eliezer Batista Da Silva, who had previously been Brazilian minister of mines. President Collor de Mello had campaigned on privatizing these state industries and chucking out unproductive layers of relatives and friends carried on state company payrolls. Inside the military, some extreme nationalists defended extensive state ownership, while others just wanted to keep foreigners out of strategic sectors like information software. The flowering of such dissent was recent. The Communist Party of Brazil had been destroyed between 1974 and 1975, its central committee members caught and killed. There had been an amnesty for banned leftists in 1978 but Brazil had remained as the leader of rightist forces on the whole continent: Brazil's military had directly helped with the coups in Chile and Uruguay. During the years of military rule, the Amazon had been considered "vital space" for Brazil, the place from which it was possible to control all of South America. To use it, the military needed to occupy it. Where Indians and rubbertappers interfered, they were removed. The military had developed a parallel government over the Amazon and hung on to it still.

The military had decided Indians were to be brought into Brazilian civilization by one of two methods—poverty or greed. The poverty option involved taking their lands, often leaving them destitute. The greed option meant permitting mines to open on Indian lands so they would eventually succumb to development. Both forms of control had been used. "Certain tribes that I don't know well get royalties for permitting mining on their land," the specialist said.

An Altamira poster hung on his wall. He said the Yanomami were being torn apart by both these methods. "The military runs this," he said. The military worried about border crossings between Brazil and Venezuela, Boliva, and Peru. They worried about incursions into Brazil by Sendera Luminosa, the Peruvian Maoist guerillas. There were fears the cocaine trade would invade the Amazon. There were links between narcotics traffickers and the Brazilian police. As far as the specialist could see, in spite of the new democratization the military's need to occupy the Amazon had recently gained more force.

Juneia Mallas arrived at my hotel late in the warm Rio evening. We'd played long distance telephone tag for more than a month, but I had

persisted because Mallas seemed to have played a very important role in bringing Paiakan to world attention, slipping the Kayapo into the Agenda network. Like Barbara Pyle and David Suzuki, she was like a comptroller of images appearing on the world's television screens about Brazil's rainforest. She worked for international television crews shooting documentaries in Brazil. The images rolling out of the Amazon in part came to others through Mallas's work.

She had a deep, intensely female voice that cracked and broke, conveying undertones of temper and sentiment. She had big eyes, Parisian school-girl cut dark hair, small bones. She wore a sleeveless pink skirt and top, the shirt cut out in deep circles to show her thin brown shoulders, a thin flat watch on one delicate wrist, silver bangles around the other. She had a quick intelligence: she was also deeply suspicious of hidden motives, hidden agendas.

We sat in the gloom of the hotel's fake Tudor Bar, which could just as easily have been in any second-rate hotel in North America. She talked about herself. It soon became clear Mallas was one of a tiny group of Brazilians who came from families with enough money to educate their children abroad and who spent much time during the period of repression out of the country. She had gone first to the United States as an exchange student when she was fifteen. She'd lived with a very Republican family in Iowa. Then she'd taken a B.A. and an M.A. in Liberal Studies from the New School for Social Research in New York. She said she'd also done part of a doctorate in comparative literature at Yale.[4] She said she presented her M.A. dissertation in 1980. The New School granted her an M.A. in the spring of 1982.

Mallas said she became interested in writing about Indians and the forest in about 1980. She had got a job teaching at a private college in Rio owned by a very right-wing person who fired staff for their political views. She decided then that she didn't want to have links with Brazil in her employment. People were too difficult or they were corrupt, she said, with a toss of hair. When Mallas returned to New York in 1980, she told a photographer friend there that she wanted to write about the Amazon, though she knew "what everyone knows, nothing." It was suggested she go to El Salvador. There she met people working in a small news agency called f-4, who recommended to her a woman in Brazil interested in discovering what was going on in the Amazon, a female photographer named Naim Benedetto. Mallas met with Benedetto in Sao Paulo while she was working on a story about nuclear energy in Brazil. Later, at a bank

in Rio, she bumped into her sister's neighbour. The neighbour's former husband happened to be the head of the FUNAI superintendency for the states of Para and Amapa. "His father was well connected with the military," said Mallas. "His name was Paulo Cesar Abreu." Abreu said she and Naim Benedetto could fly in to Indian villages with the FUNAI planes taking in medicine and supplies and picking up the sick. "It was a unique opportunity," she said, twirling a swizzle stick in her glass.

She spent a whole week on her first trip to Para just hanging around the FUNAI archives in Belem. "While hanging around waiting for the planes, we dug up a lot of information," she said. Then she was flown by FUNAI to witness the removal of the Parakhana Indians from their land to make way for the dam called Tucurui on the Tocantins River. She found this sad.

The first time she got close to how she had imagined the Amazon would be was at the end of her first trip to Para. Kayapo warriors from Gorotire had just attacked people at a nearby farm and killed twenty-two, including women and children, with war clubs, the same massacre Posey had heard about after his return to Brazil from the U.S. Mallas and Benedetto asked the chiefs by radio if they would see them, and "they said they wanted to see us—we were women and we were journalists. The FUNAI plane went and dropped us. We arrived at the end of the day," said Mallas. Later, they were taken to the Men's House in Gorotire, where they sat, surrounded by the warriors, who described through an interpreter how they felt about their suffering, about people invading their areas. When they were finished, they said "leave and publish this." She had to explain that they were freelancers and could not guarantee publication.

Mallas first met Paiakan during her second trip to the Amazon, which she thought was in May 1982. She and her colleague took an eight-day boat trip from Altamira on the Xingu River. On board were the boatman, his son, a cook, and thirty-six Kayapo, including Paiakan, who was going to Gorotire with his son. By then Paiakan had separated from his first wife and set up the village of Aukre.

"Naim started teaching him to photograph, which he learned very quickly. He started telling us about Aukre, still with no support from FUNAI." Paiakan told Juneia that Aukre was one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Although the village included many people, food was abundant, and all were very healthy. Aukre, according to Mallas, was still that way. Mallas passed this information to a man she knew from the British Broadcasting Corporation. Together, they filmed at

Aukre in August 1982. She found it pristine. She developed a close relationship with Paiakan.

In 1984, Mallas went into television full-time, suggesting stories to foreign news outlets like the BBC and later Japanese television. Her interest in the Amazon had started to shift from first contact stories to stories about development. There was no way she could cover these stories without being involved. "It was like covering a war," she said, echoing Darrell Posey. "The press in Brazil never wrote on the big projects, on Carajas,[5] or else they would always write focusing on all the very good aspects, which you could never find ... once you were there. ... Some of the journalists were very persecuted and tried to do something, and the newspapers wouldn't publish. There is no free press in this country ... total manipulation of information." So, working with foreign news and public affairs crews, she began covering the major Amazon development projects and documenting their consequences on the Amazon. She went to the Amazon four or five months a year. She touched base frequently with Paiakan. "After he organized the attack on the gold miners ... I went there to do a story on the day they have the first TV plugged in in Gorotire. ... That's when Paiakan becomes the chief of the Gorotire [FUNAI] post."

Mallas took a thin cigarillo out of her flowered bag. The smoke floated around her hair. This high point of Paiakan's prestige in Gorotire, in 1985, was also when certain troubles began. The head of the FUNAI superintendency had been replaced. The Kayapo fought among themselves over power. "Paiakan was a guy with a lot of prestige in the settlement [that] is not his village. ... Kuben-i lobbied the older Indians to put Paiakan out."

According to Mallas, in 1986 when Paiakan left Gorotire the new head of FUNAI in Para invited him to Belem as his adviser on the Kayapo. Mallas didn't know if the dispute had been over control of the Gorotire post funds, but she did know that Paiakan bought his house in Belem after he left Gorotire, at the end of 1987 or 1988. He had bought with post funds a house for the Kayapo community to use in Belem as well as an airplane and a generator. It was true he handled the funds and bought these things, but they were not his, they belonged to all of the village of Gorotire. Another house was bought in the frontier town of Redencao at the same time, but it too was used by all the Indians from Gorotire when they were in Redencao, a half hour flight from Gorotire.

It was after Paiakan took his job with FUNAI that Mallas decided to organize the project she called Amazon Watch. She thought if people knew what was happening in the Amazon, they wouldn't let it go on. She thought a centre for Amazon information would be good. She had walked into the Ford Foundation office in Rio de Janeiro and asked for a grant.[6] She didn't know anyone else to ask. "They said, 'Who are you?'" she said, making a dangerous little grimace. "I wrote a proposal asking them for a grant to make a meeting between Indians, some peasants and some of the people I met doing these stories, and foreign people willing to support." She said Ford Foundation gave her enough to pay for the planes, hotels, the food for all the people she invited. She knew which Indians to ask—Paiakan, Megaron, Raon-i. She also asked lawyer Jose Carlos Castro of Belem, who later became Posey's lawyer. She invited people from abroad like Barbara Bramble of the National Wildlife Federation and Stephan Schwartzman of the Environmental Defense Fund. A colleague at the BBC suggested she ask Friends of the Earth U.K.

Why those people? I asked. I wanted to know why Mallas had invited those in the U.S. most active on the Agenda network.

"It had to be a global thing," she said, vaguely, waving her hand in the air. "I believed lobbying the Banks could make a difference because the Banks are paying for this shit." She knew about the larger campaign against the development banks organized by Bramble and Rich because she read the foreign newspapers, she had watched *Decade of Destruction*, the film series shot in Brazil for ITV in Britain. She had met Bramble's friend, the filmmaker Adrian Cowell. Mallas knew there was organized pressure on the World Bank. All she wanted was to make the link with others, to see what was possible through lobbying. No, she wasn't climbing on the rubbertappers' bandwagon. She reminded me that the rubbertappers were not exactly big news in Brazil in 1986. Her Amazon Watch meeting was planned for Belem on February 17, 1987. Contrary to Barbara Bramble's assertions, Mallas said she did ask the right Brazilian players to attend. She had invited Chico Mendes's associate Mary Allegretti and someone from the Brazilian Anthropological Association. Darrell Posey had come to the conference for one day.

I thought Mallas's timing was exceptionally good for the outsider to this network she portrayed herself to be. For an insider, it would be just about what one would have expected. Chico Mendes's sustainable development star would soon burst over Washington.

The Amazon Watch meeting had its good and bad points, said Mallas. The good point was that she met Charles Secrett of Friends of the Earth U.K. and later married him. The bad was that she learned "environmentalists are a private club." She spent most of her time at the conference she organized answering the question, "Who are you?" as if there was someone she might be other than herself. This question was a peculiar one for people to ask of a grassroots organizer. But then there was very little of the grassroots about Mallas, educated abroad, working for foreigners, representing ...?

She had fought with the representative of British-based Survival International. Cultural Survival had sent one person: she'd asked them, she said, because "I'd heard of them." Steve Schwartzman and Barbara Bramble had come to Brazil for the conference and then lobbied the Ford Foundation to find out why they had given Mallas money. There was an awful fight, according to Mallas. People who supported her were Indians, people like the lawyer Castro from Belem and Chico Mendes. She'd got Mendes to write a letter of support to the Ford Foundation through the f-4 correspondent in Acre whom she knew. He had written a beautiful letter.

As she told this part of the story, Mallas's shoulders hunched up. Nothing had come of her Amazon Watch idea. She had filmed Chico Mendes with a CBC crew in October 1988, just two months before his murder. He'd told her then that he needed $300 to pay some unemployed people to be his personal security guards. He had asked certain foreign NGOs for the money, but they had turned him down. For Mallas it took so little to do so much. "There are so few people that really do things," she said, an uncanny echo of Tara Cullis.

"Altamira happened in a most peculiar way," she said to demonstrate her thesis. She had been asked to go with the CBC's *Nature of Things* crew and David Suzuki to film the Yanomami. Instead, she suggested a hopeful story. She took them to visit Paiakan. "We have to have some hope. ... [The] only place when I'm very drained that I find some hope is with the Kayapo. ... He [Paiakan] was going through the hearings. David met Paiakan: Paiakan was saying ... he wanted to get all the Indians from the Xingu basin to protest against Altamira. David said, 'I'll help.'"

How real did she think the proposals were for the damming of the Xingu River by then?

"It's impossible to know in this country," she said shrugging. Even if the World Bank was out, others might take their place. There had been a story in the papers that Japan would pay Brazil's foreign debt

as long as Japan got rights to mine in the Amazon in return. "Mitsubishi has a very detailed project on that," she said. "So David says, 'call Charles.'"

They had gone to the office of the phone company in Carajas. Suzuki called his wife Tara Cullis. Mallas called her husband Charles Secrett of Friends of the Earth. Secrett said Friends of the Earth is not a fundraising organization. She said to him that she just wanted enough money to send Paiakan around to various countries to see if enough money could be raised to make a big meeting at Altamira.

It was alleged, later, that some money raised for Altamira disappeared into Mallas's account. Donations of $10,000 were made to the rainforest campaign of Friends of the Earth to be used to entice the international press to come to the Altamira demonstration. Mallas was given this money to set up an office in Rio to promote the meeting. "And I think we succeeded," she said. Then, the Agenda network wanted to take the forum over for themselves. Mallas was not keen on that: participate, she said, but you don't have to make a parallel meeting. She thought that was when the gossip started about missing funds. She had had a fight with the person from CEDI who wanted her to put the $10,000 she got from Friends of the Earth into the big pool of donations for Altamira that he was managing. The CEDI person had made an allegation.

"I said [to him], I'll sue you for telling lies you can't prove," she said.

After the death threats against Paiakan at Altamira, "David decided to go to the [foreign NGO] meeting," said Mallas. "He took all the Canadian NGOs. ... He raised this problem. He was concerned about security for Paiakan. ... The people at the NGO meeting said it was no problem. Paiakan was just one leader, there were more who could take his place," Mallas said with barely suppressed rage. She believed that it was Barbara Bramble who had said this. "It's not a joke if you know the Amazon, things can be very serious. This is no man's land, you know," she said. She could not forget what had happened to Chico Mendes. She had said to Bramble, "You are very good at fundraising over a corpse, but you didn't get $300 for his security. I think you're all a piece of shit. You have no political maturity."

As it happened, Mallas was staying at the same hotel as Anita Roddick of the Body Shop. Roddick came to Mallas's table for breakfast the day after that unsuccessful meeting with the big foreign NGOs. Mallas told Roddick about Paiakan's security problem, and Roddick said maybe she could help. Suzuki, Mallas, and Fernando

Gabeira, the leader of the Brazilian Green party, then had a meeting to discuss matters. Gabeira is a good friend of Mallas's. She approached Gabeira because he had helped kidnap the American ambassador to Brazil in order to get an exchange of political prisoners in 1969.[7] It was thought he knew a lot about security problems. In the meeting, which Mallas said was held in David Suzuki's room, they explained to Gabeira that they needed a plan to deal with Paiakan's security problem. Suzuki had suggested getting Paiakan out of the country. Gabeira said that Paiakan was safest in the jungle in his opinion but that he needed access to a safe means of travel so he could carry on his work. While no mention was made of a plane, it was well understood that the only way in and out of the rainforest reliably in all seasons is by plane. It was also agreed Paiakan should go to a safe place. Paiakan talked to his wife about going to Vancouver. Roddick said she'd fundraise for the tickets. "That's how he got to Canada."

It had been no major problem to get the plane bought for Paiakan into Brazil. The pilot, Johnson, had already gone back to Vancouver. She thought it was because it was too much of a comedown for him to fly a little plane, not because, as Johnson had told me, Brazilian officials had asked questions about him when his picture and the plane's picture appeared in *Veja* magazine. He'd told me Paiakan had told him to go home. A Brazilian flew the plane now.

And who, I asked, did she think the plane belonged to?

"It belongs to Aukre but it operates, as all the Kayapo planes, it covers all the Kayapo community," she said.

That was not how it was registered with the Brazilian Department of Civil Aviation. While the bill of sale said the indigenous community of Aukre owned the plane, the registered owner in Brazil was the entire indigenous community of Para: the address of the owner was a building owned by FUNAI, the Brazilian federal government's Indian agency in Belem. Somehow, the Body Shop's gift to Paiakan and his village had officially moved into government hands. The plane was also still flying under its U.S. call letters, although the U.S. had struck it from the registry. While being registered to an agency of government it may well have been under the control of private persons, not unlike other public assets in Brazil. The civil aviation authorities had also pointed out to me that morning they only had a radar net around major urban centres. The skies over the Amazon were basically wide open. The plane could go anywhere, and no one would know.

"The donation was for Aukre, to be used the way Aukre wanted," said Mallas. "And this is a fact."

She got up from the table and grabbed her flowered bag.

Why, I asked, had Anita Roddick been the one Mallas asked for money for the plane? She ran a foreign multinational. Why did Mallas think she could trust her with Paiakan's security?

She said it was because of their little talk over breakfast that day. "Ask Anita," she said, and disappeared into the washroom.

When she came back, we talked about the Kayapo selling lumber leases and gold mining rights. She denied none of it. She said there were three groups of Kayapo—one group into timber leases and the other two into mining. She agreed that Kuben-i, who along with Posey and Paiakan had won a Sierra Club prize for environmental protection, had a history of getting drunk and violent, but Paiakan never lost patience with him. Like all great leaders, said Juneia, Paiakan had the compassion to understand the problems of those around him. Gorotire had been so screwed by mines and loggers. She hoped the Body Shop's plans to do brazilnut marketing would bring in more money to them as an alternative. She'd taken Anita Roddick to meet with chiefs the previous August. There was no deal yet, but she trusted Roddick. Everything she said she'd do, she'd done.

I explained how things looked to me. The very groups Mallas derided, the U.S. environment groups that crafted the Agenda now also seemed to control the flow of foreign funds to Brazilian NGOs and the flow of commodities and information out of Brazil. Cultural Survival was acting for the Body Shop, distributing its donations. Cultural Survival's first brazilnut deal had been done with a politician in Acre; Cultural Survival had no plans to do projects with the Kayapo. Nevertheless, all sorts of people seemed to use Paiakan and the Kayapo name to raise funds.

"I don't care," Mallas said, almost with a languor, the kind that comes from true despair. "I really don't—they're all a piece of shit." She said she didn't know about any fundraiser held for Paiakan in November in Vancouver, and she didn't think Paiakan knew about it either. Was I planning to see him? she asked carefully. When?

I told her when. I also told her when I had to leave Brazil.

Yes, she said. Ask Paiakan about that, but don't mention *Veja* magazine.

Why not?

Her eyes went round and opaque. She said he was mad at *Veja* magazine.

Thirteen

A Trip to No Man's Land

The plane slipped down into the clouds, making its descent to Manaus, a city dropped into the geographic centre of the great Amazon rainforest like a small stone floating in the centre of Lake Ontario. Rain lashed and beaded the windows, the clouds obscured everything. I'd been flying for hours out of Brasilia, hoping for an overview, or even a sighting of the fragile, burning, disappearing rainforest. I wanted desperately to see what everyone said they were saving through exploitation.

A burst of rain and we finally came out into the open: a river glinted below, grey, shiny, a thick python oozing through a huge expanse of grey-green. Forest stretched from one end of the horizon to another, rolling forest, dipping forest, forest undulating in the rain-drenched wind. The plane tipped low over the river and over hilltops cleared of trees and underbrush, red sand soil exposed like scalped heads. At the river's edge, houses perched on stilts over the water, little more than roofs with floors. Rough boats were pulled up on small beaches. There was so much forest, such an awesome surround of complex greens that these small signs of human life came like a relief. Mallas's phrase, no man's land, came to mind. A no man's land is a place that exists outside anyone's control—usually a place everybody wants but no one has grabbed.

A beat-up van delivered me from the airport to my hotel. The hotel was huge: it had a pool with a wave and a waterfall, and a bar island in the centre; the rooms had bathrooms big enough to hold a party. There was an arcade for shopping. A jungle was kept under glass in the hotel lobby. A beat-up taxi whizzed me into town, past a huge military compound with a lawn so vast it could have been a country estate in Britain. The tenements and row houses could have been in Toronto or Vancouver, except that there was a tropical effusion to the weeds growing in the cracks in the road. Manaus was like one of those boiling ant colonies in a box set on a desk: a foreign object in the wrong place.

My taxi crossed a wide road and climbed into a suburban enclave—a district of bungalows with carports and tiled roofs. Bougainvillea tumbled over high fences into the street. One of the houses served as headquarters to the WWF/Smithsonian research project called the Dynamics of Forest Fragments Program. Until recently it had got the lion's share of WWF U.S. money sent to Brazil. It had lately been decided by WWF that it was better to spread money on diverse projects, not to put too much in any single one. WWF was pulling out. Tom Lovejoy, in charge of External Affairs at the Smithsonian Institution, but the man who had launched this project when he was Vice President for Science at WWF U.S. was beating the bushes to replace the WWF funds.

The man in charge, Roger Hutchings, a biologist specializing in butterflies, was a blond, bland fellow in his thirties, as American as Mom and apple pie. He berated me for my poor timing. I'd missed the other Canadians suddenly swarming the place. For example, Barbara Zimmerman had been there recently. Maybe I could tell him something about some of the people on a big Canadian delegation who'd promised to come but scrubbed out the day before?

He handed over a sheet with a list of names. The group included the Canadian ambassador to Brazil, John Bell, the political counsellor at the embassy, Tim Lonergan, the environment counsellor, Conrad Sheck, and someone named Arthur Campeau, described as the special adviser on international affairs to the minister of the environment. I had to confess no knowledge of this group.

Hutchings described the research project he ran. The central issue addressed was the causes of diversity, he said. Why is the tropical forest the opposite of a temperate forest with its slow rate of speciation, its measured step-by-step displacement of one species by another as the forest ages? Why is the secondary growth in rainforest less diverse than primary, or uncut, rainforest? What are the root causes of rainforest diversity which is so great one can count one hundred different species of butterflies in a few acres? This particular question raised corollaries. How small could a patch of rainforest be before species diversity slowed down? Conversely, could such diversity be increased?

These questions strangely echoed the political and economic issues posed by Brazil's current push to become a democracy. How much real diversity had to be tolerated by any ruling elite in order to produce the attractive illusion of a flourishing democracy? How much control of the economy could a national elite retain while

allowing some diversity to flourish? Could a country and an economy have just so much democracy and no more?

Manaus, the geopolitical centre of the rainforest and the continent, the centre of Brazil's military power and its parallel government, was also the centre of both Brazil's biological and cultural diversity. Manaus became economically important with the rubber boom at the turn of the century when rubber became an industrial product in demand worldwide. Brazilian rubber trees grow widely scattered. When planted too close together, they succumb rapidly to diseases and pests. As a result, only long trade networks of scattered rubber-tappers could bring the natural rubber to market. For a time Brazil's production dominated the world market. Then a British botanist smuggled living rubber saplings out of Brazil to Britain's Kew Gardens. When planted in the British colonies of Southeast Asia, they grew successfully in plantations. That marked the end of Brazil's dominance of the rubber market and the founding of a new pool of wealth for colonial Britain. It was this economic history that drove Darrell Posey's suggestion that the Kayapo needed patent protection for the useful biota found on their territory, no matter where they might later be developed. Similar shifts in global markets were also surely a reason for the Canadian embassy's official tour. Brazil, formerly a customer for Canadian wheat, was no longer a buyer and had become a competitor as a resource supplier. Opening the Amazon to full development threatened Canada's lumber and mining industries, which provide a significant proportion of employment for Canadians. What if Brazil found efficient ways to grow marketable hardwoods and softwoods in the rainforest in plantation? What if they could dig minerals out of the Amazon free of the northern regulatory requirements, free of concerns about worker safety, free of the difficult political climate of North America and Europe?

The sun shone, the day was bright and clear. Rain puddles sparkled outside Hutchings's research office and water droplets hung like crystals in the bougainvillea. I slid into the jeep beside the tough-looking little driver who would take me to the project's study site in the forest. I was scared. It was more than nerves about the wildlife and diseases I might run into in the jungle (snakes, insects, spiders, or Roger Hutchings's favourite, Leishmaniasis). Juneia Mallas's comments had really begun to unnerve me: in the strange, rain-washed light of Manaus, her story about Paiakan's life being threat-

ened had become a little more believable. Suspicion, like democracy, is infectious.

The four-wheel drive truck was old and filthy. The tiny driver was brown, gnarled, and of an indeterminate age. He threw plastic bags of meat in the back, along with a hammock and blanket I'd borrowed. He put a machete between the front seats. It had no handle—the grip was wrapped with copper wire.

We stopped at a gas station: another small man hopped in the back of the truck without a word, hugging a big bundle on his lap. We drove out to the northeast side of town, along a wide road. Manaus is a free trade zone, a place where Brazilian duties and national content rules do not apply. We passed huge assembly plants for Phillips, Mitsubishi, plants any Ontario official would have been thrilled to place outside any Ontario city. At what seemed to be a military checkpoint, we turned left up a much narrower highway that ran up to Boa Vista, a frontier town in Roraima, the staging ground for miners entering the Yanomami territory on the northern border. This was the road that Darrell Posey had travelled down so many years before.

The roadside houses were large, well built, some with swimming pools, but close beside these advertisements to the good life were home-made shelters set down right on the boundaries between properties. Beside the highway to Boa Vista there were more houses on stilts with doors gaping open, most so badly made the light shone through walls. People walked along the road.

It was hot, the sky was blue and hard to look at. Sweat ran like warm water between my shoulder blades. We turned and left the paved road behind. From the shoulder of the narrow washboard road packed sand fell away in huge chunks. There was green forest all around, except in stagnant pools where old logs lay blackening, but it was not the fierce, closed dark green of a prime northern forest. All the trees were of a slim litheness, their exposed roots like toenails gripping sand. It was easy to see how tall trees would fall over in a big wind storm. The few people walking on the shoulder of the road had character stamped on their faces, marks of experience they were too poor to avoid or remove. Each was a singularity. There were no mosquitos.

Hours later the driver stopped in the middle of the narrow, sandy road and started to unload the truck. A small knapsack and some books sat on a plant at the roadside. A few steps had been chopped into the embankment. These marked the path into the research sta-

tion. There was a thick, wonderful silence. I stood in a full blaze of light in the centre of the road, and sweat bounced off my skin and rained down my face. Thin, tall trees stretched high, and palms spread out like fans below. I opened my lungs to receive the real, clean, forest air and took a deep breath. There was a hint of steam, because it had rained, but there was no scent of freshness, none of the overwhelming sharp/sweet smell any northerner associates with a forest after rain. There was a smell, but it was unnamable, organic. It smelled like meat.

The driver had climbed a little embankment and was already disappearing down the trail. I scrambled to catch up. We went down, then up, then down, I couldn't turn my head fast enough to take it in; I had to watch my footing. The fact that it had taken several hours to get here—only 41 kilometres from Manaus—had begun to sink in. This was no place to be bitten by a snake, to turn an ankle, to be incapacitated by a spider bite. Hadn't someone told me a story about an anthropologist killed by a poisonous frog? The driver yelled to let people at the camp know we were coming. Soon a woman appeared walking up the trail carrying a bundle. She was headed for the truck and town. We walked on, then burst into open ground.

There were sheds without walls, rudimentary shelves nailed between the support posts. Hammocks hung from hooks. Across the clearing in another shed, there was a makeshift kitchen with rough picnic tables, a sink set in a wooden counter and hooked to a water barrel. A stove was hooked up to a bottle of cooking gas. Four men sat at the table eating stew and rice.

A tall young man with long brown hair tucked into a pony tail, a large beard, and an earring in one ear walked in off a trail. In perfect English, he introduced himself as Marcelo. He said he was a history student at the University in Brasilia, where both his parents were professors, that he was here to study monkey behaviour. It was not clear why. Later, he would say he was a Marxist (big eyes checking for the effect) and the president of his university's student council. He despaired of the political commitment of his fellow students. They were children of the rich; the kids who got to university came from private schools. His classmates were driven by chauffeurs. He despaired of those who thought the end of communism in the Soviet Union meant the failure of Marxism as an ideology. He despaired of finding the monkeys he was supposed to study. He also despaired for this project. He didn't know why, exactly, but he was just suspicious. Money was too tight. He'd ask for things, and Roger Hutchings

would say no money, but then it would appear. Some of the people working as assistants were living in nice houses in the town and driving nice cars, and they weren't paid enough to account for that. The food, when it came, was often bad. There was something going on all right. Even Roger didn't seem to give a damn anymore.

Later, a man and woman emerged from a third trail. Both were very small. He carried a large pack on his back, and so did she. She was thin, with perfect posture, short brown hair, and a face closed in on itself. She presented a complete silence to the world. He couldn't stop talking. He had short greying bristled hair, short arms, short legs, pebbly greyish skin that he kept scratching at. His arms were covered with red bumps, bites he said he'd got from the bugs in his blanket. He introduced himself as Bernie Krause of San Francisco, down here to do some eco-recording. His associate was Ruth Happel. They had in their packs supersensitive recorders capable of capturing the tiniest sounds of the forest and reproducing them with the highest fidelity. His business was to make recordings of disappearing environments, environments not yet polluted by the sounds of development. Happel, also an American and a doctoral candidate in anthropology, had studied primates in rainforests all over the world. Why didn't I bring my hammock to the "leper" colony with them and string it up alongside theirs?

What luck, I thought, as I followed them up a short trail to another shed hidden behind a screen of trees. English speakers, and another woman. Krause, who had visited lots of rainforests before, had also brought to this one a portable shower bag, which he'd strung up on a pole by a little brook below the camp. Someone had set up a bridge of planks across the brook. To have a shower, one stripped down, stood on the planks, and let the water cascade.

No shower ever felt so good. I could see small fish swimming around in the clear water. Later, I sat down on the little hill above the brook. There were no human voices to be heard, just animal chatter, bird calls, the rustle of leaves falling, the wind pushing on trees, the creaks of limbs rubbing on each other like old joints. Beside the brook a round spider's web ran right down into the water. Water drops sparkled as if they had frozen.

I was all alone in the Library of Alexandria. The light filtered so softly down from the tallest trees, down through the next level of palms, then down to the brush. Flowering bromeliads grew out of the tree trunks high over my head. At every level something had staked out its bit of territory, to be defended by any means from

deceptive coloration to poison. Butterflies drifted by. Between my ankles a stream of tiny red ants gathered, forming a line. They passed from one to another the corpse of a wasp. It tossed and turned aimlessly, like a leaf drifting down a thin red stream. Off to my right the taller trees had very weird tents attached to them, made of what looked like parchment, shaped like cigars ten feet long. Termite nests, I was told later.

Anita Roddick was right. It was paradise.

Bernie Krause snuck up behind me and stuck his microphone straight into the mud at the bottom of the washing pool. He stuck his earphones on my head. I heard weird sounds, crunching sounds, like a dog chewing bones.

What the hell are those weird sounds? I asked.

Why, I was very lucky, he said, the only person in the whole world to hear such sounds.

But what are they? I asked.

How the hell should I know? he said. Maybe larvae, maybe this, maybe that. He'd have to take a core sample to find out.

Krause and Happel were on their way to record more eco-sounds over by another little pool up another trail. I was glad to see them go. Krause had already found occasion to explain that while he lived in San Francisco, he knew Canada really well. He knew Algonquin Park, he knew Toronto, he even knew Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, my home town. He'd sung there in a coffee house back in the dim recesses of time, back when he still sang with the Weavers. He had also told me how he partied with the Doors in the days when Jim Morrison travelled with a portable pharmacopeia. When he started to talk about his colleague Ruth Happel's background, my irritation with his constant chatter switched to a Brazilian level of suspicion. Did I know, he said, that Happel was doing her doctorate in primatology through the anthropology department at Harvard? That was Maybury-Lewis's department, launch pad for Cultural Survival Inc.

A tiny little zing went off in my stomach, a butterfly of strange ancestry dashing against my ribcage. It wasn't so much that the odds against such a random encounter were so high, although I thought they probably were, it was that he was so damn aggressive about how much we all had in common. I began to reflect on the fact that the two of them were travelling together, Americans, a man and a woman. In the old days of the Repression, I'd been told by a Canadian priest who served near Recife, American couples had come to

Brazil from the AFL-CIO or from USAID. They had been nice, gentle, but some of them were debriefed at the U.S. embassy, and, sometimes, after they visited, people disappeared.

I pushed down the fear and asked questions. Krause had come often to Canada as a child: his father had been a labour lawyer for the United Auto Workers (UAW)[1] based out of New York and Detroit. Krause had become interested in environment issues in 1978. He'd found himself restricted from entering certain areas he wanted to visit, certain places where only scientists could get access. He had acquired a doctorate in bio-accoustics so he could go wherever he wanted. When he'd started this business of recording natural sounds, he'd been able to go into wilderness areas and get fifteen minutes of pure and useable material in twenty hours of recording. Development had since gone wild. It took him five hundred hours of recording to get the same product. He resented it and it scared him.

I explained I was working on a magazine story. He began to lecture me. He wanted to get in his two cents worth to make certain I understood the meaning of the facts. "We've got away from that idea that everything interdepends on every other aspect. ... When one [thing] gets fucked up, others do. My work is habitat ambience. I take base line samples of habitat. I compare it over time to see whether it's changing or in what ways. Every place on the planet has a unique sound of its own. Fifty metres [away] there's a different ambience." As soon as an acre of rainforest was cut in the Amazon, that special set of sounds died forever. He despaired of turning things around in time.

Later he came at this theme again. "The sounds we're recording our children aren't gonna hear because they're not gonna be here. Ruth and I have been talking about how scientists and academics approach the environment." He was incensed by their approach. They didn't care about conservation; they wouldn't rock boats. Only about one-tenth of the real story ever got out to the public. "The whole issue of the environment has become political—from the point of view of the scientists who have to protect his or her credibility. I am an academic, scientist, and artist. ... A few people are outraged and doing something. Carl Sagan, Dan Jensen, there have to be people in Canada taking the lead. I believe, like Kurt Vonnegut said in an interview, that we have reached the end of the rope for *homo sapiens*. The best thing to do is find a dignified way out. I drag my ass through the forests 'cause I still have a sense of miracle and some hopes. Maybe someone will see the light." Krause also put his faith in

people like Sting, the Grateful Dead, Robert Redford. On the other hand, he worried the arts community would treat the environment like just another fad, that his oxygen and his clean water and his non-poisonous food supply would not be paid attention to after the fad ran its course. He wanted his kids to be able to hear these sounds. No, he didn't have any kids, he was speaking metaphorically, but he wanted my kids to be able to hear the sounds of this jungle. He thought Ted Turner was beginning to realize that these issues mattered; even as an entrepreneur he was beginning to develop some sensitivity. But "our end is not something people are prepared to deal with," said Krause. "However, you and Steve, you've been in Toronto a long time."

The butterflies broke loose inside and whammed up against my ribcage. He knew my husband's name. I had no recollection of mentioning it to him. So how did he know? My ears buzzed, I could barely hear him. "How did you know my husband's name?" I asked.

"I took a guess," he said.

"How did you know his name?" I demanded.

"You told me," he said.

I was sure I hadn't. Could I have mentioned it and forgotten?

Fear grows like moss, on the dark side. I tried not to let anyone see it growing in me, but it crawled up my skin and sat there and wouldn't go away. I kept telling myself that visiting the forest at the WWF/Smithsonian station had to be safe. What could go wrong on premises developed by two world-renowned organizations?

The dark side whispered that there was a file on me somewhere that Krause had seen, maybe the two of them had seen, that's where he got my husband's name. Whose file? Empires of doubt built on foundations of uncertainty. Who would care enough about the ruminations of one lone journalist to make a file? I answered: there is no better journalist to present only one view of things than a scared journalist. Self-censorship is more dangerous than any other kind. I shook myself. This kind of thinking was going right over the line.

I sat at a table in the cooking area and talked to Marcelo. It was very dark. There was a gas lantern, flashlights. I could just make out the outlines of the squat banana tree behind the stove. Krause and Happel suddenly appeared out of the gloom. Krause said they were going for a night hike to record night sounds. He thought I should go too. I said I really didn't want to. He insisted.

I got my compass and water bottle, pulled socks up over my pant legs, and dusted down with chigger repellant. I thought about all the life-threatening accidents that could befall one on a hike through the rainforest at night. We stepped into the jungle. My heart pounded in my throat as I walked between them up the dark trail. Happel was in the lead because she was the snake expert. It was safe to put my foot where she had put hers. She lifted each foot high and carefully put it down. She had a flashlight. He had a flashlight. They both had their recorder packs and folding stools.

There were weird sounds, bangs, whistles, and the thumper noises. Frogs, tiny, and almost transparent, clung to the thin tree trunks. Krause shone his light on one and said not to touch it. He also sniffed the air and said he smelled peccary. I couldn't smell a thing, but I began to take his point that this place sounded like no other on earth. It was all so different at night when one was not distracted by the colour and the sunlight and the gleam of water. The senses focused on the sounds, and they were rich, cacophonous, and sometimes almost musical.

We came to a clearing. They pulled out their stools and equipment. Krause pushed me down on one stool and stuck an audio headset on my head. He plugged it into his recorder/amplifier and cranked up the volume. The screams of the howler monkeys poured into my ears like the wails of banshees come to claim the dead. They pounded and thrilled and yelled and screeched. Bats whizzed. Insects whirred and chittered. Beneath it all there was a thin, steady, rising and falling melody, like an old man singing somewhere out in the bush. Happel had frozen immobile as a statue so as to make no inadvertent sound that would interfere with the purity of what was recorded. Krause squatted like a gnome turned into grey stone by some passing ogre.

We sat and listened to the night. Then Krause said it was time to pack it in. Happel wanted to stay. I turned and followed him back the way we'd come. He shone his light on the trail. There was a spider in its web. "That'll bite ya," he snickered.

At breakfast, Happel began to talk. She knew quite a bit about Cultural Survival Inc. She had no difficulty with my notion that anthropologists made perfect suppliers of information to governments or others. She proffered examples to buttress the case—young men who went off for a long time, came back, published nothing, and got their degrees anyway. She said females tended to be treated differently. Happel had been told after she finished her doctoral

thesis that her subject should not have been approved even though she'd already published her thesis in a peer-reviewed journal. She was disgusted.[2]

She had quite a bit to say about persons of mutual interest, some of it scurrilous, as we waited for the truck to take us back to town. Strangely, this made the fear grow again. It was as if I were being offered heaps of scandal on a platter, material that could be choked on if swallowed. We climbed slowly up the trail to the road and got into the truck together. Krause sat on one side of me, Happel on the other. They both held their recording gear on their laps. Happel's hand constantly stole inside the covering, as if she was checking levels, fiddling with a volume control.

One of the research assistants leaned against the front of the truck. He wore a Noranda Inc. T-shirt with the letters C.J. Zimmerman on the back. I leaned back and asked Happel if she knew Barbara Zimmerman. She said she did.

How had she met her? I asked. Had she been out here before?

A thin red flush crept up her neck. No, she said. She had not been here before. She had met Barbara Zimmerman at some academic conference or other, maybe five or six years earlier.

How's that? I asked. Zimmerman was interested in frogs. Happel studied primates.

Happel's eyes slid away to stare out the window.

The truck eventually veered out onto the main highway. Krause said he didn't like the Amazon any more. He remembered it the way it used to be, back before development. He'd been in Manaus in the late 1950s, back when the vines still crept over the roof of the Manaus Opera House and monkeys swung from its chandeliers.

And what was he doing here way back then?

At seventeen he'd left home and travelled around as a folk singer. He'd gone around on the "diplomatic circuit." He had worked in every American embassy in Central and South America.

Fourteen

Seeing Is Believing

Fear became part of my natural habitat after Manaus: like chicory in the coffee, it flavoured everything. I went next to Belem, where Darrell Posey still had an academic appointment at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi, where Paiakan had lived off and on for years. I still thought that the political network I was tracing could be understood as if it were some kind of machine. My mind was cluttered up with industrial age political metaphors—ward heelers, patronage chiefs, hierarchies of power, cogs, boxes, and levers. I still thought in terms of beginnings and endings: as in—where did this Agenda really begin? Who started this? I did not yet understand that I had to revise all my old concepts of how politics are ordered, that only organic metaphors would work to describe the Agenda and its genesis. It was Belem that finally undermined my faith in machine analogies.

Belem is a demonstration of the power of chaos over order. On the east coast of Brazil, at the mouth of the great Amazon system where its various branches pour their contents into the Atlantic, in Belem only anarchy ties things together. The old town has a small seventeenth-century citadel and antique cannon that point to the harbour: it is laid out like a Portuguese fishing village. There is an open air market that doesn't appear to have changed much in three hundred years. On the other hand, the suburbs are like Texas. Everything is too big, the roads, the soccer stadium, even the *favelas* or shanty towns that sprout on the big ranchlike properties. Donkeys hauled wagons on one street, while on a perpendicular road large Mercedes whizzed by. The best-kept public buildings seemed to belong to the military. No century, no vision, no mechanics could be said to dominate Belem: all timestreams compete for attention.

Belem has been the port for the Amazon river trade since the sixteenth century. The Portuguese used it as a launch pad for their military forays into the Amazon, the Jesuit missionaries as their entrée to a continent of souls. Both set up trade networks back to

Europe. It was a military revolt in Belem that launched the fight for Brazilian independence from Portugal in the nineteenth-century. Manaus is six days up river by boat. Sao Paulo is sixteen hundred miles south. Belem is as far from the centre of Brazilian commercial and political life as Chesterfield Inlet is from Toronto and Ottawa. It is still the port of entry and exit for the Amazon trade: the ties to Europe are still strong. As far as some were concerned, Belem had become the port of exit for cocaine from Colombia to the world.[1]

My translator, Pedro, and his friend and driver, Navarro, drove me to my four-star hotel which turned out to be like a run-down Holiday Inn. We took a route through the poorest *favela* I'd seen, houses and canteens that seemed little better than lean-tos made of sticks, one falling on another, higgledy-piggledy, as far as I could see. The streets were mud with puddles. Children wandered freely. "Does this shock you?" asked Pedro continuously. Yes, Pedro, I said, but the truth was it didn't. I was getting used to the divide, sharp as wire, between the rich and poor. I thought of the perfect young woman in the airport in Manaus who was put on the plane before the others. She walked from the VIP lounge on heels like stilts. She had carried no luggage, just a little silver shopping bag. The rest waited in a mob; they pushed and shoved for seats because no one bothered with seat selection. Pedro complained bitterly about public corruption. Para state had everything it needed plus gold, diamonds, yet it all just disappeared, stolen. Public theft by private interests is an old story, but Brazilians had created their own spectacular forms of abuse. Pedro believed that elected officials served only themselves and their friends; there were no consequences for wallowing in the public trough. Brazilian politicians had decoupled themselves from the necessity to deliver services in return for a vote. In such a political habitat, one had to demonstrate power like a crime boss to get anyone's support.

My hotel was right across the street from a *favela*. The hotel had a pool, restaurant, marble-floored lobby. The river was right behind the swimming pool. Moored to the dock was a tourist boat that offered river rides. Across from the dock, the river curved against a wall of green, a forest thick and featureless as a Florida mangrove swamp. As the tide went out, the river mud lay exposed, shining like wet pewter in the gloomy half sun. The smell of feces rose up and struck me like a fist in the face.

I had checked for and found Paiakan's address in the Belem telephone book. I wanted to see for myself whether he was a man

who lived high off the hog, a would-be politician tasting pork and power without having yet stood for office. Pedro and his friend drove me to Paiakan's neighbourhood. It was flat, like a prairie town. Houses of completely different character and quality were right beside each other. One monster with a satellite dish on its roof sprawled over two properties. A few doors away was the kind of home once featured on fund-raising ads by the Unitarian Service Committee. A pregnant woman stood barefoot in the doorframe chewing at something.

Paiakan's house was neither large nor small. It was neat, modern, stuccoed, a one-storey shoebox with a little tiled courtyard in front, a carved wooden front door beside glass sliding doors covered by an iron grill. The grill was locked; the sliding door was open. A campaign sticker for the "Toucano" presidential candidate Mario Coves was stuck on one side of the door. Pedro knocked, then put his head through the opening and called inside. Two children sat in the living room, curled up on a couch, watching a television in a wall unit. The furniture was vinyl and had seen better days. The dining table and chairs were made of formica and stainless steel.There was a poster of the rainforest, forlorn and alone, high up on a wall. The woman who answered Pedro's call said she was Paiakan's housekeeper and the children were hers. Paiakan had recently gone down to Redencao and he did not intend to return until February 18 (the day after I had to leave the country, as I had lately told Juneia).

In Toronto or on the Prairies, Paiakan's house would have been the home of a working man with average income. It was also insecure: whomever Paiakan was afraid of, he didn't expect to have any trouble in Belem. However, it was not the house that aroused Pedro's envious attention, but the fact that Paiakan had a telephone registered in his own name. Pedro spoke three languages well, worked in the travel business, and earned dollars on the side: he lived at home with his mother. Nevertheless, Pedro couldn't afford a telephone. For Pedro, the Monza car Paiakan owned was out of the question. A plane was pure fantasy.

Sergio Palmquist, a journalist with *Veja* magazine and based in Belem, took me hunting for the lawyer who'd acted for Paiakan and Posey. Jose Carlos Castro was a well-known figure in Belem and seemed to know those on the Agenda network. Castro would be able to answer all questions, Palmquist thought. We had been unable to find him by telephone: he was said to be out. "Out," according to Palmquist, meant drinking.

It was Palmquist who turned out to be among the most informative persons I talked to about the operations of the Agenda network in Brazil. He enlightened me almost inadvertently. I had naively assumed that Brazilian charities operate under rules similar to those of their Canadian and American counterparts, that Brazilian charities are legally unable to play any role in Brazilian politics. It was Palmquist who explained that Brazilian charities are allowed to be closely involved with politics and politicians. Canadian officials took no legal risks giving money to Brazilian charities involved in politics. Brazil was set up that way—these links were part of the system of arrangements in the new democracy.

Palmquist was a thin man with a day's growth of beard on his chin. He spoke English carefully and French ably, both in a sympathetic way. His hair was pepper and salt; he wore thin, gold-framed glasses. He was helpful and courteous far beyond the niceties journalists extend to others from out of town. A Paris-trained agronomist, Palmquist had been covering events in the Amazon from Belem for ten years. He worked for a conservative newsmagazine, but he was a supporter of the left. We had checked bars for Castro but couldn't find him so we stopped instead by Palmquist's *Veja* bureau office. He flipped through old photographs and files on the Kayapo. Palmquist was aware that Paiakan had been employed until the summer of 1989 by FUNAI, which he described as a very mixed institution. The superintendent of FUNAI in Belem did as he was told: Paiakan had worked for his predecessor, Salamao Santos, a person Palmquist said was well intentioned. Nevertheless, regardless of who ran it, in his view FUNAI was a tainted instrument. It took the position that Indians should be integrated into white society. In practical terms, that meant Indian land would end up owned by whites. In Palmquist's time in Belem, the pressure on Indians to give up their land had been unrelenting. Justification had been set in the context of the greater needs of other poor groups: this always worked against the Indians, who are few in number. How could one argue that the needs of twelve thousand Yanomami took precedence over the needs of forty-five thousand poor *garimpeiros* who flooded onto their lands? In the face of this continual pressure, the Kayapo had fought to maintain their culture and themselves and paid in pollution of their river. But Palmquist argued, like Posey and Bramble, that the percentage they got from gold mining had been necessary to maintain their land and integrity. Of course he recognized the paradox—that as soon as they participated in the Brazilian economy,

"they become like us." Palmquist also worried that Darrell Posey's arguments about how the Kayapo had managed the rainforest would be used by forces in the South who believed that the whole Amazon could be managed, controlled, and zoned like anyplace else. His own magazine supported such development. Those like Palmquist who argued in favour of Indian land claims had been accused of ulterior motives, even of exploiting Indians for gold. An NGO called CIMI, Conselho Indigena Missionario, a Catholic group, and the Summer Institute of Linguistics, an organization of foreign Protestant missionaries, had been accused of such exploitation. The Summer Institute had an office in Belem, and their missionaries lived among the Kayapo. (A Canadian missionary woman who worked for the institute had helped translate the Bible into Kayapo.) There had been allegations that the institute, which had similar missions in many countries besides Brazil, used them "as fronts to make prospecting for gold and minerals." Similar allegations had been made about CIMI.

Palmquist pulled from his files a picture taken in 1985 of the Kayapo chief Pombo. He was shown distributing to other warriors cash from the exploitation of gold. He sat at a table with the cash in piles in front of him. According to Palmquist, since Pombo could not count, he made allocations by the inch. The picture had been taken by Naim Benedetto, Juneia Mallas's colleague. There was no gold near Aukre, Paiakan's village, according to Palmquist, but "wood exploiters" had already gone there with gifts. This is the way Indian villages are opened to white people—first, there had to be gifts. Often these things happened without FUNAI's knowledge. Palmquist remembered going to the Kayapo village of Kikretum and finding a farm and a landing strip that FUNAI didn't know about. The farm was not small—about ten thousand hectares—and it was right on Indian land. Palmquist believed that it didn't matter what the Brazilian constitution said about demarcated Indian land being closed to everyone but Indians. "Everybody goes there [like the] Yanomami—everyone knows it's forbidden but they are there." Palmquist and his colleague at *Veja*, Abner Gondon, had done a story on Paiakan's plane. Paiakan had been incensed, not because of the picture in the magazine of the plane but because he was also shown in front of a bank beside his car. Palmquist said such a car could only be bought by 1 per cent of Brazilians. Paiakan thought these pictures made him look like a maharajah.[2]

Palmquist explained that reality in Brazil is that public laws and private behaviour are often completely at odds. In 1986, the army, which, in Palmquist's curious phrase, was "above suspicion," had claimed it was essential to national security to take possession of the northern border—the boundaries between Brazil and Venezuela, Colombia, Guyana. Palmquist believed that by "control" they meant exploitation of resources. Similarly, there were great laws on the books about election expenses. There were strict limits on how much one could contribute, and all campaign expenses and contributions had to be made public. Deputies are not allowed to accept contributions personally or to control their businesses while in office. Companies are not allowed to make campaign contributions, only individuals and charities are allowed to contribute to political campaigns, he said.

I sat upright in my chair as he spoke. At first I thought I had misheard him. I said I was sure he said that charities could legally make campaign contributions in Brazil.

He said he had.

Now I understood why those in the U.S. working on the Agenda were so happy to fund charities in Brazil that were active in politics, why no one seemed worried about doing so. It was legal in Brazil. If a foreign corporation wanted to influence a Brazilian politician, it could hand him money through a charity. No wonder the Body Shop's Gordon Roddick thought their charitable contributions through Cultural Survival Inc. might have had an impact on the Brazilian election. While Canadian and U.S. laws forbid political behaviour and political contributions by charities, such contributions became legal if a Brazilian charity received these funds and then passed them on. Viewed in this light, Brazilian NGOs were like permeable membranes through which governments like Canada, the U.S., Germany, Switzerland, or Britain or businesses like the Body Shop and Brascan could make arrangements with decision makers in the biggest economy in Latin America. No wonder the Brazilian representative to the World Bank, Pedro Malan, had been so worried about what would happen if the U.S.-dominated staff of the World Bank gave large sums to Brazilian charities. He had said NGOs were often affiliated with political parties. Goodland's comments on Ambassador Bell's use of the Canada Fund as a catalyst to get winning leverage for Canada all over Brazil now began to make sense too. Brazilian NGO charities were set up to be the cleaning ladies in the

new Brazilian democratic politics. Politicians of all persuasions could benefit from such arrangements.[3]

Jose Carlos Castro, Paiakan and Posey's lawyer, arrived unexpectedly at the lobby of my hotel. He had heard Palmquist and I were looking for him. It was late in the evening, and he was in a state that used to be characterized in press gallery dispatches as tired or emotional. He ordered a large scotch and ice from the bar and slumped into a lobby chair. He was in his middle sixties with thinning, grey crimped hair, glasses, a mustache, and flushed skin. One could imagine him on a better day properly attired for the courts and delivering a magnificent line of oratory. Now his pink shirt was open half way down his chest, shirt tail out the back, and he wore his moccasins with no socks. He wanted certain things understood. He was a serious man: he was president of the Order of Advocates' Committee of Human Rights (Para section). He had a doctorate from the Sorbonne. He taught jurisprudence at a university. Generally, he said, he acted on issues relating to people without land. He also acted as defence counsel on charges against the communist parties in Belem. There were two communist parties: one was the Albanian wing, the other "Moscow." He'd been invited to work on the Chico Mendes process too, but had turned it down since Acre was so far from Belem. Castro made it clear he had powerful foreign friends, including Lech Walesa of Poland, the Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega of Nicaragua, and Alan Garcia, a former president of Peru. He wanted his own politics clearly stated. Castro said he was an active member of the PT, a socialist party led in the presidential election by Lula. He said Paiakan was not associated with the PT but with the party of Mario Coves. Coves was the leader of a liberal party, the same party Fabio Feldmann represented in the national Congress. At the end of the presidential election campaign, Coves had thrown his support to the coalition supporting the PT's Lula.

Castro had defended Posey and Paiakan from the Brazilian state's allegations that they, as foreigners, had been seditious. He said he had shown the court successfully that Indians could not be treated as foreigners under the law. At that point, the whole case fell apart. The process had been dropped October 24, 1989, during the final days of the presidential election campaign. By then, it had become clear to Castro that the state security apparatus was anxious to dispose of it.

Castro said he had also established Darrell Posey's Instituto Nacional do Ethnobiologica as a legal charitable entity. Everybody

loved Posey, he said, waving his hands spasmodically across his chest, "except La Penha," the administrator at the Museu Goeldi, Darrell Posey's boss.

It was a hot, sticky morning in Belem on the day I walked through the gate of the Museu Goeldi. Posey was still in Germany. I wanted to get a sense of how Posey's colleagues and his boss viewed his behaviour, whether the Museu as an institution was linked to the Agenda or just some of the academics who work there. This museum, the oldest scientific establishment in Brazil, dated back 124 years and commands a huge area near the commercial centre of Belem. It is surrounded by a high stuccoed wall, and inside, the grounds are like a groomed jungle with animal and arboreal displays. Darrell Posey had an office in one of the buildings scattered around this compound: the director's building was a modern structure attached to a small, old Portuguese colonial style house, windows, set deep in thick walls, both shuttered and silk-curtained. Its occupant, Dr. Guilherme La Penha, the director of the Museu, was anything but old-fashioned. He was a large young man, square, with dark curly hair and a beard, wearing blue jeans and a shirt open at the neck. A pendant nestled inside his collar. At the Smithsonian in Washington they thought most highly of him, but in certain Brazilian circles he was an object of real suspicion. Under the military-backed government, he had served as an adviser to the Ministry of Information (known by its acronym SIE), considered the internal organ the government used to spy on Brazilians. Subsequently, he had worked for the Organization of American States in Washington. It was said that he was the government's watchdog on whatever the researchers were up to at the Museu. La Penha was trained as a mathematician, but it was said his real work is politics.

He had gathered a number of the Museu Goeldi's senior scientists around a large table in his office to talk to me—which meant we spoke to each other officially, under the watchful eye of the man in charge of foreign affairs for the museum. There was a primatologist, Dr. Marcio Ayers; a biological anthropologist, Dr. Walter Neves, who was also on the board of the Brazilian branch of Sting's Rainforest Foundation; and Dr. William Overal, who was on the founding board of Posey's ethnobiological foundation. I explained what I was learning about the ties between Brazilian NGOs, foreign governments, foreign charities, and commercial interests seemingly joined in the cause of defense of the rainforest. In short, I explained the

Agenda. I asked if any of them had received funds or had contracts from the Body Shop International PLC.

Dr. Ayres answered that only Paiakan had received money from them, in the form of an airplane. This caused a wave of titters around the table. Dr. La Penha then acknowledged that Gordon Roddick had visited at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi and met with Posey and another scientist interested in the chemical properties of plants, but not officially. There had been recent official negotiations between the Museu and the British Overseas Development Agency (ODA). Two research projects had also been submitted to Canada's CIDA for funding. Did I know that the ambassador to Brazil from Canada had been at the Goeldi not so long ago with former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau? Did I know that the Canadian ambassador had come back to the Goeldi only two weeks ago, this time in company with 65 people from the Canadian military, something called the National Defence College? Could I perhaps tell him why? They had left the Museu a lovely book on Canada's national parks. The Canadian military had never come to the Museu before. Did I know why all these Canadians were suddenly so interested in the Brazilian rainforest?

I said I wasn't certain.

La Penha then described how various Museu Goeldi scholars had gotten involved in making evaluations of the Xingu River dam proposal. Eletronorte had subcontracted the environmental impact studies to an engineering group that had in turn contacted the Goeldi. Dr. Ayers had done a primate study; the natural history study was also done by people at the Goeldi. Posey had offered himself to do the human impact study. Posey had brought to the field fourteen persons who were "undergraduates." The use of young students to do such research was normal; scholars took these contracts as a way of getting research money to help their students learn. However, Posey also had two lawyers on this staff, and the people who went to the field for Posey were very young, under twenty-five. Instead of supervising them, Posey had been mostly out of the country. While he knew there was opposition from the Brazilian Association of Anthropologists to doing these impact assessments, La Penha nevertheless believed it important that senior scholars and institutions do the work: if they didn't, he argued, the companies could always arrange for fake anthropologists to write reports. What had riled La Penha about Posey was that he could have used scientific data to argue against the Xingu dam. La Penha then launched himself on an apologia for major hydro development in the Amazon. He said that

Brazil was going to have energy problems in the next five years. Brazil had no oil or gas to speak of: they'd tried nuclear, and the one plant built so far was known as the plant that never worked. They had no alternative to hydro dams. La Penha insisted it was possible to make dams with a minimum of impact.

The other scientists sitting and listening to him talk began to squirm in their chairs as he said this, but they remained silent.

La Penha also wanted to say that neither Posey nor Paiakan had actually been arrested. There had been an indictment under the federal law; Posey only had to "respond" to a federal judge, and the Museu had sent a lawyer along with him.

By the time the subject turned to Brazilian NGOs getting funds from foreign governments, Dr. Overal, educated in the U.S., was flushed with anger. Overal said that contrary to Castro's assertions that Posey's ethnobiological foundation was already incorporated, it was still in the process of being set up as a non-profit in the state of Para. Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc. had given them start-up funds. The board was still provisional but so far consisted of Posey, Elaine Elizabethsky, himself, and Jason Clay. The Body Shop International PLC had said they would purchase from them annatto, a plant seed used to make a body paint and a natural food colour, if the foundation could find reliable suppliers. The Body Shop was also interested in essential oils for perfumes and cosmetics. The Goeldi had a study going of such substances. The Body Shop had pressured the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew to include this study in a funding package from Britain.

I noted that while the Kayapo did not figure on his list of possible suppliers, their doings were of considerable interest at the Goeldi. The Kayapo had recently designated a new chief of chiefs, I was told, a position that had been left unfilled since the 1920s. The new unifier of the whole Kayapo nation was none other than Kuben-i, the man who had stood up the Sierra Club in Ann Arbor, stood up the American Anthropological Association and the Congressional Human Rights Caucus, and behind whom awful stories spread like dark contrails. The story of Kuben-i taking apart the Redencao hospital was old news at the Museu. "More recently," said Overal, "he went to a police station in Conceicao do Araguaia with automatic weapons." He had allegedly taken the weapons from the police station and not been arrested. This was normal in Para. "There were four hundred people shot in Para in four years due to land tenure problems. Every-

body has automatic guns in the Amazon. There is smuggling of gold and they change gold for arms."

La Penha said other Indians too were getting money from timber, gold and NGOs.

Were native people actively running for office anywhere? Could they form political majorities anywhere? I asked. I knew Paiakan had supported Coves; the PT and other parties had certainly taken up native rights as an issue of importance. This was reminiscent of support given by some native groups in Canada to John Munro, once the minister of Indian affairs, when he ran for the leadership of the Liberal Party.

La Penha did not think Paiakan was active in politics, but he did acknowledge that Brazilian Indians could vote if they registered. In some areas, like the Upper Solimoes, if they registered they would definitely become political factors.

I pointed out the dangers of Brazilian NGOs active in politics, accepting funds from foreign governments and interests that wanted to influence events in Brazil.

Dr. Neves, on the board of Sting's Rainforest Foundation in Brazil, said it didn't matter what the motives might be behind those giving Brazilian NGOs funds. Some money was better than no money: as long as its use was controlled by Brazilians, things would work out. It was up to his colleagues as scientists and activists to put the money to the proper use.

La Penha argued that the Agenda as I'd described it was not actually focused on Brazil or Brazilian politics anyway. He said the foreign NGOs involved actually wanted to increase the strength of their lobby in front of the U.S. Congress. "The Amazon doesn't matter. There is a place, a strip tease place, in Belem—a body shop as they say in the U.S. The strip girls bring people back to a house. At the end, they die of AIDS. The guy who runs the house gets richer. The Amazon is the strip joint."

Not being a mathematician, it took me a while to work out in my head the corollaries of this statement.

Who is the owner? I finally asked.

"I don't know who the owner is," said La Penha.

By the time I got to Sao Paulo, La Penha's metaphor had begun to do its work—make me see old facts in a new light. It dawned on me that I had to consider the possibility that Brazilians with political ambitions had sought out North Americans and sold them on the

Agenda, not the other way around, that Brazilians had conceived of this network as a series of connected channels to bring foreign funds into emerging Brazilian democratic politics. Dr. Neves had said, among other things, that Brazil is totally corrupt, a land with no stable civil society. A land of great laws and private arrangements needed many channels to give and to receive, preferably channels with multiple use. It was obvious in the airport at Sao Paulo that the business and political powers had served themselves with great efficiency. The airport was a marvel of clean, orderly, up-to-the-minute development. My tourist transfer agent carried a cellular phone in his briefcase and said he was available at the touch of some phone buttons twenty-four hours a day. The *favelas* lined up right beside the freeway into town, just plunked there in the middle of the plains, mile upon mile of degraded human circumstance, didn't impede traffic.

Veja's head office was in Sao Paulo. Euripedes Alcantara, an award-winning senior staff member, had been writing on the Amazon for years. He was kind enough to offer his insights and advice: he made me see that an agent of foreign influence in Brazil (or elsewhere) need not even be aware of his role in order to give good service. In fact, such self-knowledge might even impede performance. Alcantara was a deceptively tall man, wearing a well-pressed khaki shirt and pants and desert boots. He moved with the knockkneed awkwardness of a British schoolboy. On his new desk there was a brand new copy of the green book of the moment, William McGibbon's scream of outrage, *The End of Nature*.

Who Alcantara knew and who he didn't know in the Agenda network was fascinating. The Kayapo were known to Alcantara as "Indian nations that have established with the white man a very productive way of living. They get money from every *garimpeiro* they allow to search for gold." He did not think they were involved in smuggling, as were the *garimpeiros*. "They are very legal," he said. "They like to play by the rules." He knew Paiakan, whom he described as a person living "very comfortably." While Chico Mendes had been seen abroad as an ecologist, Alcantara said if he was seen at all in Brazilian mainstream media, it was as a man with strong political beliefs. "Chico Mendes was an extreme leftist," he said. He thought Mendes had belonged to the Partida Comunista do Brasil, "the Stalinist one." But in point of fact, Mendes was hardly seen at all in the Brazilian media. *Veja* had not printed any stories on Mendes. "We never recognized that he was an environmentalist," Alcan-

tara explained. As far as he could tell, only one large Sao Paulo newspaper had published anything on Mendes, and that was only a month before his death.

However, while *Veja* had written Mendes off as a hard leftist who should not get any public attention, this was not the same as saying *Veja* personnel paid no attention to Mendes. Those in the know, knew. Alcantara had known Mendes as an organizer of rubbertappers, but he had seen the rubbertapper's union as people organizing against the flow of economic history. The idea that the Amazon as a forest system was in danger he considered utter nonsense. He'd flown in a small plane for ten hours without seeing a sign of human habitation. The forest was not going to vanish: most of the land was useless for anything else. In his opinion the real environment problem in the Amazon was Projecto Carajas, the $60-billion mining operation near Kayapo lands in Para where people were cutting hardwoods and burning them for charcoal to smelt pig iron. "This is a crime," he said firmly. Such an environmental crime had happened before in Minas Gerais, a state where the forest had disappeared to serve the needs of another huge mine.

Alcanatara said there was a military man who was an expert on these matters who thought that people with an interest in Indians in Brazil, particularly those in the U.S. and Britain, actually had a more profound interest in the Amazon's wealth, its gold, uranium, iron, rare earths, and bauxite "that the Canadians help us get out." There were no secrets about the vast wealth under the ground in the Amazon. In the late 1970s, using side-scan radar and infrared technology, the Brazilian government had made a mineral and metals survey called RADAM. The results had been made available to Brazilian companies and to multinationals to encourage these groups to try to develop the Amazon. The Kayapo lands had shown up as being particularly rich. There were some nationalists in the Brazilian military who thought the U.S. was interested in suppressing such economic activity in the Amazon, others who believed the U.S. would actually invade to take over these Amazon riches, a proposition Alcantara considered silly. Senador Jarbas Passarinho, a former colonel and education minister under the dictatorship, could perhaps explain this nationalist theme among the military. One should ask the senador what was so important to the military on Indian land.

Facts in the Amazon were hard to come by. Alcantara had a problem with the green movement in this regard. "They take advan-

tage of being ethically correct, and they think they have the right to tell lies," he said.

I asked if he had ever tried to get environmental facts from Deputado Fabio Feldmann, referred to as Brazil's green politician. He said no. He didn't trust the answers he'd get: he said he preferred foreign experts like Tom Lovejoy formerly of WWF U.S., now at the Smithsonian, or E.O. Wilson at Harvard. North American politicians were different from their colleagues in Brazil. "Your people have actual power to change things," he said. "Ours don't."

I asked Alcantara if it was common knowledge in Brazil that Brazilian NGOs got most of their funds from abroad, that the government of Canada had begun to hold meetings in its embassy to match up Brazilian NGOs to foreign governments and foundations.

He leaned back in his chair and made a steeple of his hands. He said he wanted to tell me a story. Once upon a time there was a mining company operating in Brazil called Paranpanema, he said. They mined on Indian lands for tin. In the early 1980s, the Indians, who had previously been friendly, became hostile. It was noted that among the Indians were some people who worked for a Catholic organization. This organization got money from Switzerland, Britain, France, and Australia. A private detective in Switzerland was hired to learn more about those who gave funds to this Catholic group that seemed to be making the Indians angry with Paranpanema. The detective reported that certain foreign companies with tin mines in Africa and Australia, concerned about Paranpanema's ability to strip mine tin cheaply, were somehow encouraging NGO activity on behalf of Indians in Brazil. Why? It was hoped this would lead to disruptions of production and increase the costs of getting this tin to market. Did the NGO know the source of these funds? Alcantara asked the air. Alcantara didn't think so. It was possible that the NGO was simply used: they were defending the rights of Indians and their land. They were good people. The fact that someone else wanted to help them for reasons other than theirs, so what? It just fit right in with what they would have done anyway.

The *Veja* driver threw the car into gear and headed into traffic. *Veja*'s offices were in a large commercial compound far from the centre of Sao Paulo where the driver was taking me. Beside the freeway a canal of dubious colour moved in a straight line to the horizon. The sky looked like a white wool blanket. Suddenly rain came down in sheets, as if someone had run the wool through a wringer. We turned

off the freeway. We drove up a six-lane street with a treed median down the middle. Water had already begun to rise to hubcap level, the road had disappeared from view. There didn't seem to be any storm sewers beneath this modern street to drain the water away—it rose higher and higher. A truck slid past us rolling back and sideways, raising a wash of water several feet high. The sidewalks had disappeared. People walking had to lean against the current, water up to their knees, then their hips. A middle-aged woman managed to open a gate into a compound. She fell inside, the door slamming shut behind her. "Oh God," I thought, "I'm going to be another Brazilian disaster statistic." The *Veja* car lurched up and forward onto the median under the cover of a tree, which rained down branches on the hood. Then the rain stopped abruptly, like a tap turned off. The water slowly drained away.

Out of this experience, two ideas began to grow and converge. One concerned Alcantara's insight about how a local activist group with values opposed to those of a multinational could end up taking a multinational's funds and doing the multinational's work. The local group did not have to be aware of the broader purpose, or even the affiliations, of those who gave it funds. (I didn't know Brascan was at the party, was how Elizabeth May had put it.) Willful blindness could work in the economic interests of both the charity and such big donors. On the other hand, if NGOs advocating policies that were of value to corporate or political interests suddenly focused on more unfortunate matters, the tap could be turned off—leaving the NGO with insufficient resources to continue. Those groups acting unwittingly at such a juncture would die: those adept at willful blindness would amend their behaviour quickly so funding could continue. Not only were NGOs useful as permeable barriers through which to exert influence on those in authority—but through careful application of the power of the purse their behaviour could be managed.

Deputado Fabio Feldmann was definitely a man on the Brazilian end of the network. His constitutency office in Sao Paulo was also the office of SOS Mata Atlantica, an environmental charity that he had helped found that also got money from WWF U.S. and other foreign funders. Such behaviour would have been impossible for a Canadian federal politician. Yet, as I later learned, the Canadian embassy had provided $32,000 to SOS Mata Atlantica to furnish an office. I had made an appointment to see Feldmann but was informed by his

assistant, Rubens Harry Born, that Feldmann had stayed longer in the U.S. than expected. Born had said he'd see me instead.

We went to eat at an Italian pasta house. Born, then 35, the same age as Feldmann, was small and intense. He had thinning red hair and a red beard; he was a pleasant person with an anxious manner. He'd brought a dictionary to cope with communication difficulties, plus posters, files, newsclips, and a desperate desire for any information I might be able to supply him about Canadian NGOs. First he answered my questions about Feldmann's relationship to SOS Mata Atlantica. He said that Feldmann had been the founding president, but there was a new president now, and they were soon moving to a new address. Born explained that as a federal deputy, Feldmann was both paid a salary and also given an allotment of funds by the state that he could give to charities. Feldmann had always preferred to have his ecological group paid for by the foreign NGOs "so we can be really independent," said Born. What one had to worry about was ties to the Brazilian government, not ties to foreign ones, he said.

I now realized that many people had, wittingly or otherwise, misinformed me about why Brazilian NGOs had to have foreign support. Tony Gross had said beggars can't be choosers and the state gave no money to Brazilian NGOs. De Souza of IBASE had said there was money available but not for groups like his which were once considered subversive. Born now seemed to say that beggars had been choosers: money from the Brazilian government was available to Brazilian NGOs but considered dangerous; money from foreign governments was not.

Born, an environmental engineer specializing in environmental health, had become involved in ecological issues in 1978 along with Feldmann, a lawyer, when the Sao Paulo state government decided to build a big airport in a forest reserve near the city. This was the year of the Brazilian political amnesty when joining political groups became possible again. They had organized. Their phones had been tapped, but the airport was built elsewhere. Feldmann was then part of a group formed for the protection of nature which split in two in 1981. He became president of the splinter called OIKOS. Born also founded a number of ecological groups. These groups constantly split and bifurcated again as soon as they attained a certain size. This was a matter of strategy to avoid arousing the government's interest.

Their attempts to contact foreign NGOs started very early, in 1980 in Born's recollection. They did not wait for foreign NGOs to come to them. Initially they got nothing more than statements of support,

but early in the 1980s Born went on a foreign tour to contact NGOs and ask for money. His group got support from Greenpeace to protest whaling. They smuggled in two plastic whales and organized a protest in the streets of Brasilia in 1985, part of the massive wave of demonstrations that year that pushed the military to move to a civilian president and promise full democracy with a timetable of implementation. Financial help from abroad then really began to come in—at this point they were part of the broader network. Perhaps it was coincidence, but Born went and asked foreign groups for money for public advocacy campaigns in Brazil just about the time Feldmann, the founding member of several environment groups, first stood for elected office. In 1986, Feldmann and Born were both members of OIKOS when Feldmann, its president, was selected by groups in Sao Paulo as their candidate for the constituent assembly that was to draft a new Brazilian constitution. Feldmann ran for the PSDB, which Born characterized as a centre-left party (but which IBASE characterized as liberal). Of the 559 members of the Congress, Feldmann was the only one, according to Born, to deal with ecological issues.

When the constituent assembly began to meet in February 1987, Feldmann and Born wrote a report on the largest environment problems in the country, made two thousand copies, and sent them to journalists and other persons of influence. They also selected deputies in each party, right- or left-wing, whom they thought could be convinced to join a coalition. They ran a strategy through SOS Mata Atlantica to identify ecological preservation with Brazilian nationalism and then tried to show that improving the environment and improving democracy were part of the same process. Democracy had always been the real point of the environment movement as far as Born was concerned, ever since he first saw illiterate child labourers spraying fields with pesticides near Recife.

They were utterly ignored by the press until December 1987. This was the period that Barbara Bramble had referred to as a disaster for her lobbyist friends in Brazil who'd picked the wrong strategy on the constitution. That month they organized a conference of environment NGOs in Brasilia to work on their constitutional strategy. The Speaker of the Brazilian Congress was then holding up an anti-whaling bill. At a break in their convention, the Brazilian NGOs managed to get pieces of plastic symbolizing whale blood draped over the top of the Senate building. This made good TV. Feldmann explained to the reporters, who suddenly wanted to talk to him, that there was a

connection between the Speaker stalling the bill and the fact that the only whaling company in Brazil, a joint venture with a Japanese company, was prominent in the man's home state. There were only twenty activists behind this little scene, but Feldmann got on Brazilian national television. He was seen by fifty or sixty million Brazilians. The Speaker sued unsuccessfully for libel, but the bill passed. From this point on, Born and Feldmann and their colleagues were no longer ciphers.

Success was nice. Environmental protection rules were written into the constitution: so was the right of Congress and of Indians to have a say in the development of native people's officially demarcated lands. But Born also learned to be wary. Burgeoning numbers of groups declared themselves ecologists and said they needed money. A meeting in June 1989, sponsored by the large Brazilian conservation group BFCN and another group he'd never heard of before, told groups how to get money. One of the co-ordinators of this other group was a former chief of the Banco Central do Brasil. They "discovered a channel—how to obtain money," said Born. Suddenly companies began calling him and offering to give money for public campaigns. But they were only prepared to support certain groups and certain issues. He'd had a call from an advertising agency that morning. The agency wanted to mount an advocacy campaign but stipulated that the money raised had to go to the rubbertappers. "This is one small part of the iceberg of the Amazon problem," Born said, grinding his teeth over his pasta. "We have water and sewage problems in Sao Paulo. This is also ecological problem." Only 50 per cent of the people in Sao Paulo, the biggest city in Latin America, have sewage treatment. Only 80 per cent have potable water. This did not matter to the ad agency.

Born asked me about a new organization he'd just heard about, called the Better World Society. "They delivered a press release that there is a meeting here in Sao Paulo to open an office in Brazil. ... The director of it is a man named Ruben Vaz Da Costa." Born knew nothing of Ted Turner and Jimmy Carter's involvement with this group. What Born knew of Da Costa was enough to make him suspicious of the whole organization. Da Costa had worked in government in Brazil, had "given support to dictatorship." A friend of Born's had tried to point this out to the Better World Society but had been told the society didn't care whether someone was of the right or the left so long as they had "good contacts with the government for the Better World Society."

Born was also very concerned about certain members of the Brazilian government. He worried about Senador Jarbas Passarinho who was in charge of a Senate committee on the environment of the Amazon. Born thought the Senador really had only one interest—to spy out the links between Brazilian NGOs and international NGOs. Since Born had helped open these channels, one could understand his worry.

He believed he needed these funds from abroad because the Brazilian government was the enemy. However, it had lately begun to plague him that he didn't know exactly who his foreign friends were. He began to ask questions about people from Canada who had asked him to make contacts in Brazil for them. He didn't like to work with groups he didn't know. A Canadian named Gabriel Regallet from Hydro-Québec had met Feldmann.[4] The fellow had asked for help organizing his trip to Brazil. He'd said the trip was for his own interest, so Born helped him, but now he wondered if that had been wise. He had also helped make a travel schedule for a Canadian group called Probe. They had asked Born for help investigating the activities of a Canadian corporation in the northern Amazon. He wrote down the name of the organization they were interested in—it was Brascan. What could I tell him about these people? Who were they?

In a district of formerly gracious large homes in Sao Paulo, in the hot little attic room above a girls' school, Niva Padhila, CEDI's director of communications, discussed the campaign for Paiakan. CEDI, or the Centro Ecumenico de Documentacao e Informacao, had long played a major role on the Brazilian side of the network. CEDI had acted as the comptroller of the funds for the Altamira demonstration, or so I'd been told.

CEDI was one of the few organizations that had managed to exist in one form or other throughout the entire period of military repression in Brazil. It was founded in 1965, right after the coup, under the name Ecumenical Centre for Information (CEI) and included people from Catholic and Protestant churches, and others, who could only meet under the protection of the Church. Almost all other Brazilian institutions, right down to the Boy Scouts, had been suppressed by decree. CEI and its successor CEDI, like IBASE, worked to create a functioning, pluralist democracy in Brazil—structured not unlike that in the United States—with the long-term goal of the "integration" of peoples of Latin America. Padhila had personally had plenty of time

to contemplate U.S. democratic institutions and structures. After the coup, he had been thrown out of Brazil, branded as a communist. He had lived in exile in Berkeley, California, from 1971 to 1979.

In 1974, CEI, reorganized into CEDI, stepped out from behind the skirts of the Church as the military began to loosen the repression. Padhila worked by then for the World Council of Churches educating their U.S. membership on Latin American issues. This was at the least ironic. He was protected in America from the Brazilian military regime brought to power with the aid of both American business interests and the U.S. military, and asked to educate Americans on Latin America. Padhila firmly believed that the overthrow of democracy throughout Latin America could be matched to the career movements of U.S. General Vernon Walters. The repression in Brazil had been like the others that followed in Chile, Argentina, Uruguay. People had been arrested in Brazil for innocuous comments on the cost of living. Songs had been censored because of hidden meanings. The use of torture was routine and intended not just to extract information but to inspire terror.

Money came to CEDI from the World Council of Churches and other ecumenical agencies in the U.S., Canada, and Europe. Each of CEDI's five program areas served different constituencies. It had had an indigenous program since 1978. It had just added environment. All its programs had aspects in common: they documented, analyzed, published, networked, and worked on leadership development. CEDI's strength came from its ability to join local issues to national and international organizations. CEDI believed its central task was to make democrats who could function in a world of economic integration. The Brazilian economy was integrated with the world economy, Padhila argued, so CEDI connected its groups to people in other countries, some who were victims of development, and others in Canada and the U.S. who put pressure on their governments to change their investment policies. CEDI had developed relations with Probe International, the Environmental Defense Fund, the National Wildlife Federation, Conservation International and Cultural Survival Inc., the North American groups working on the Agenda.

I asked when and where the Agenda had started. Padhila said contact had begun with the Environmental Defense Fund perhaps in 1980. In his recollection, it was when Schwartzman joined Bruce Rich at the EDF that the ties became tight. "He knew us," Padhila explained. "Until then EDF was concerned only with U.S. issues."

This statement almost implied that the Agenda had started in Brazil. I asked him that directly. Padhila looked at me oddly as I voiced this question. "Perhaps [there was] a coincidence of needs," he said slowly, sounding like Alcantara. When Padhila was in exile in the U.S., "most of [my] work [was] trying to help those organizations to understand that because they are American and the role the U.S. has in the world, they could not be provincial in approach, [they] had to have [an] international approach and establish relations with organizations in other parts of the world." He'd met Rich when Padhila worked for the Quakers. Schwartzman had a Quaker background.

Yes, I said, but where did the idea of using the World Bank as a lever to affect domestic politics begin, in which country?

Again, he did not answer directly. He said there was a coincidence of mutual needs with President Reagan coming to power. In Brazil they needed international coverage. In the U.S. they had recognized that environmental problems "were geopolitical, that they couldn't be dealt with at the local level—one could look for a local situation, but as a political issue, these things were global."

As he answered, sweat began to leak over his lip, as if this question of the Agenda's origins were troubling. The thought crossed my mind that he was afraid of something: I dismissed it. But he then became elliptical on other issues too. He denied, for example, that CEDI had been involved in Darrell Posey and the Kayapo's trip to Washington to protest the Xingu dam project at the World Bank, although he acknowledged that CEDI had had relations with indigenous people for years. He'd certainly known Paiakan before he went to Washington, which was probably why Paiakan had asked CEDI for help and support for the Altamira demonstration. "Our whole role was to be in charge of the logistics," he said. "Paiakan—the Kayapo raised all the funds for the meeting from Brazilian and international sources. We didn't handle the money."

Wait a minute, I said, the WWF Canada and Elizabeth May had said that CEDI had handled the money and made a proper accounting, which is why they'd felt certain it was all properly handled. I'd been told that Dr. Terence Turner had helped carry cash down to CEDI personally.

"We did not receive funds," Padhila insisted. "We were asked by the Kayapo to help organize. ... We served as accountants for the meeting, but we didn't do the fund raising or receive the money to pass it on to the Kayapo."

If that were so, I realized, thousands of dollars could have been taken in by the Kayapo that CEDI didn't know about. What appeared on CEDI's books might not accurately reflect who gave, or how much, or how it was spent. WWF Canada, for example, had told me they gave Paiakan directly $20,000 in travellers cheques because they were told there had been a shortfall, and Paiakan needed money to buy boats to get people home. Had there been a shortfall?

Padhila left the room to check. He came back. He said he now remembered that Dr. Turner had brought funds from the U.S. and Canada. He "came through our office on the way to the Kayapo. ... He came and brought that money."

And the shortfall?

He went out again. He came back. He said that information would be faxed to me. (It was not.) But outside the room he had remembered more. Paiakan had come to see CEDI with Kuben-i and Tapjet in September 1988 to talk about organizing a demonstration at Altamira. Paiakan had said the demonstration at Altamira had to be held in February so the water level in the forest would be high enough for people to travel to Altamira by boat. It was possible that some money had gone to buy boats.

I pulled out Gordon Roddick's reports to his franchisees. Roddick had said that the Body Shop's Rainforest Fund gave to groups in Brazil, including CEDI, and that CEDI also got money from friendly governments. Which foreign governments was he referring to?

Roddick, said Padhila, had misunderstood. CEDI did get money from governments, but the governments were friendly governments in Brazil. (Padhila must have forgotten about the money CEDI gets from the U.S. government's InterAmerican Foundation.) "We do have some special projects—that get support from city and state governments and federal—in education," he said slowly. "The only government source outside Brazil is a small contribution from Norway—from NORAD, the Norwegian development agency." Any money given to CEDI from the Body Shop had actually come through Cultural Survival Inc.

As for other groups and individuals active on the Agenda network in Brazil, he knew some, but not others. While he knew of Wim Groeneveld and knew he was helping the rubbertappers and acting for Cultural Survival Inc., he did not know Groeneveld also acted as a consultant for the Canadian embassy. He was surprised to hear it. Why? CEDI had its own links to Canadian embassy personnel. "We have a relationship with the Canadian government," he said. "They

come to us to consult us on their role in Brazil—in terms of policy—to get a sense of what their role should be in Brazil." The embassy had come to CEDI because CEDI knew most of the networks of NGOs active in Brazil. This Canadian government involvement in the Brazilian end of things was quite new. He'd personally gone to see Phil Hazelton at CIDA recently and told him how pleased he was to see that Canada had finally discovered Brazil.

Padhila had then given me a printed booklet compiled painstakingly by CEDI and CONAGE, Coordencao Nacional dos Geologos, from official government sources, listing licences granted to commercial entities to explore for minerals on Indian lands. I flipped through the booklet. It showed many Brazilian state firms and large multinationals had been granted licences. It gave licence numbers, dates granted and mapped the lands involved. Much of the Amazon region had been licenced for exploration. Rhone Poulenc, the then French government-owned pharmaceutical giant, had leases on Kayapo land. I also found the names of giant companies like British Petroleum and Broken Hill Pty. To my amazement, this book showed Brascan allegedly had been granted leases on Kayapo lands too, beginning in the mid-1980s.

It now seemed to me there may have been quite a bit more to the Altamira fundraisers in Toronto and Ottawa than had first met my eye. Just after the Kayapo successfully pressed for the constitutional right of Indians to have a say, along with Congress, in development on their demarcated lands, the Kayapo had embarked on a fundraising tour of Europe and North America. After Altamira, the Kayapo went on further tours to help raise funds for demarcation, and they got corporate help. The money for the Altamira event had flowed first to them, then to CEDI, not the other way around. CEDI could not say how much they were paid or by whom. After Altamira, some money had definitely gone to the Kayapo from corporations with an interest in exploiting Kayapo and other lands. I'd apparently attended one such event in Toronto at the Zimmermans' myself. The wife of a principal owner of the Edper/Brascan/Hees group, which controls both mining and forestry interests in Brazil, Canada, and elsewhere, had made a contribution by buying one of Paiakan's headdresses. This money was donated to a Canadian charity, Cultural Survival Canada, which was then supposed to transfer it to Brazil. Elizabeth May had made it clear to me that Cultural Survival Canada would not limit its interest in Brazil to the Kayapo but would spread it to other areas controlled by native people like the Yanomami. Accord-

ing to this booklet, Brascan subsidiaries or affiliates had been granted leases on many Indian lands: throughout frontier areas in Brazil, on the northern border with Venezuela in Yanomami country, near Acre where the rubbertappers ply their trade, and in Rondonia. Brascan had apparently paid Wim Groeneveld directly for help in that area.

Since I could not get to Porto Velho in Rondonia to see Wim Groeneveld, I phoned him. His phone was answered by a man with a high, breathy voice who said he was an American just down from California. He gave his name as Kimo. Yes, he said, not only did Groeneveld work with the Canadian embassy, but he, Kimo, did too: he was helping them with their computers.

When Groeneveld got on the line, I checked with him the list of the organizations he acted for: Cultural Survival Inc. and the Body Shop; the Canadian embassy; CIDA; the Canadian embassy-started Agroforestry network; Brascan. He became angry at my intrusion, a big voice booming out of the phone. He was friendlier the next day when I called again. He was not Brazilian, but Dutch. He had been living and working in the Amazon since 1982. He'd trained as a tropical forester in Wageningen, the Netherlands. He (and Eurico Miller, a Brazilian government official) had just set up an NGO in Porto Velho, Rondonia called the Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology (IPAE). Its basic support came from Friends of the Earth Sweden. It helped other Brazilian groups apply for funds from governments and other donors. He had also helped set up a natural resource project in Acre for CIDA, which would pay millions to help process resources into marketable goods, goods his other clients like Cultural Survival Inc. might want to export to the Body Shop. His connection with Canada began in February 1987, at a conference on alternative development in the Amazon held in Belem. He met a man there from the Canadian embassy. The man had asked him to submit a funding proposal to the embassy. Then he was asked for advice by the Canadian embassy on what other groups the embassy should fund in Brazil. He had then been invited into the relationship between the Body Shop International PLC and Cultural Survival Inc. in September 1989, when he ran into Jason Clay in Acre. Groeneveld had been in Acre on a mission for CIDA. The rubbertappers in Rio Branco were concerned about staying in the woods to take care of the rainforest for the world without access to health and education services. They wanted CIDA to give them money for educational materials.

He thought this too could be done under CIDA's Women in Development program.

By the time I got to Mary Allegretti's Institute for Amazon Studies, a house by a freeway in the town of Curitiba, I could see that the Canadian government had moved itself very carefully into a central position in the NGO network toiling on the Agenda in Brazil. The Brazilian NGOs were not disturbed by that. Curitiba is small and pretty, in an area of rolling hills like the cattle and farm country outside Calgary. The sun shone hot and bright on rolling yellow grain fields. Allegretti's suburban house was ramshackle on the outside: inside it was filled with new computers and new modern furniture. Like Paiakan and Chico Mendes, Allegretti had won a Better World Society prize for her work: the award had been given to her at the same ceremony in which Paiakan and Gorbachev were honoured.

Her institute is an advisory group, Allegretti said, giving help to the National Council of Rubbertappers and other local and political organizations. Her annual budget was U.S. $100,000. She'd started getting money from abroad in 1978 when the Ford Foundation gave her a grant to do her M.A. in anthropology on debt bondage among rubbertappers in the frontier state of Acre. An American anthropologist had suggested this area of study to her. Once she began to understand that rubbertappers in Brazil still lived in virtual perpetual servitude, she found she couldn't go back to teaching at a university. She returned again to Acre in 1980, leaving behind her child and husband, to help the rubbertappers organize. On this second trip, she went straight to Chico Mendes's area near Xapuri. He had already helped organize the rubbertappers' union. CEDI helped her organize the first schools for rubbertapper adults. She walked in sixty kilometres to the rainforest settlement of Floresta with two others, a man and a woman. There they made books and a school. Chico Mendes[5] was then a candidate for the rubbertappers' union presidency: this literacy program was provided to the rubbertappers as an attempt to gain political support among them for Mendes. "This project was the first time a leader—a union—could give concrete support to rubbertappers," she said. She left Acre in 1983 and then worked for an organization in Brasilia whose name she did not share with me. In 1985, she met American anthropologist Steve Schwartzman, with whom she had worked ever since. She had introduced him to the rubbertappers. "I invited him to come to the first national conference

[of rubbertappers] held in Brasilia in 1985." He was then, she said, a "freelance adviser."

The national convention of rubbertappers was her idea and Chico Mendes's: they'd invited rubbertappers from all over Brazil and put them in touch with other foundations, groups, and political parties. Mendes became the secretary of the national organization created at that time. Then, at the invitation of the Environmental Defense Fund and the National Wildlife Federation, Allegretti went to Washington and made a statement to a U.S. Congressional committee about the social impacts of deforestation in the Amazon. That year, she got her first grant to set up this institute. By 1987, she had also been given a personal three-year stipend from the Ashoka Foundation of Arlington, Virginia, [6] to aid her in her work.

In January 1987, a month before Juneia Mallas's Amazon Watch meeting, Indians and rubbertappers met in Brasilia to lobby various departments of government to organize extractive reserves and otherwise regulate the use of land in their areas. Mendes, who had lost his second attempt to get elected as a state deputy in Acre, went to Washington to speak against the World Bank loan to pave a road between Acre and Rondonia. Allegretti wrote an article about his trip. She could only get the article into two newspapers, one in Sao Paulo, the other in Acre. She failed utterly to interest *Veja* or *Isto E* in Mendes. When Mendes won a United Nations Environment Program Global 500 award, the Brazilian foreign ministry, Itamarity, wouldn't cover the cost of a ticket for him to attend the ceremony. Allegretti only got one note into one newspaper after he returned. She was out of the country when Mendes was murdered: she had made a trip to Japan to speak to the International Tropical Timber Organization and went from there to New York. Her brother was at Yale studying agronomy. (He, like CEDI, also got support from the InterAmerican Foundation.) Her son met her there. After Mendes's murder she made the rounds in North America asking for continued support. That was her first direct contact with the Better World Society. She didn't meet Paiakan until the award ceremony in New York. The money she used in her work came from abroad, she explained, because there was no tradition of support inside the country.

"Why did the Canadian embassy give Chico Mendes a truck?" I asked.

A person at the embassy, the man I'd spoken to in Ottawa in fact, had asked Mary Allegretti for informal advice on whom the embassy

could support. The man had also gone to Acre in 1987 himself. Chico had asked him for a truck. He got a truck.

"Everybody knows everybody in Brazil," she explained. "If you give money to one, all go there." So, after Mendes got his truck, Allegretti also asked the Canadian embassy for money for her institute. She was turned down three times. When she heard CIDA was going to give money direct to the state government of Acre, she paid a visit to CIDA and explained that no foreign government should give money to the government of Acre because they would "do other things with it." She told CIDA to give money to Brazilian NGOs instead.

Allegretti had observed that the Brazilian government had recently changed its old negative views on NGOs. The government had formerly treated NGOs like enemies. "All this changed six months ago," she said, specifically in June 1989. She thought the reason for this change was related to the role Brazil plays internationally. "The [U.N.] conference on the Environment is to be here in 1992—[there was] some influence perhaps from the ambassadors saying that [was] possible."

Suddenly Brazilian NGOs got a friend to help them at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs or Itamarity; suddenly it was permissible for Canada and other governments to give money directly to Brazilian NGOs engaged in political activities; suddenly the government of Canada began urging Canadian NGOs to act as channels for Canadian taxpayers' dollars to get more money to NGOs in Brazil. I explained why it was clear to me that in the land of arrangements someone had to have made a big one to work a change of such magnitude. "What benefit flowed to the Brazilian military, the parallel power, from these arrangements?" I asked. Did she know why the military was interested in Kayapo lands? Why were people reluctant to speak directly about these things?

"They want to control the profit of this economy. They are the economic power—not only the military power in Brazil." She said she thought the switch in policy also had something to do with the issue of biological diversity in the Amazon, that this issue had changed something. "This is the issue for the military in Brazil, the importance of mining and biological diversity."

I said, quite innocently, that that probably explained why the Canadian National Defence College [7] had for the first time recently visited at the Museu Paraense Emilio Goeldi in Belem.

Her face went white—and small. There was a certain silence in the room. Then she said there was a man I had to talk to, an anthropologist who worked with Indian groups, who'd done important work on the constitution, who had also organized the travels of important Canadians in Brazil. He had worked with the man from the Canadian embassy who came to her for advice. "He's left, like me, independent, no party. He knows the interests of the military in mining." What did I think was going on? she asked.

I laid out all the coincidences of timing, the peculiar politics of a Canadian conservative government funding left-leaning NGOs in Brazil. I said it looked to me as if Brazilian NGOs active on the left had been deliberately pulled together in a larger network in support of this international Agenda and that the Canadian government had then made itself of central importance to these NGOs in Brazil. She'd said herself that once Mendes got a truck, everyone else on the network had lined up at the Canadian embassy and asked for help. The Canadian government, through its Brazilian embassy, now knew most if not all of the various NGO networks active in Brazil: these groups and individuals might not know much about each other, but the Canadian government, by offering money, now knew them all. The Brazilian government must have agreed to this political interference by a foreign power in its domestic affairs because of what it received in return. I'd been told the National Security Council of the Brazilian government was getting full reports from Canada. This would give the Canadian government strength in any probable political configuration in Brazil.

By now Allegretti had gone very still. The interview was over. She hustled me out the door, called a cab for me, took off with her son in her car.

Fifteen

The Centre

Flying into Brasilia in February was like flying into a prairie town in August. The sky over the city was bright and clear like a cobalt blue glass bowl—there were waves of yellowed grass on the rolling hillsides, water and mirages of water wavering in the air. From the plane Brasilia looked shiny, new, and clean—highrise towers and sprawling suburbs laid out with the precision of those who believe in planning, management, and order. And yet Brasilia was a chaotic political mire.

There was little question in my mind that Mary Allegretti had been afraid of something. Her fear frightened me too. My baggage had somehow not come with me on the flight. I thought hard about where it might be while trying to figure what it was exactly that had so bothered Allegretti. It seemed to me my questions about the military and its interest in Kayapo lands, in conjunction with Canadian military interest in Amazon science, had triggered her fear, not the central position of the Canadian embassy on Brazilian NGO networks. Biological diversity and mining, she'd said, these were the military interests that had changed things with regard to NGOs in Brazil, this was where foreign governments might have worked a deal. But what would interest the military in these things? Did they hope to share in patent rights for new pharmaceuticals based on rainforest flora or fauna or rainforest viruses or bacteria? In the U.S. the business of bioengineering had certainly exploded. Many public and private corporations were engineering life forms for special applications by injecting new genetic instructions. Bacteria were already useful in mining. Since the development of the first antibiotics, major corporations had hunted for useful bacteria or viruses in nature: as someone had said at the Museu Goeldi, in the Amazon, there's a virus born every minute. The metaphor of the Amazon as the Library of Alexandria was perhaps misleading: a better metaphor might be God's Research and Development Laboratory. Perhaps that was the vision moving the Brazilian military.

In addition to a cure for AIDS there might even be direct military applications for the biota of the rainforest. Even signatories to the biological and chemical weapons conventions such as Canada, the U.S., and Brazil do defensive research. This research sometimes leads to useful medical applications and vice versa.

Canada's military establishment had so far escaped public environmental oversight of their research facilities, but that situation might not long prevail. The U.S. military was no longer able to escape scrutiny—domestically. Brazil was definitely outside U.S. or Canadian environmental regulation: Indian lands in Brazil seemed to be outside any regulation. Perhaps research deals had been arranged?

The U.S. military already did certain research outside U.S. borders. The U.S. Biological Defense Research Project, headquartered at Fort Dietrich, Maryland, had been forced by the U.S. courts to file an environmental impact statement concerning their plans to build a new test range in Utah in April 1989. This document showed that the U.S. had biological research facilities in eight foreign countries. For example, there was a "class I risk" facility in Seoul, Korea. There were lesser risk facilities in Liberia, Sierre Leone, and the Central African Republic. Incredibly, considering the issue of control of such testing, there was a class VI facility in Wuchang, Hubei, the People's Republic of China. Liberia is not a signatory to the 1972 convention banning biological warfare and was certainly not politically stable (a civil war began in 1990), yet it too had a facility. If China and Liberia could have such U.S. facilities, why not Brazil?

As with bioacoustic habitats, specific environments matter greatly in some of this research. Plants do not always precisely replicate their interesting properties when grown outside their home environments. At the University of Maryland, for example, work was being done on the medical applications of two plants from Brazil with anti-cancer properties. When grown in their own Brazilian habitats—savannah or cerrado—these plants produce unique toxins that kill certain kinds of cancer cells. Of course, these same toxins also induce serious skin lesions in people or animals that brush up against them, suggesting a biological warfare potential. However, when the plants are removed from Brazil and grown in the U.S., they do not produce the exact substances that kill cancer cells. To research these plants fully, work has to be done *in situ*. This need to grow the plant in Brazil to get desired properties was the precise obverse of the circumstance surrounding the decline of Brazil's dominance of the

rubber market at the turn of the century. Perhaps the military had been quick to grasp these implications.

So what else, besides products for the hair and skin, might Darrell Posey's group have found around Gorotire? I wondered. What might have been found near Aukre or in rubbertapper communities? Had the people in these areas developed specialized resistance to certain viruses and bacteria and plant toxins? I had seen footage of Kayapo Indians killing fish by smashing a vine into the river. The vine released some sort of neurotoxin that stunned or killed the fish but didn't harm the fishermen in the water. Was this why NGOs were being indirectly encouraged by the Brazilian government to give foreign money to both rubbertappers and Paiakan's people to keep them on their land? Maybe samples taken from the Kayapo and the rubbertappers were being studied to delineate the immunities they had developed to toxins in their environments for any patentable potentials?

I had no idea, when I walked into her office in a commercial highrise in downtown Brasilia, that Marie Jose Jaime was at the epicentre of the Brazilian end of the Agenda network, that those working on the Agenda had sited themselves, through her, right in the heart of the Brazilian federal Congress and its proceedings. I was just following up on Stephan Schwartzman's passing reference to her as his employer in Washington before he joined the Environmental Defense Fund. I located Jaime through Herbert de Souza. It turned out that their two organizations had had relations for years. Jaime is the director-general of INESC, the Instituto de Estudos Socio-Economicos. Herbert de Souza was one of INESC's advisers. Among INESC's earliest financial supporters was a Canadian NGO in Montreal, which in turn got a great deal of money from CIDA. What made INESC so fascinating was that it was created to influence and channel funds both to and from politicians and the grassroots, funds coming first from the Brazilian government's treasury and finally from foreigners interested in exerting political influence in Brazil.

Marie Jaime came out of her office to greet me and took me by both arms and kissed me on both cheeks, the most collegial greeting I had received anywhere in a warm country. She was exquisitely beautiful, with a skin as smooth and unmarked by her experience as a fresh olive. Her dark hair was tightly curled and spread out around her head. She had large, dark brown eyes behind her glasses. She wore no makeup. Her mouth was full but folded at the corners as if

to keep tight hold on a secret. There was a peculiar stillness about her, a quality that held my attention as firmly as Anita Roddick's jerkiness had done.

She did not speak English well so she brought along her friend from the Netherlands, Klaas Jonge, to act as interpreter. We went to an underground mall, to a restaurant with tables set outside in the corridor. They ordered finger food to nibble on. As they talked, they pushed their plates to the side of the table. A child appeared at the table's edge, nose not much higher than the table top, and stared fixedly at the plates of food. Marie Jaime and her friend nodded their heads. Immediately, the table was surrounded by a gang of children who grabbed the leftovers and ran away, eating as they went, fast, like mice on a daylight raid. I was horrified. They were so young, so small, so hungry. This was the capital of the biggest country in South America, but it could just as well have been Dickens's London. Neither one of them discussed these bitter facts of life in Brazil; they just acted. This made me well disposed: it occurred to me later that the entire time I was in Brazil they were the only people I saw take responsibility for doing something direct about the conditions around them.

Marie Jaime had already been politically active when the military took power in Brazil in 1964. She was a member of an organization called Popular Action, which became illegal right after the coup. She went underground. She had lived and worked in the state of Goias, but it was too thinly populated a place to disappear in so she went to Sao Paulo. There she set up a legal life with a job—a cover for the political work she did covertly.

She soon came to believe that the only way to rid Brazil of the military repression was through armed struggle. She was not personally involved in armed actions: mostly she prepared cells, known as AP cells, inside middle-class students', workers', and peasants' groups. She did this work in Sao Paulo until 1968—in the area where Lula later became a leader of the PT party.

In 1968, there was a power struggle inside the AP. The organization became Maoist. Those who didn't agree with the new Maoist line left. Marie Jaime became a Maoist.

She spoke about her life underground as if these were ordinary facts of ordinary lives. I had known some political activists in Toronto in the same period who had also talked about armed struggle, become Trotskyists, and later gone underground (telling their friends all about it). But in Toronto, it was a game; in Brazil, it was real life.

With the adoption of the Maoist line, the strategy changed. The place for struggle shifted from industrial suburbs to rural areas. Every active person was ordered to integrate himself or herself into the life of production as a rural worker. Jaime had by then become a member of the leadership structure for the whole state of Sao Paulo.

In 1969, the year the U.S. ambassador was kidnapped, Jaime went to China for six months of political and military training. When she returned, she moved to a worker's area in Sao Paulo state. Her husband had by then become the leader of the whole movement in Brazil. She was responsible for his security. The repression kept getting tighter. "Many of us were killed," she said, her mouth making a small precise movement as she said these words, as if they still gave pain right to the roots of her teeth, "tortured, arrested. Security was extreme."

She cut all links to her former life. She was paid a stipend, just enough to get by. In 1972, her group split again. One faction joined the Communist Party of Brazil, the Stalinist wing. The other remained Maoist. She had become a member of the Central Committee, which put her in contact with the Maoist International and other Maoist groups all over Latin America. It was decided that year that the leadership had to leave the country because their security couldn't be guaranteed. She left. Her husband stayed. He was arrested, imprisoned, tortured. He died much later from the effects of torture.

She felt guilty about leaving but believed she had no choice. Until 1972 she'd been able to convince herself that she would not break under torture, she would not betray. She'd been ready to die. Then she began to feel afraid to die and knew she would break. She had no one to talk to about this. "One had to be a hero and perfect," she said. "It would be seen as feeble—it could be used against you."

She went to Chile and stayed there until Allende was overthrown. There were five thousand Brazilian political refugees in Chile: after the Chilean coup they were arrested and interrogated by Brazilian police, who had been given carte blanche in Chile by the Chilean military. All political refugees had to leave. She ran to Peru. In Peru, she worked for a CIDA-funded organization called FLACSO, the Faculty for Latin American and Caribbean Social Studies, which has several campuses scattered around Latin America. FLACSO got her certain papers. "This faculty could help people out legally," she said obliquely. She could not stay in Peru either: she moved on to Argentina and another FLACSO campus. The 1976 military coup there brought the by-now-familiar repression and disappearances. She fi-

nally went back to Brazil. She calculated that it was safe: she'd been away for five years and had never actually been arrested. She knew she could get five years in jail if she turned herself in but figured there was no strong case against her. She couldn't stand being a person without papers any more. Her family got her into a Brazilian hospital; she stayed fifteen months—that fifteen months counted as her term of imprisonment. One of the more infamous military torturers was displeased with this arrangement and tried, but failed, to kidnap her from the hospital. She was freed in October 1978. Between the time of her release and the general Amnesty she worked in the same hospital. A person with her political background was not employable elsewhere. After the Amnesty, she created INESC.

But what were her politics? I asked.

Since this experience, said Klaas Jonge, she didn't want to be in political parties any more. Jonge understood this: he'd had similar experiences himself in Europe. He did not elaborate.

INESC was created as a way to do political work, to influence people without being part of a political party structure, Jaime explained. Other groups, like IBASE, had been started with a similar intent. She had started INESC with the help of certain unnamed friends. No, she said, in answer to my question, these friends were not linked to her old friends.

So, I said, she'd been a Maoist and risen to the top. Had she suddenly become a democrat?

She had changed, Jaime said carefully. She shifted on her chair, as if this question really bothered her. She was not completely a democrat, she said, she had the same ideals she'd had before when she was an active Maoist, but she was democratically minded now. Her ideal was still democratic socialism, but she saw there had been no successes from such socialism in Eastern Europe. The question was how to make it successful.

INESC had certainly become successful quite quickly as a political lobby. INESC's staffers and contracted experts did research for Brazilian parliamentarians for use in their campaigns and for use in the legislature. INESC did research projects on human rights, the Indian question, land reform, and the debt. INESC got its money from European and American NGOs, the majority linked to churches. Five years after starting it, Jaime met Stephan Schwartzman who did some consulting work on Indians for INESC. When INESC needed information from the U.S., he got it for them. Another woman who had formerly worked with INESC had more

contacts with Schwartzman than she did. She was referring to Mary Allegretti: Allegretti had worked at INESC before she founded the Institute for Amazon Studies. It was Allegretti who had introduced Jaime to Schwartzman.

It was late when she finished telling this story. The next morning I picked up at the INESC office some information published in English about the organization. There were no statements regarding the identity of the friends who had helped Jaime start the organization, but the documents made it clear some of these friends were persons in high places inside the Brazilian government. The documents said INESC had been launched to bridge the gap between the official and authoritarian world of Brazilian institutions and the newly emerging civil society.

This phrase "civil society" had popped up in many of my conversations with activists on the left. It seemed to mean the congeries of informal organizations people make to achieve a social purpose, like Home and School Associations. I had also encountered the phrase in Gail Sheehy's biography of Mikhail Gorbachev. Gorbachev's supporters used it to refer to the formal/informal groups or NGOs needed to give life and community support in a restructured socialist state. In a Stalinist state the term nongovernmental organization is an oxymoron. During the repression it was also an oxymoron in Brazil. No one outside of the circle of power trusted such groups because the state ran them. They had to be built fresh from the ground up to achieve legitimacy in people's eyes in Brazil. So, what was truly striking was that INESC, a nongovernmental organization set up to create a new civil society, in fact got its start with help from people inside the government of Brazil, which should have engendered a lot of suspicion. According to INESC's printed history, it had also started with the same goal as IBASE—to democratize access to government-held information. Jaime had begun with a few freelance sociologists, economists, a secretary/office boy, and those unidentified friends in government departments who were organized into INESC's Consultative Council. Together, staff and council rapidly "liberated" information locked up in the official world. Information was passed to INESC. INESC prepared reports for politicians in the Assembly. The politicians paid for this research. They used it for speeches, bills, making amendments, asking questions. At the same time, INESC tried to create electoral bases for these politicians. INESC, like CEDI, organized support among students associations,

trade unions, and what one of INESC's funders in Montreal would later call "the good guys," the grassroots.

Before 1985, the Brazilian National Assembly was a rubber stamp for the real governors of Brazil, so it was a brilliant idea to site this network right in plain view. When INESC came to federal politicians with information about government activities, obtained from government sources, it was like a visit from the Trojan horse. In its first two years, its main source of funds were donations from the unnamed friends and fees earned for the services INESC offered.

In 1981 INESC expanded to Rio and Sao Paulo. By September 1982, it had registered with the Social Service National Council under the Brazilian federal Ministry of Culture and Education. This charitable registration made it possible for INESC to receive federal donations, to "demand donations from friends in the Congress." As Born had said, each federal deputy had at his disposal credits to make donations to registered charities. Using taxpayers' dollars, recycled as charity, INESC worked for the re-election of those who gave it such donations. Those who were elected continued as INESC clients. Those who failed passed the institute's name to others. As new political parties were allowed to form, INESC began to work for several. Just after it registered as a Brazilian charity, "INESC signed an agreement that resulted in the financing of the Institute by an international organization for development and aid,"[1] the NGO in Montreal, Canadian Catholic Development and Peace. At this point 63 per cent of INESC's funds came from fees for service to politicians and from politicians' charitable donations—in other words, indirectly from the government of Brazil. INESC's clients represented about 10 per cent of the Congress. INESC then put together a global project to get more money from foreign NGOs. INESC was already a successful political lobby, with the closest connections to Brazilian politicians, when it began to get money from abroad.

By 1984, when Stephan Schwartzman began looking for Brazilian victims to protest World Bank lending practices at U.S. Congressional hearings, INESC acted at both the federal and the municipal levels in Brazil. Municipalities theoretically qualified for federal grants to provide services, but they were unable to get this money out of Brasilia without friends in the power structure. INESC introduced its municipal political clients to those who held purse power in Brasilia and was paid fees for this service. That year INESC was also hired by the Chamber of Deputies as a whole to prepare a report on Brazil's debt. By then INESC had grown big enough to attract

notice. A conservative newspaper suggested in print that INESC's municipal clients had benefited from the fact that certain high officials and members of the PMDB elected in 1982 also sat on INESC's Consultative Council. It was alleged that INESC "liberated" funds for municipalities by the exercise of undue influence over these high officials and that it took big commissions. Four of those named either denied the relationship to INESC or quit. Later, INESC dropped the council.

INESC then worked harder to establish connections to lobbies outside Congress. By the end of 1986 it had relations with 342 organizations. INESC helped them write proposals and lobby the constituent Assembly on the constitution. By the time of the constituent Assembly, INESC had helped form policies and draft bills for 120 federal politicians and helped various groups draft their positions. INESC had a real measure of power to influence the Assembly and even who got to sit in it. But on whose behalf?

INESC's documents showed that by the time in its development when it could actually deliver political results, more of its money came from foreign than from domestic sources. This foreign money flowed through INESC to Agenda projects in Brazil: to create the first national meeting of the rubbertappers; for a brochure on land reform; for research on labour laws; for research on extractive reserves; for "a trip of a member of INESC to the United States to brief the Senate of the country on environment." This was highly suggestive—it could certainly be construed that INESC was being funded *because* it delivered access for certain interests abroad to Brazilian politicians. By 1989-90, as the number of its elected clients mushroomed, the percentage of its revenues from domestic sources plummeted. Its budget had climbed to $750,000 Canadian, of which all but $27,000, or 3 per cent, came from foreign sources.

Certainly any foreign NGOs who read this document should have known what they were doing when they gave INESC money: they were giving money to people who supported directly elected Brazilian politicians. They also knew the INESC staff members were personally active in Brazilian politics: the documents made that clear too. While Marie Jaime's enclosed biography did not mention her life underground or her sojourn in China, it gave her professional experience as a party member. It said she had worked as a parliamentary assistant to Senador Henrique Santiall, PMDG-Go, and as the co-ordinator of the Ministry of Justice's Parliamentary Consultancy office during the term of Fernando Lira. These tasks were

performed while she ran INESC. Similarly her deputy claimed political experience as party director and president of the PMDB in Brasilia, as a member of the regional section of the PT, as a secretary/parliamentary consultant to a representative from Sao Paulo. Foreign funders knew they were paying for political influence.

One organization that gave money was the InterAmerican Foundation. It first contributed to INESC in 1988 after one of INESC's American staffers went to work at the InterAmerican Foundation. The foundation made a three-year commitment to INESC of U.S. $50,000 a year to help INESC inform the Brazilian Congress about the "grassroots" in Brazil and vice versa.

I was surprised that the InterAmerican Foundation had offered funds to Jaime's group and that she, like CEDI, had taken it. The Foundation is a creature of the U.S. government. It was created by Congress when Nixon was president to promote the long-term foreign policy interests of the U.S. through grassroots development in Latin America. It has a line Congressional appropriation, but it is structured like a corporation. On its board sit three Congressmen and six businesspersons appointed by the White House. It reports to two committees of the House and the Senate. In sum, INESC took funds that originated with the U.S. government to influence the Brazilian Congress in the service of U.S. foreign policy.

INESC and its staff also had close ties to the Canadian government. Jose Carlos Libanio was INESC's co-ordinator of Indian affairs in 1988. He also acted as a consultant with Canada's CIDA and for the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. After the Brazilian constitution was written, he helped form an organization to use the courts to force the government to apply its new laws. (This organization got funds from the Body Shop through Cultural Survival Inc.) Libanio had accompanied former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to the Amazon in 1988. Trudeau examined various sites like Carajas, and Alcan's Trombetas mine, and visited Indian groups including the Yanomami and some of the Kayapo. Travelling with Trudeau was his former principal secretary, Senator Jack Austin, and Senator Leo Kolber (former manager of CEMP Investments Ltd., an investment vehicle of the children of Sam Bronfman, founder of Seagram's). With the Canadian ambassador John Bell in tow, they had all flown up to Boa Vista in a Seagram's plane.

INESC was like a snake that had swallowed its own tail. Starting with money and covert help from inside the Brazilian government, the more influence it wielded among Brazilian legislators, the more

its funding switched offshore. Now its work was funded almost entirely by foreign NGOs. These NGOs were themselves funded in part by foreign governments and foreign businesses with a real interest in exerting political influence in Brazil. Not only could this channel to Brazilian politicians be used by parties with different goals, it could also be used in two directions. Money and influence flowed in; information flowed out.

INESC started to expand in Brazil around the time that Bruce Rich and Barbara Bramble began work on the Agenda in the U.S. and with a similar purpose—to open up the Brazilian legislature and Brazilian society to influences that would not have been there otherwise. Like Rich and Bramble, Jaime had been helped by friends in high places in government. This coincidence suggested that the Agenda might have been devised not by any of them but by an unidentified third party with official friends who wanted to wield legislative influence in both the U.S. and Brazil, who wanted to use groups in one jurisdiction to reinforce the influence of groups in the other. It was not clear to me just who or where that third party was, but it was now clear that the government of Canada had been indirectly embroiled in this network from its early days.

Over a lovely lunch at the ambassador's residence, officials of the Canadian embassy in Brasilia were unable to answer sensibly the simplest questions about the risks they were taking orchestrating the funding of Brazilian NGOs active in politics.

Why had they used the embassy's Canada Fund to buy a truck for Chico Mendes, a man who had just run for political office? I asked.

"The root of our involvement was personal," was the response.

How had they picked Jose Carlos Libanio of INESC as an adviser to the embassy?

"You get in the network, you sort of meet them," was the response.

Did they not understand that INESC was at the centre of a web of groups they also took advice from, that it was founded by a former Maoist who was still not firmly committed to the structures of Western democracy, that it had direct relations with Brazilian legislators on the left?

Well, had come the answer, these people on the left had won half the vote in the last presidential election; they represented many Brazilians.

If the purpose of the funds given to Brazilian NGOs by the embassies of the various developed countries involved was to raise the

flag of each country in Brazil, why had so many countries allowed Canada to chair the auctions of NGO projects and thus get most of the credit? Why didn't all the other embassies do this public relations sort of thing alone?

"They have that option but found it convenient," said one, quickly followed by another who said, "we thought of it first."

Later, to one of the senior embassy staffers, I said I thought I understood what was going on. The government of Canada, through its interest in Brazilian groups on the left, was trying to manage the growth of Brazil's democratic opposition—in order to defend certain interests, interests shared with others. The External Man in Ottawa had said that the National Security Council knew all about these NGO project auctions and had made a calculation these matters would not impinge on Brazilian national sovereignty. But paying for political support to legislators had to go right to the heart of sovereignty. Either Canada or someone had made arrangements of benefit to Brazilians with power, arrangements below the surface that convinced Brazilians in government of the virtues of the blind eye.

Impossible, said the staffer. One couldn't manage anything as big and unruly as democracy in Brazil.

I wasn't convinced. The formerly impossible had been happening with a kind of fantastic regularity throughout the whole hemisphere. Canada, either through NGOs, or directly, had positioned itself to help feed certain political actors and starve others. What better way to manage political change than to be able to turn on and off the funding to various groups? Later still, after I understood that all national governments were bowing to multinational pressures, I began to amend this thesis. Management was the wrong word. Perhaps the word *innoculate* was better. Canada was helping the Brazilian power structure innoculate itself against the development of a nationalist democracy.

It was clear the Agenda encompassed more than affecting the legislative politics of Brazil or even the U.S. I still did not understand what that meant. My failure to see the big picture was the result of habits of mind suited to an age that was already dying, the age of the nation state. I thought that since people in the government of Brazil, people in the government of the U.S., and people in the government of Canada had helped get the Agenda going, that this Agenda must be a government initiative. I still thought governments were in control of themselves. That's why I moved through official Brasilia

testing this hypothesis by asking this question: "Did the government of Brazil know that the government of Canada, in concert with others, was funding Brazilian NGOs active in politics, and if so, why did it approve?" I got very strange responses. Not only did everyone I spoke to profess ignorance of Canada's behaviour; no one wanted to know more about it. Brazilian officials and one powerful politician displayed a remarkable talent for being unaware of things that could prove embarrassing if known officially.

Minister Rubem Bayma Dennys of the National Defence Secretariat did not have time to talk to me.

Cesar de Mesquita, the outgoing head of the Brazilian environmental agency IBAMA, formerly President Sarney's press secretary and before that a governor of Fernando do Noronha Island, complained about the fact that he only had five rented helicopters to patrol the whole Amazon rainforest, and that he had been the victim of an assassination attempt in Brasilia. As to my question about the foreign government funding of NGOs in Brazil, he couldn't answer it. Why not? With a sardonic little grin, he said he wasn't really part of the government. To prove this ludicrous claim he pulled out a recent newspaper article about him that proclaimed that at IBAMA, he ran "a people's republic—socialist and independent."

"The question you ask has to be answered by the government," he said, slowly and sarcastically. "Ask the foreign office."

Ricardo Carvalho was the director of the new division of human and environmental affairs at Itamarity, the Department of External Affairs for Brazil. As a diplomat, charged to speak for Brazil in multilateral fora, he could surely speak for his government about political interference by foreign powers. His department had been created just about the same time as IBAMA—February 1989, the time of Paiakan's Altamira demonstration, the time the prime minister of France publicly suggested buying chunks of the Amazon in exchange for wiping out Brazil's huge foreign debt. President Sarney had taken the position, on the grounds of defending Brazil's national sovereignty, that this scheme had to be rejected.

Since sovereignty was so crucial, I asked Carvalho, why did Brazil's government permit the direct funding of Brazilian NGOs, active in politics, by foreign governments? Was he aware of this?

"I'm not aware of that," he said slowly. "[I] know NGOs get money from abroad. If [from] government [I] don't know. [We] can't prevent [them] getting money from abroad. These NGOs are very well-connected abroad, they have very good relations. We talk to NGOs. We know they are well-connected abroad. [There are] Brazilians in NGOs in Canada and the U.S., and foreigners belonging to these organizations are coming to Brazil. They know the region better than I do."

He confirmed that the Brazilian government had recently changed its views on NGOs. He said they had a role to play in bringing problems to the attention of government. The environmental crisis raised by the NGOs may have had no relationship to actual reality, but nevertheless it had created difficult moments for Brazil at the World Bank. Brazil had had no fresh loans in three or four years. Brazil had also participated in various global meetings on ozone depletion, global warming, and so on. It was important Brazil have some influence on these conferences because it lived from its exports, and these resolutions taken together could have profound impacts on Brazilian businesses. After the creation of the Montreal Protocol, Brazil had been advised to modify its refrigeration industry, which would require "much money which we do not have." At the 1992 U.N. Conference on Environment and Development (UNCED or the Rio Summit) to be held in Rio, the needs of developing countries would be taken into account. If the safety of the planet was at stake, then, "transfers of [new] technology can't be done on [a] commercial basis," he said.

It took me a while to digest this point, but Mary Allegretti had been right: the promise of holding a U.N. Conference on Environment and Development in Brazil in 1992 had played a role in Brazilian thinking. Carvalho also said something else. While not directly acknowledging foreign government funding of Brazilian NGOs and asking me for no details, he'd made it clear that Brazil could play the same game of influence and *was*, that Brazil had its own people active in NGOs in other countries.

My translator, who had been recommended by a Brazilian person at the Canadian embassy and had a ramrod militaristic style, said that Senador Jarbas Passarhino was known in Brazil as the human face of the military. The senador, he said as he marched me into the visitor's area of Brazil's Senate chamber, came from Para, out of a very particular historical context. During World War II the United

States government had made it clear that Brazil must get on side with the Allies or face the consequences. The Allies needed access to Amazon rubber since the Japanese had made it impossible to get rubber from the Far East. Brazil's diamonds were also needed for industrial purposes. In addition, the Allies wanted to make very certain that Brazil's resources were denied to the Axis powers. The Americans, he said, had turned the Amazon into their own back yard, flying in, landing on the rivers, trading with the Indians for things without so much as a by-your-leave to the government of Brazil, then run as a dictatorship by President Getulio Vargas. An airship (he called it the *Dona Luna*) would drop out of the sky, land on the Xingu River, and collect what was needed. When Senador Passarinho was young that was the climate—pressure to supply the Allies from the limitless treasure box of the Amazon.

Senador Passarinho was scheduled to make a speech in the Senate, his last as Senate leader of President Sarney's party. It was by no means the end of his public life in Brazil, however: the new president, Collor de Mello, would shortly appoint him minister of justice. The translator and I slunk into visitors' seats. The room was round, the ceiling a dome with a mass of crystals of varying sizes and shapes hanging down over the senadors' heads, like stalactites in a cave. The senadors sat at long tables made of highly polished tropical hardwoods curved in semicircles around the podium. There was a raised speaker's dais under a large cross.

Senador Passarinho rose to speak. He was a small man with crimped grey hair, glasses, a small thin nose, a tight-lipped seen-it-all smile. He said he had read Gorky in cheap editions as a boy growing up in Para and also Dostoevsky. His literary affiliates in the Soviet Union were Pasternak and Solzenhitsyn. He had made a trip to the U.S.S.R. recently and found one could not even buy a suitcase in Moscow. But the real problem they had to face was a cultural one, the fact there was no culture of liberalism or social democracy. There was nothing of what is needed to make a marketplace, no individual initiative, no spirit of competition; it just did not exist. So, his question was, how to do this cultural transplant, how to bring about this *perestroika*?

It seemed to me he was making a veiled argument about Brazil, using the U.S.S.R. as a metaphor to cover the real nature of his discourse. After all, he was talking about the difficulties of creating what Gorbachev called a civil society in a country without a democratic history. That surely applied in Brazil too.

Passarinho danced through Russian history with a nod to barons and serfs, masters and slaves, revolutionaries. "The mensheviks now appear," he said, "they are called Toucanos [the nickname of Coves's party]." There was much laughter at this quip. Passarinho went on to say that it had not been expected that the Soviet Union would come apart over interethnic disputes, yet the national question was now of tremendous importance. Gorbachev was in Lithuania that very day discussing the question of secession with people in the street. Fear had vanished, but, on the other hand, in the period of Stalin, he said, the supply system worked better.

"History," said Passarinho, "is not made by [the] undecided but by the bold: Gorbachev is bold. We are privileged witnesses to see not just the breakdown of Leninist totalitarianism [but also] Paraguay and Chile have elected representatives. We, after twenty-seven years, have popularly elected a president. May there be peace on earth." With this, he left the chamber.

We walked down a long, curving hall to his office, a large room with windows along one wall, leather furniture. "I don't know if you know I was running the Commission of Inquiry on the Amazon of Brazil," Passarinho began politely. His commission had made its way through the Amazon region between March and October 1989. What he had learned in his travels was that while Brazilians had made a lot of mistakes and there was reason to be concerned about the menace of deforestation, 93 per cent of the Amazon had been preserved. If one considered that the deforested 7 per cent also included towns, villages, rivers, well. ... He had also concluded mistakes had been made about the scientific understanding of the rainforest. The first was this idea put about by some ecologists that the Amazon acted as the lungs of the world, affecting air quality for the whole planet. "This is totally unjust," he said. "Science has proven that the oxygen produced during the day is consumed at night. So there is a cycle—a balance. The second mistake is our contribution to the greenhouse effect."

Of course he did not believe the predictions being made about a rapid warming of the global climate was proven science either. He'd heard that if one burned the whole Amazon forest, a much lower quantity of rain would be produced, but the climate effects might be contrary to those currently broadly discussed. One might end up with a glacial age. The other view was that much more CO_2 would produce a protective cloud layer that would retain latent heat and cause heating of the globe. Even if true this might not be such a bad thing.

In places like Siberia it would produce a good result. "It would be bad for the U.S.," he said with a certain *je ne sais quoi*.

Senador Passarinho was suave and easy about Brazilian nationalism: he portrayed himself as a broad-minded man, beyond the kinds of concerns one tended to find among some in the military. Some in the military thought the Amazon was the object of the world's lust. The idea of an international Amazon had started with a U.N. official who had written a treatise suggesting the empty countries of the world, such as Brazil and Canada, ought to share their space with the poor and crowded of the planet. Later, the U.S.-based Hudson Institute had come up with a plan to build a canal across the Amazon into a gigantic cross-continental canal.

Senador Passarinho had just finished his term as governor of Para when the U.S. State Department invited him to the U.S. on a tour. The State Department's theory seemed to be, he laughed modestly, that one day he might be president of Brazil. The Hudson Institute, almost entirely funded by the U.S. military at that point, had just publicly proposed the Amazon project. Passarinho decided to make a trip on his own to the Hudson Institute. They talked to him about the development potential—how there could be twenty cities the size of Santarem around a giant lake in ten years. "I said thanks, we have plenty of rain, and we don't need a lake."

But there were those in Brazil who found even such speculations frightening. Their old fears had come flooding back when President Mitterrand of France made a statement at the Hague that nations with tropical rainforests should understand that sovereignty over the rainforest had to be of a supranational character. As Passarinho understood it, Mitterrand had called for something called relative sovereignty. Passarinho frowned as he said this. Still, he said, there was no reason to say that it was the *preoccupation* of industrial peoples to attempt to dominate the Amazon area. He, personally, was happy to accept co-operation. For example, he welcomed co-operation from Canada. Passarinho had talked to a Canadian diplomat during the work of his committee who had said Canadians could help in the preparation of the people to defend the forest. Other suggested forms of co-operation had been somewhat more delicate. He didn't consider debt-for-nature swap ideas practical. This was extranational involvement and presented a problem of sovereignty.

I explained what I knew about foreign governments, particularly the government of Canada, organizing the funding of Brazilian NGOs active in politics. If debt-for-nature swaps presented a prob-

lem for Brazilian sovereignty, why did Brazil permit direct foreign financial involvement in Brazilian politics?

"I'm not aware of this," he said. "[It's] a relative surprise for me to know that. Till now we knew about the participation of NGOs in Germany and others, but related to the Catholic Church or IBAMA. I don't know. I accept interrelationships of foundations—German, U.S., or Canadian with Brazilian foundations—for this purpose." However, he drew the line at governments giving directly to NGOs doing public work in Brazil. That was "interference in the public process." It was dangerous business. It could engender backlash. "Latin Americans have nationalism at the level of [the] skin," he warned.

NGOs supporting other entities legitimately constructed in Brazil was not a worry. "What [we] don't want is to be obliged to sit at international tables which will decide what can and can't be done in Amazonia."

I said I had knowledge that the Canadian embassy had helped start one Brazilian NGO; that the embassy was used as a meeting place by NGOs and their foreign funders, some of whom were governments.

He waved a hand in the air as if to signify this was a small matter, of no interest. He asked me no questions about who went to these meetings, how much money they received from abroad, or even which other governments were there. "We have no complaints against Canada. At my hearing the science attaché of the [Canadian] embassy joined us and accompanied all the sessions." The Canadian official had come to all seventeen sessions.

Why had the official come? I asked.

"They were invited," said Passarinho.

He saw me to the door. But before he released me, he said he wanted to explain the Brazilian context properly. I had to understand that the military men of his generation had got their style from France. Many had studied there. But gradually the American influence had supplanted that of France, particularly after World War II. A relationship had developed between the military establishments, and it had endured, although there had been a falling out for a short time. That bad patch had occurred during the Carter presidency. Carter had visited Brazil in 1978. There had been complaints in the U.S. about human rights violations by Brazil. The U.S. Congress had passed legislation stating such violations could lead to trade sanctions. Nevertheless, when Carter came to Brazil, he was cheered in

the National Assembly and treated well everywhere. But—and here Passarinho allowed his lip to curl—Carter had had the lack of grace to ride to the airport with the cardinal of Sao Paulo. This cardinal was a well-known enemy of the Brazilian military regime. This public parade through the streets, where it could not be ignored, where it had to be officially noticed, was a slap in the face to the regime. Taken in conjunction with U.S. pressure on Brazil not to join the nuclear club, it was the low point. "And then Carter went back to growing peanuts," said Senador Passarinho with a growl of satisfaction.

Sixteen

Canadian Jeitinho

I left Brazil with a grudging admiration for the care with which Brazilian officials and politicians ignored what could not be officially known. Private agreements are the very essence of the Brazilian system of governance, the system of *jeito*, or arrangements. This particular arrangement seemed to be triangular. Placing the U.N. Conference on Environment and Development in Rio in 1992 seemed to be one point of the triangle. Another concerned free transfers of the intellectual property rights to certain technology to Brazil. In exchange, Brazil had opened its national politics to Trojan horses with gifts from abroad. However, Carvalho had hinted that not only were Brazilian NGOs carefully watched by those in power, but their Canadian, American, and European counterpart NGOs might be too. There was independent evidence for this tight leash: Maurice Strong, an eminent Canadian, had just been appointed the secretary general of the U.N. Conference on Environment and Development. Strong would have the power to set the agenda: he would hire the staff, draft the documents, run the meeting, and be in charge of authorizing NGO representation.

But I was still uncertain about the larger question of who had crafted this network to work on the Agenda. I didn't think it had started with Bruce Rich and Barbara Bramble, nor with anyone in Brazil either. The network now extended to at least three countries in the Americas and into Europe. It had a life and purpose more complex than those of any of the players who used it. What was its larger purpose?

I returned to Toronto on a cold February day to find the air poisonous. A black, resinous cloud, a stinking pall hung on the horizon. An open air used tire storage facility had been set on fire near Hagersville, Ontario. It was still burning. The town had been evacuated. Groundwater had been polluted. It was odd to leave Brazil, the country accused of burning up the world's clean air, to return to a raging,

polluting tire fire at home, but it was fitting. It reminded me forcefully that there is very little that divides the developed from the developing world in the facts of environmental contamination. The Hagersville tire dump was the product of First World environmental regulation, zoning, taxation, and enforcement. The province of Ontario had levied a special tax to pay for the safe disposal of old tires. Orders had been issued, appeals heard, public money spent to enforce rules, all to no avail. The rules were there all right, but the fire was a fact.

This utter failure to maintain more than a hollowed-out semblance of environmental protection at home in an area entirely within not only Canadian but provincial jurisdiction made Canada's public insistence on the global nature of environmental issues seem almost comic. Clearly, other unstated imperatives drove Canada in its public and semi-covert behaviour in Brazil. Brazil had begun to eat away at Canadian markets; Brazil was holding big Canadian banks to ransom, it made sense that Canada's interest was to support and encourage the rise of the Brazilian government's opposition. It did not make sense that Brazil's government should see this interference as benign. A Catholic group supported by CIDA funding a Maoist who liberated government information and formed political support for candidates? It was absurd. But it too was a fact.

Adam Zimmerman had hinted broadly before I went to Brazil that one company he was aware of "considers what it is doing is not only in its interest but in the national interest." He had also told me that when WWF Canada, of which he was chairman, needed to get money down to Paiakan, he'd phoned the ambassador to Brazil at the time, Tony Eyton, brother of Trevor Eyton, the chairman of Brascan, and asked: "Is this something Canada ought to be doing?" He'd been assured that a delicate subject was being handled carefully. From Zimmerman's point of view, the national, business, and NGO interests involved with Brazil's politics through the Agenda network were all tied in one braid—public interest and private interest were the same.

CEDI's book listing the commercial interests licensed to explore on Indian lands made certain allegations about Brascan's interests in Brazil. When the president of Brascan Brasil, Senhor Andrade, came to Toronto for a board meeting of Brascan Ltd., its parent, I thought I ought to show it to him and give him a chance to respond. He received me in a large room in a suite of offices the Brascan group

shared with the Edper/Hees managers. I offered him the CEDI/CONAGE book. I showed him the places where Brascan's name appeared.

A thin, elegant man with a narrow head and swept back white hair, Andrade turned the pages and announced that the book was wrong from the start. The new Brazilian constitution of 1988 stated it was necessary for companies to obtain permission from Congress and Indians themselves to explore on Indian land.

I explained that this book still seemed to me important because it showed where interests lay, interests corporations might be disposed to try to get back.

He insisted that Brascan, in any case, had no claims on Indian land. "For policy reasons, we don't. [We] believe it is wrong to have Indian land."

I said I found it hard to understand how the people who published this document could have made so many errors if Brascan's name or the names of its Brazilian subsidiaries did not actually appear in the Brazilian government records referred to in the document.

Andrade turned the pages again. The name of one Brascan subsidiary, CESBRA, appeared. On another page, a licence was just listed as Brascan. He said he didn't have the faintest idea which company that referred to. Another listing mentioned a company with a different name—he recognized it as one in the Brascan group. A third he said, "We don't have it." A fourth didn't ring a bell. Maybe these companies had more to do with a Brascan partner. From 1983 to 1988, he said, Brascan Brasil had been in partnership with a company owned by British Petroleum, BP. However, BP had just sold this company when it sold its gold subsidiary to RTZ, Rio Tinto Zinc, the largest mining company in the world (and owner of Toronto-based Rio Algom).

I pointed out that a large number of companies had allegedly been granted licences on Kayapo land between 1983 and 1986. The companies named included: Bradesco; Tan Minerals; Brascan in a venture with a company called Mearin and Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD, the company developing Carajas). Near the Kayapo village of Mekragnoti one company had received a number of licences. Brascan or its affiliates were also named as having been issued licences to explore on land beside the Roosevelt Indians' area in the far west of Mato Grosso state and in areas belonging to the Yanomami on the northern border with Venezuela. Andrade took down information on the licence attributed to "[Brascan] Mearim,"

which allegedly had got a licence on Kayapo land in 1986. He said he would ask about this in Brazil.

Later, he faxed me a note. The note reiterated that no subsidiary of Brascan in Brazil "has any exploration and/or mining right in Indian lands. As I mentioned to you, to hold such rights is against Company policy and, since 1988, restricted by the Brazilian constitution." He went on to say that none of the companies listed in the CEDI/CONAGE document as "Brascan-BP" belonged to CESBRA, Brascan Brasil's mining subsidiary, or to any of its subsidiaries. However, concerning an entity described as "(Brascan) Mearim Sociedade de Mineracao," which the book said had obtained a licence on Kayapo land under registration number 84851363, published on January 29, 1986, he had been informed:

a) That the area in question is not in but some 15 km. to the south of the Caiapo [Kayapo] reservation in a place called Pedra Seca, municipality of Sao Felix do Xingu, State of Para.
b) the request for exploration rights was made by a company called Matapu—Sociedade de Mineracao Ltda and not by Mearim.
c) Neither Matapu nor Mearim belong to Cesbra or any one of its affiliates.

I found this letter both informative and obscure. It used the present tense when the book referred to the past; it pointed out errors but not whether these errors were material. For example, according to Posey's doctoral thesis, the Kayapo had by the late 1970s moved to expand their territory very close to Sao Felix do Xingu. Senhor Andrade had already taught me that regarding Brazil one must be suspicious, one must look to the facts on the ground, not just the myths in circulation, and he had admitted that some information in the CEDI book was correct. It struck me as a material fact that one of the controlling shareholders of Brascan, and a senior officer of one of its affiliated companies had participated in a fundraiser for Paiakan and Cultural Survival Canada in Toronto. Andrade had also had contact with Paiakan. Paiakan had made an appointment to see him in Rio some months earlier: the appointment had been set up by Barbara Zimmerman. Andrade had made inquiries about Paiakan. He checked because he knew the frontier well enough to treat all matters related to it with suspicion. The frontier was "like the far west of the U.S.—law of the gun," he had told me. He knew this frontier well

because Brascan explores for gold in the state of Maranhao, and it mines diamonds in Mato Grosso. It had operated a tin mine in Rondonia since 1973. Brascan had to send its tin out in convoys guarded by men armed with machine guns. Yet he was also oblique when asked if this Rondonian mine was in a Brazilian designated national forest and had left serious environmental damage.

He said Wim Groeneveld had provided his company with consulting work on the recuperation of certain mining areas there. But he could not recall why Groeneveld was hired. He didn't think it was the Canadian government who recommended Groeneveld. The Canadian government was not involved.

Was he certain? I asked. Everyone seemed to use this guy—the Canadian embassy, the Body Shop and Cultural Survival Inc., CIDA, BP, everyone.

"This guy," laughed Andrade. "Maybe he has the sure cure."

In Brazil, at the embassy, I'd asked to see the list of all Brazilian NGOs that had received money directly from the embassy's Canada Fund. I'd also inquired about the rules for giving out such funds: I wondered if there was a prohibition against giving Canadian taxpayers' dollars to foreign political parties or officials, for example. The embassy staffers in Brasilia had said there weren't too many rules about who could get donations from the Canada Fund. A very senior spokesman had said that about the only rule he could think of was "don't buy the minister [of foreign affairs] new furniture."

The embassy had been unable to provide me with a list of those groups it had funded, so I followed up with CIDA, the organization of government charged with monitoring how money from the Canada Fund is spent. CIDA also provided a copy of the rules under which Parliament granted money for the Canada Fund for Local Initiatives, as it is properly called. The purpose of the Fund, as outlined by the government in a policy statement to its mission heads, is to enable "Canada to become involved with such grass roots groups as farmers, villagers and refugees, and to respond to their needs quickly, effectively and with a minimum of red tape. It also helps CIDA to promote women in the Third World. Finally, it constitutes a means of furthering Canadian political interests with beneficiary governments and private groups." Since 1988, the Canada Fund had devolved more of its administration to local "consultants" hired by embassies. These local consultants picked the groups to fund, managed the administration, and reported to heads of mission. The Canada Fund was used

in 114 countries with allocations up to $500,000 per country and a maximum grant per project of $50,000. The total annual expenditures had risen to $38 million.

These rules were so loose, the Canada Fund amounted to a slush fund. There were no prohibitions against giving furniture or anything else to foreign politicians. Apparently some Canadian NGOs had become concerned about so much money being handed directly from the embassies into the hands of foreign NGOs. They ought to have worried as well about this money being handed to a foreign politician or his agents.[1]

The list of grants made by the Canadian embassy in Brazil in 1988-89 showed that the embassy focused on furthering Canada's political interests. The larger grants had not generally gone to the poor, the needy, or women. The embassy had given money to groups working in close contact with politicians. It gave $32,818 to SOS Mata Atlantica, the organization founded by Deputado Fabio Feldmann. The organization shared offices with Feldmann. The money was used to furnish yet another office out of the city. Carlos Libanio had recommended that grant. It also gave money to an NGO set up by one of its own staff—$50,000, the maximum allowed, was given to teach agroforestry to forty rural workers based outside Ouro Preto D'Oeste, Rondonia. This project was listed as the first one developed for the embassy by the Canadian embassy Agroforestry Advisory Group. This group was started by an embassy staffer, by Wim Groeneveld, Peter May, and Jean Dubois. (WWF U.S. was also a donor.) A $20,000 grant had been made to WWF U.S. to outfit an education centre at a biological reserve north of Rio. Another $20,000 grant was made to Ticuna Indians who live on the Upper Solimoes River (where La Penha had thought Indians, if they voted, could swing electoral results). This money would help buy boats, typewriters, video recorders for the Centre for Documentation and Research of the Upper Solimoes. A $30,000 grant went to rubber-tapper Indians called the Kaxinawa in Acre—the same group Elaine Elizabethsky had introduced to the Body Shop PLC. The embassy gave Chico Mendes's rubbertappers $27,000 for a Toyota pickup truck and a boat. Some $18,000 had been given for a lighter-than-air plane to photograph mangrove swamp in the state of Alagoas. The new Brazilian president, Fernando Collor de Mello, had formerly been the governor of Alagoas, a state with a political machine built on the power of the media owned by Collor de Mello's family. The grant went to the Environment Institute, State of Alagoas, Maceio

(the state capital), Osvaldo Viegas "acting president." About $40,000 worth of boats and other equipment had also been given to a group of Kayapo living inside the Xingu Park. With the exception of the money for an ultralight aircraft, larger grants went to groups close to those working on the Agenda. The Canadian government was helping to directly fund the network in Brazil just as the man in Ottawa had said.

Any lingering doubt that this catalytic work of the embassy in Brazil was also intimately tied to Canada's most significant political and private interests dissipated after discussions with Arthur Campeau. The embassy officials in Brazil had suggested to me that Arthur Campeau was a very, very important official: what a shame, they said, that we'd all missed each other in Manaus when Campeau was there. When I got home, I set out to find Campeau. It turned out that Campeau acted as a bridge between the Canadian government, Canadian business, and Canadian environment NGOs active on the Agenda network. In fact, he'd helped one new NGO, the Harmony Foundation, get access to a lot of private and government money which Harmony used to trumpet the government's line as its own. Campeau was a man with well-placed friends. In fact, he turned out to be a bosom friend of the prime minister of Canada.

Campeau, special adviser for international affairs to the minister of the environment, had a deputy minister level civil service appointment and salary although he was really neither—he was very much a political appointee. He obliged me with his personal biography. In the early 1960s in his school days Campeau was a racing car driver, competitive skier, and schmoozer. Blond, blue-eyed and good-looking, to many he'd seemed like a duplicate of John Turner. He studied political science at Loyola College, then law at McGill. He graduated (second class honours) and went straight to Montreal's oldest law firm, Ogilvy, Cope, Porteous, Hansard, Marler, Montgomery, and Renault. Important people had by then already marked him: his mentors as he called them included the then consul general of the U.S. to Montreal, Jerome Gaspard, an economist specializing in agriculture who had searched out waste, fraud, and corruption in the State Department before he was assigned to Montreal; Ogilvy, Renault senior partner Tom Montgomery (now deceased), who had also brought into the law firm the young Tory activist and future prime minister, Brian Mulroney; and John Connolly, a president of the national Liberal Party and House leader in the Senate for Prime Minister Pearson. Campeau was a supporter of

the federal liberals. Campeau was also the son and nephew of fierce Liberals.

He and Mulroney worked, dined, travelled, and played together. Campeau became godfather to one of Mulroney's children. When Mulroney ran for the leadership of the Conservative Party in 1976, Campeau helped him. He had by then become "somewhat dissatisfied" with certain aspects of the federal Liberal Party's economic policy, like the expansion of the state into areas previously left to private enterprise—the oil business for instance. After Mulroney lost the Progressive Conservative leadership to Joe Clark, it was his partner Campeau who negotiated Mulroney's lucrative contract with M.A. Hanna Company of Cleveland, one of the larger mining companies in the world. Mulroney became vice-president and later president of its affiliate Iron Ore of Canada. Mulroney got a house in Westmount on the top of the mountain and was paid on a sliding scale in U.S. dollars.

M.A. Hanna was then the largest shareholder in Iron Ore (since 1993, the largest shareholder has been Mitsubishi). M.A. Hanna had invested in Canada when C.D. Howe ran economic policy for the country. Howe, formerly an American and a mining engineer, was the definition of a continentalist—one who believed that Canada and the U.S. should be one open market with no barriers. After World War II, many American firms were encouraged to establish operations in Canada to exploit resource wealth—along with Canadian partners. The president of Iron Ore of Canada, whom Brian Mulroney eventually replaced, was William Bennett, C.D. Howe's former right-hand man. M.A. Hanna also had major interests in Brazil, particularly in Minas Gerais. Its iron concession there was worth so much, M.A. Hanna had helped organize the 1964 coup to protect it.[2]

Among the Canadian partners with M.A. Hanna in Iron Ore of Canada were members of the Argus group of companies. About the time Mulroney began work at Iron Ore, Argus came to be controlled and reorganized by Conrad Black and his partners Peter White and David Radler. Argus held a significant stake in Iron Ore through its control of Hollinger Mines and Labrador Mining and Exploration. As Black moved to gain control of Argus, Paul Desmarais, who controlled Montreal's Power Corp., also bought a significant share of Argus. Mulroney brokered a meeting between Black and Desmarais, and soon Black bought Desmarais's shares of Argus. Mulroney, Black, and White had known each other for years. According to John Sawatsky's biography of Mulroney, White, who was born in Sao

Paulo, met Mulroney at Laval. White was working for Diefenbaker's forestry minister, Maurice Sauvé, when he met Conrad Black, who was then studying at Carleton. Black's M.A. thesis was on Quebec premier Maurice Duplessis who had died only a few years before. White and Black eventually bought the *Sherbrooke Record* newspaper. Less then a decade later, after Black had won control of Argus, they sat on various boards with Mulroney.

According to Sawatsky's biography, as Iron Ore's president, Mulroney presided over the dividending out to M.A. Hanna and the indirect shareholders of Iron Ore, such as the members of the Argus group, some quarter of a billion dollars. Mulroney also presided over the calm shutdown of the mining town of Schefferville. Schefferville had to be closed because iron ore from Quebec was not able to compete on world markets with cheap ore soon to come out of Brazil—from Carajas, for example. In 1981, the Argus group, which had enjoyed a fruitful partnership with M.A. Hanna, attempted to take over M.A. Hanna through its affiliate Norcen Energy. This takeover attempt was blocked. In 1986 control of Norcen, which still held a significant number of M.A. Hanna shares, was sold to the Brascan/Edper/Hees group. Brascan's chairman Trevor Eyton and Paul Marshall soon joined M.A. Hanna's board.

By then, Brian Mulroney was prime minister, thanks in part to his friends like Arthur Campeau. When Mulroney left Iron Ore in 1983, he was no longer just another lawyer with empty pockets and big dreams: he was a man of means. It was not as difficult as it might have been for him to take the leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party from Joe Clark. That same year, Campeau left Ogilvy, Renault and formed a partnership with an entertainment lawyer.

Some time after Mulroney became prime minister in 1984, Campeau was introduced to an Ottawa biologist, Michael Bloomfield. Campeau had become interested in environmental issues. Bloomfield had just created an environment NGO in Ottawa called the Harmony Foundation. For the next two years Harmony was tiny: its revenues totalled $9,000. Then Campeau talked to Bloomfield about his growing recognition of the desperate environmental condition of the planet. After Bloomfield spotted a picture of the prime minister in Campeau's office, they also talked about Campeau's friendship with Mulroney. In 1988, Campeau became the Harmony Foundation's president. That was the year Mulroney campaigned for re-election on the basis of his Free Trade Agreement with the U.S., on creating harmony in Canada through the Meech Lake Accord, and on his

green record. It was also the year Mulroney hosted an international meeting in Toronto on climate, the year Paiakan came to Canada and Michael Wilson's officials met with him.

In its public documents the Harmony Foundation stated that it was started because "it was time to promote cooperation between environmental, business and public interests and to improve environmental education for everyone." In 1988, the year Campeau came on Harmony's board, the previously impecunious Harmony Foundation got government grants worth $43,000 and acquired other income of $312,716, of which $251,955 was called investments, without incurring one dime in fundraising expenses. (These investments were in fact royalties from the sale of Robert Bateman artwork published as prints in the U.S., assigned by Bateman to the foundation. He made a similar gift to WWF Canada.) In fact, none of its returns to Revenue Canada over five years up to 1993 showed any expenditures at all for fundraising. From 1988, Harmony took up its work which included publishing green booklets for consumers, chockablock, like a school year book, with the names of corporations wishing to be known as green; advising corporations on how to become green; and training green activists from home and abroad to go out and sell the message of Harmony. The foundation was tied so tightly to the federal government that in its 1988-89 statement to Revenue Canada, its president Arthur Campeau was identified as a special adviser in international affairs, and the business phone number he gave on the tax return was answered at Environment Canada.

According to Campeau, it was not long after he took on the presidency of the Harmony Foundation that the prime minister asked him to serve his country as a special adviser to his new minister of the environment, Lucien Bouchard. In April 1989, Hydro-Québec had announced the sale to New York State of $17-billion worth of power from the new dams to be called James Bay II. At that time Campeau said Prime Minister Mulroney called and told him his government had two major concerns—environment and the debt and that this was the time to get involved. Campeau claimed Mulroney expected him in his new job to watch the prime minister's back: Lucien Bouchard was a Quebec sovereigntist. (Prime Minister Mulroney said later that he appointed his friend Campeau to a very nice job at a very high salary because Mulroney's former law partners asked him to. As for assigning Campeau to watch and report on Bouchard, well, since Campeau knew Bouchard, he may have de-

cided himself that he should watch him. Mulroney said he did get some notes from Campeau from time to time.)

Some time after his appointment to government, Campeau resigned from Harmony, but he continued to be more than helpful to it by bringing in other directors and advisers: Tom Axworthy, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's last principal secretary became the Harmony Foundation's board secretary in 1990. Axworthy's day job was with the Charles Bronfman Foundation where he was executive director responsible for issues relating to the education of Canadian Jewry, Israeli issues, and Canadian unity. Campeau also introduced the Harmony Foundation to Yves Fortier, Campeau and Mulroney's former law partner. Fortier had just been appointed by Mulroney as Canada's ambassador to the United Nations when Campeau took up his own appointment inside the federal government. Campeau took Bloomfield to see Fortier at the U.N. The Harmony Foundation then listed U.N. Ambassador Fortier as one of its honorary advisers. Soon a host of other Canadian government officials also became advisers to the Harmony Foundation. These included the second secretary to the Canadian Permanent Mission to the U.N., Alexandra Bezeredi; John Bell, ambassador to Brazil; Dr. David Brook, a senior official at the IDRC, a government-funded corporation brought into existence by Maurice Strong. Campeau also introduced Bloomfield to Maurice Strong after it was announced Strong would be the secretary general of the U.N. Conference on Environment and Development. Strong became a member of the Harmony Foundation advisory board too.

In June 1989, just as Campeau joined the government, the Harmony Foundation set up a project called the Summer Institute for Environmental Values Education. Those to be taught environmental values came from Canada and countries like Israel, Kenya, Thailand, Brazil. Dr. David Brooks of the IDRC supplied to Harmony's Summer Institute advice and names of people who should be brought in from abroad. So did the Canadian embassy in Brazil. It was the embassy that suggested Suely Anderson of SOS Mata Atlantica one year, and the Brazilian deputy minister of education the next. Roughly one-third of the Summer Institute's advisers and lecturers on environmental values worked for the federal government. This project earned Bloomfield a UNEP Global 500 award.

By 1990, after two years of Campeau's help, the Harmony Foundation's total receipts had climbed to $523,138, of which $114,000 was in the form of government grants, the rest contributions from

businesses.The list of corporate donors was remarkably long, given that the Foundation spent no money at all to raise funds. Donors included the usual array of environmentally challenged corporations: Noranda; the Royal Bank; Rio Algom; Petro-Canada; Consumer's Gas; Abitibi-Price; the Molson Companies; Chevron; Cominco; Scott Paper; Weyerhaeuser Canada; Imperial Oil; Fletcher Challenge. The Charles Bronfman Foundation and the J.W. McConnell Foundation were large donors. Government money came from CIDA, the federal Department of the Environment, British Columbia Hydro, the B.C. Ministry of Environment. Other companies that gave money to the foundation itself included the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, DuPont Canada Inc., and Placer Dome.

In the summer of 1990, Bloomfield went to get an education of his own at the Santa Fe Institute in New Mexico. There he was treated to lectures by someone from the Environmental Defense Fund who spoke on the virtues of creating a global system of tradable pollution credits.

The more I looked at this tight connection between a Canadian NGO, the Canadian government, Canadian political advisers, and business interests, the more it reminded me of what I'd seen of the Agenda network in Brazil. A thick braid tied Canada's vital interests to Brazil, Brazil's vital interests to the U.S., and all to each other. It seemed to me that whoever had crafted the network and its Agenda had managed to get the active help of no less a personage than the prime minister of Canada—Brian Mulroney—and his friends. But I could not convince myself that the prime minister of Canada had actually initiated it.

Seventeen

The Kayapo Are Coming—Again

It was the end of September 1990, almost two years after Paiakan first came to speak in Toronto. As the Canadian government readied its army to invade the Mohawk reserve near Oka, the CBC radio news reported that some of the Kayapo Indians of Brazil were on their way up to James Bay. The reporter said they'd been invited to help the James Bay Cree plan strategy on how to stop the dams known as James Bay II. The Kayapo were also coming to Montreal for a human rights meeting; their visit had been organized by the Sierra Club in Vermont.

The Sierra Club representative responsible for getting visas for the Kayapo explained that one of the Kayapo going up to Great Whale to see the Cree was also going to be awarded the Sierra Club's Chico Mendes Award up there.

Who? I asked.

A guy named Kuben-i, he said.

Brian Craik and Bill Namagoose, spokespeople for the Grand Council of the Cree, thought the first contact between the Cree and the Kayapo had happened in Massachussetts in June 1989.[1] Matthew Coon-Come, the Cree Grand Chief, had then travelled in Brazil the following spring. He'd met Paiakan, given extensive interviews to Brazilian television about the environmental problems with James Bay II, about why these dams should be stopped. The Brazilians had been very interested. The Cree plan was to have Kuben-i and Tapjet come up to the Cree town of Great Whale and receive the Sierra Club award there. The Smithsonian Institution planned to record it all on film.

How had the Sierra Club got involved? The Sierra Club in South Carolina had looked at the James Bay II dam proposal and found it wanting. As a result, a binational task force to stop James Bay II had

been put together: it included NGOs like Quebec's Les Amis de Terre, Stop, and Cultural Survival Canada. David Suzuki had narrated the English version of a Cree-made film on the impacts of hydro dams in Quebec, which would soon be shown in Quebec City.

The Cree, like the Kayapo and the rubbertappers, had also begun to lobby against James Bay II in Washington with the help of the Agenda network. Their strategy was to make the U.S. buyers of the prospective James Bay hydro power realize they were part of the problem. The Cree had already met with U.S. senator Daniel Moynihan of New York and the U.S. secretary of energy. The Cree had also hired Hill and Knowlton, one of the largest public relations firms in the world. The Cree wanted the New York State legislature to hold an environmental impact hearing on James Bay II because Quebec and the federal government were trying to weasel out of that.

What did the Cree know about the Kayapo?

Well, mostly what they'd seen on TV, they said. They knew there were gold mining and hydro projects around them and they were torn over the gold mining. "Those things happen with this type of change," said Craik. "I understand that better than an environmentalist would."

The Sierra Club national office in Washington said the award ceremony was being handled by the International Committee of the Sierra Club—that I should call Bill Mankin in Atlanta. I called Mankin. He agreed that Kuben-i had already won this Chico Mendes prize from the Sierra Club in 1989 at Ann Arbor. He said this ceremony planned for Great Whale was just a belated presentation. He was sure that this time the Kayapo would show up. Kuben-i and Tapjet had already been to New York. To know more about Kuben-i and Tapjet's schedule in Canada, any of the Sierra Club staffers in Ottawa could help. The people to call there were Heather Hamilton, Allison Gail, or Elizabeth May.

Curiouser and curiouser.

I called Elizabeth May who explained she was not only the executive director of Cultural Survival Canada, she had also become the national representative for the Sierra Club of Canada, an entity then in the process of being created. In addition, she had become an environment sector representative on the government of Canada's own delegation to the preparatory meeting just held in Nairobi for the U.N. Conference on Environment and Development (UNCED), generally called the Rio Summit.

I had just seen this phenomenon of having NGO representatives as part of the official government delegation touted by Environment Canada's Ian Burton, in the opinion section of the *Globe and Mail*.[2] He had described this as a first step in democratizing the U.N. to produce a global system of governance. May's name had not been mentioned, but Burton, who knew May well, had been informed by her how well the process in Nairobi had worked. He had published in the *Globe* a theory that the U.N. could be democratized as a bicameral system in which the voice of the people would be heard in an assembly made up of NGOs.

How had May been selected as an environment sector rep on the government's official Rio Summit delegation? May, Janine Ferretti of Pollution Probe, and two other women, acting as an unofficial international caucus of the Canadian Environmental Network (CEN), had decided May should go. CIDA had paid May's expenses. According to a spokesperson in the office of the minister of the environment, the government of Canada had then treated May as if she represented the democratic will of the 1,800 member organizations that belong to the CEN. The other NGO representatives on the Canadian delegation had been subject to similarly rigorous democratic selection procedures. According to the spokesperson, the Department of the Environment had asked the Canada Youth Federation to select a youth, since the government hadn't yet had time to start a youth group of its own; the U.N. Association of Canada had sent its president, Geoffrey Grenville-Wood; Jose Sotto had represented development groups. Arthur Campeau, the prime minister's friend, had led this delegation to the first preparatory meeting in Nairobi.

I phoned Campeau again. He said he had loved the whole Nairobi exercise. The NGOs had been an actual part of the delegation; they had sat in on the government of Canada's own meetings on strategy. Campeau had even allowed Brock Dickenson, the youth delegate, to speak for the government of Canada at one point. This was the government of Canada's delegation, he kept saying.

The mind reeled. By definition, nongovernmental organizations do not represent the government; they represent interests and points of view *to* governments. Why would the government of Canada want to be represented by Elizabeth May, a person who had attacked the government in the 1988 federal election campaign?

No footage of the Kayapo advising the Cree at Great Whale materialized on television. Finally I called Namagoose to find out what had happened. He was sorry to say that in the end, Kuben-i and Tapjet had not made it to Great Whale. They had been in Montreal when they received an urgent phone call. There was something about an invasion of territory in Brazil. They had gone home immediately.

One evening in late October, Elizabeth May got out of a taxi in front of Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum. The light balanced on an edge between twilight and evening so it was hard to be sure what it was about her that had changed, but she seemed sombre, less vibrant than the last time we'd met. Many months later, when she became a mother, I counted back and figured that on that cool night in 1990 she must have been in the first trimester of pregnancy.

She was in town to give a talk at Rainforest Week, which had been organized by the Royal Ontario Museum. As Paiakan had done two years earlier, the Penan tribe of Sarawak, a Malaysian state, were in town on a global tour to protest how the corrupt government of Malaysia was devastating their lives and their futures by destroying their forests. A large banner over the auditorium door said Rainforest Week was funded by CIDA.

May and I sat together in the soft seats waiting for the exhibition hall to fill. I asked May for a complete list of all the organizations she represented. She ticked them off: she was Cultural Survival Canada's executive director; Sierra Club of Canada's national representative.[3] She said she ran a parallel operation to that of the executive director of Sierra Club Foundation in Toronto: she was the club's presence in Ottawa. The Rafferty Dam was an issue for which she wore her Sierra Club hat because it wasn't central to Cultural Survival Canada's mission. She had joined the board of Friends of the Earth Canada in the fall of 1989. She was also on the honorary board of the Canadian Environmental Network. This organization was the outgrowth of a previous environment network set up to hand out federal dollars to bring people to meetings with the minister of the environment. She represented the CEN's international caucus. She was a founding director of the Canadian Environmental Defence Fund (it borrowed its name from the EDF in the U.S.). She worked for the Royal Society on issues relating to women in science. She was on something she called the interagency task force to prepare

for the conference Maurice Strong was organizing for Rio, later called the Canadian Participatory Committee for UNCED or CPCU.

At the recent preparatory meeting in Nairobi she had also attended the organizing meeting of the International Facilitating Committee. This organization worked with the Center for Our Common Future in Geneva[4] to organize NGOs from around the world for the Rio Summit. There was no direct government involvement in the CPCU task force, although there had been meetings with the government. She thought it would probably get its money from Environment Canada. In fact, Environment Canada had put aside $1 million to spend over the next three years on "NGO activities related to [the Rio Summit]."

As this list grew longer, and the overlapping directorships became more apparent, it seemed clear that Elizabeth May, like Wim Groeneveld, like Marie Jaime, had become an NGO interface with government. In fact May was both government *and* its opposition, depending on which hat she put on. She could represent the government one day, she could attack it another, she could sign letters from several organizations, she could become a groundswell of public opinion. In short, she was a debate shaper; she was involved in so many organizations that if any were asked for comment, she would have some hand in forming it. How handy this was for governments or business seeking out contained criticism or praise. Getting May on side was the equivalent of one-stop shopping: what she put in, what she left out, both could matter. She was like a node on an information network. Information or a position on an issue could be generated anywhere—in an embassy in Brazil, in a meeting room in Washington, in a boardroom in Switzerland—and, if fed to May, end up touted in the pages of the *Globe and Mail.*

The room was only half full when the first speaker, Dr. Adrian Forsythe, an employee of Conservation International, began to speak on the rainforests of Indonesia and Malaysia. Slide after slide flared up. The crowd was thin and seemed lethargic. Then it was May's turn. I'd thought she was at the museum to talk about tropical rainforest in her capacity as executive director of Cultural Survival Canada, which had got its start organizing for Paiakan. But May's subject was temperate rainforest, the kind that exists on the British Columbia coast. Her theme was the failure of governments to police corporate misbehaviour and therefore the wickedness of government subsidies to national industries. She sat at a table, in a forum sponsored by CIDA, which subsidizes Canadian companies and NGOs at

home and abroad, and ran through anti-subsidy ideas like learn-to-read cards. The government of Quebec, through Hydro-Québec's subsidies to aluminum manufacturers on the north shore, was just "exporting power as aluminum." She was here to say that some $1 trillion was being spent on military spending out of a $13 trillion global economy. "The priority of government," she said, "seems to be the extermination of life on earth."

Other facts (or assertions) flew out in a rush. Temperate rainforests have the greatest weight of biomass on the planet, some four hundred tons to the acre, she said. A single old growth pine tree produces some sixty to seventy million needles. Twenty per cent of global warming is a result of man-made activities or deforestation of the rainforest. Tropical forests are moisture exchangers, but the temperate forests, she said, are a major carbon sink. "Each hectare in B.C. hauls out 6 and ½ tons of carbon a year."

So, I thought, jotting notes, now Canada is the problem.

The reality is that every province in Canada permits overcutting, May said. There was general recognition that provinces had the primary jurisdiction over forestry and the provinces had begun to engage in bargain-basement liquidation of inventory. One-third of Manitoba had been licensed to pulp and paper companies. In Québec, aside from the obvious problem of James Bay II, there had also been amendments to the Forest Act so that clear cutting could proceed. The last old forest in Nova Scotia was being turned into raw logs for Sweden.

"I was in Africa last month for a conference preparation for Brazil in 1992," she said. "One of the conventions to be negotiated is a global forest convention. ... When the secretary of the environment from Brazil, Jose Lutzenburger [spoke he] said, [the] most magnificent forest on the planet [is] being felled—[we are] losing magnificent temperate rain forest of British Columbia from clear cutting.

"I asked a forester, when you cut down a two thousand-year-old tree, [is it] not a sacrilege? The forester said: 'Why do you use religious terms when it's a technical issue?' Over 60 per cent of what was in B.C. is already gone. Our loss on coastal B.C. is more urgent than the Amazon. ... Twenty years [are] left at current rates of cut."

May mentioned an article in the *New Yorker* by Catherine Caulfield in which the forestry practices in British Columbia had been decried. The temperate forest, like the tropical rainforest, is a monument to biodiversity, she said. There are hundreds of different mosses, lichens just in the canopy. We had to learn from the aborigi-

nal people of the coast who had the greatest record of sustainable use of the forest. "The clear cuts are visible from outer space. One is 180 square miles. Paiakan of the Kayapo who we met on the struggle against dams, as he flew over B.C. in a small plane he muttered, 'This is worse than Amazonia.' "

Canada, May said, should set aside 12 per cent of its land as protected parks. It had only managed 6 per cent. Canada was worse than Kenya. She was outraged. She was appalled. She was incensed.

I sat splayed in my chair. It was downright depressing to watch the focus of outrage shift from down there to back here like a jump cut in a film. This was paint-by-number ecology, statistics-to-order argument. She'd left out one good line, though, the one about how a cure for cancer might disappear with a patch of B.C. forest forever. An apparently potent anti-cancer chemical had been found in the bark of a yew that grows on the B.C. coast. (In 1992 a U.S. biotechnology company snapped up the rights to all the supply in a secret deal with the British Columbia government.) This argument was dressed up to sound like a recitation of the new truths from science, but it was at best a thin simulacrum of the constant debate that is real science: it was closer to propaganda. I could deconstruct it with ease: there was the tie-in between the religious awe people feel in the presence of God's creation and the disgust for its despoiler; the identification of all indigenous persons as persons of unquestioned spiritual virtue and the corollary—all indigenous persons are nature's protectors. (Did this include Kuben-i? Tapjet?) Then there was the awful scale of our waste, so vast it could be seen from outer space. (Of course, these days satellite technology permits one to track a car from space.) This kind of discourse was now being turned on Canada.

"If a tree loses one-third of its bark, it dies," May said, raising the emotional content of the speech to the boiling point. "We are skinning the planet alive. If we take one-third of the forest away, how can we expect the planet to live?"

The next day May's office faxed me her resume for my files. I found in it something she modestly had not mentioned in our conversation. In June 1990 she had been awarded a major prize in recognition of her work as an environmentalist. May, like Paiakan, Chico Mendes, Barbara Pyle, Maurice Strong, and Mary Allegretti, was a member of that exclusive international club, the United Nations Environment Program's Global 500.

Jason Clay of Cultural Survival Inc. and its new commodities affiliate Cultural Survival Enterprises had also been invited to speak at Rainforest Week. He appeared at the museum the evening after May, along with two representatives of native groups—Guujaaw of the Haida and a woman representing the Teme Augama Anishnabi of Ontario.

Clay looked different from the last time we'd met: he was wearing a jacket and a tie that made him look blocky and short. He launched into a treatise favouring the rise of ethnic nationalism as opposed to the nation state. Later, I realized that Clay's speech was an important turning point in my understanding. I was hearing the opening themes of a symphony a long time in the making that would soon be heard everywhere. This thesis expressed the real shared vision of those who toiled together on the network—environmentalists, democrats, former Maoists, government officials, corporations, and the politicians in power in certain countries. They did share a very broad common Agenda as the External Man had said. Jason Clay was the first person I heard who actually articulated it. The Agenda, as he made clear, was far broader than a global attempt to get environmental issues into the centre of domestic politics. That was part of it, certainly, but not all of it. This broad common Agenda aimed to remake the institutions of governance, to lever power up to large multilateral regional institutions while stripping it away from nation states. The Bash-the-Banks Agenda was one part in this larger machine—which would remake politics and lift political power to the global level. His theme was: the nation state is a corrupt idea with no remaining political legitimacy. The nation state should wither away, its functions replaced by institutions of local and global governance.

Clay laid it out with a will. After World War II, said Clay, Western governments and corporations recognized that resources are finite and that it is cheaper to set up elites as rulers in former colonies in the Third World and to trade with them. Thus, two-thirds of the world's 171 states had been created after World War II. But these national states contained within them over five thousand real nations, each of which had a base, a culture, and a history of self-government. The national states created to bind together these smaller nations had little real legitimacy. The one-party power structures that ran them had been kept in place with the use of force, weapons supplied by East and West. Nigeria, for example, contained 450 nations. Brazil had 190. There were 130 in the U.S.S.R., more if one included

Siberia. National elites represented at most one or two of those groups, said Clay, and they appropriated resources which led to wars. It was Clay's contention that 75 per cent of shooting wars were inside nation states and involved elites shooting at their own citizens. The mountainous tower of debt these national governments carried was the result of weapons purchased by these elites. In the twentieth century, he said, there had been "more genocide than any other [century] in history."

In Clay's view, there was no difference between national governments of the left and the right. They all believed in centralizing power. The famine in Ethiopia had been created by a left-wing government as a weapon of civil war. The famine had reinforced top-down structures. The rise of ethnic nationalism from the U.S.S.R. to South Africa was related to the theft of resources from ethnic nations by these nation states.

Clay showed slides of people living in debt bondage in the Philippines, slides of the Kayapo at Altamira, slides of the Yanomami. He characterized the demonstration of the Kayapo at Altamira as a meeting to stop a dam from flooding their lands. At that meeting, he said, quite shamelessly, the other groups of indigenous people learned that Brazil planned "170" dams on their lands. Then he showed pictures of the rubbertappers in Xapuri, Acre, and the brazilnut factory he said Cultural Survival helped them build. This is what sustainable development is about, he said—earning more from work that does not destroy the environment. "Indigenous people don't want to live like [their] ancestors—and die at thirty. They want to live in the modern world."

As Clay continued in this way, I wondered how one could characterize his thinking. I didn't think he was a Marxist: he was certainly not a Leninist. His theme was somehow familiar—it brought to mind Joe Clark's approach to Canadian constitutional reform, making federalism work by reducing the powerful nation state to a community of communities. It was also vaguely reminiscent of Mulroney's failed Meech Lake Accord: give Quebec what it wants and give the same to everyone else—in short, radically reduce the national government's powers. A nation for Clay was just an artificial construct to service colonial masters and local elites. Most nation states were therefore corrupt thieves of a real community's goods. They could be done away with: any common decision making could be rearranged in regional configurations along different lines.

I realized I had heard these themes from various sources for a long time without ever putting them together as a coherent ideology. Centralized national government and its mindless subsidies to favoured elites were regularly decried by the Business Council on National Issues, by the C.D. Howe Institute, by environment groups such as Energy Probe, by those who generally equate a debtless national government with nirvana. This theme of the illegitimacy of sovereign national rule-making to protect local elites was embedded in the Free Trade Agreement, was part of the philosophy underlying the revisions proposed at the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). Local ethnic legitimacy versus corrupt, multicultural national illegitimacy provided a moral justification for the Body Shop International PLC to trade directly with the Kayapo, instead of through FUNAI (a tainted national instrument for ethnic suppression), or even through the membrane of Cultural Survival Inc. It provided justification for a government like Canada's to give money directly to local, politically active ethnic groups in Brazil. This was a very important speech. This was a very important political idea. In this century, most of us have believed the first duty of a nation state is to protect its population. Clay's theory was that in fact most nation states had behaved as predators toward the bulk of their populations. This critique produced a new Agenda, new ideas about how politics should be organized, at what level power should be used. Clay's speech laid out the historical and political theory that supported the Agenda.

In spite of her many hats, Elizabeth May still had a problem to solve if she was going to use Cultural Survival Canada as a useful funnel for CIDA to fund network NGOs in Brazil. CIDA rules required two years of work in the foreign country by the Canadian NGO and proof that $60,000 from other sources had already run through a charity's account. Early in 1991, a possible solution to Cultural Survival Canada's problem became clear. Grants were announced to Ontario environment groups recognized as legitimate intervenors in hearings on Ontario Hydro's plans for future development. Under Ontario's new environmental assessment laws, Hydro had to put its long-term plans up for public review and pay for public interventions by recognized groups. A host of environment groups had applied for intervenor status. The Ontario Environmental Assessment panel announced grants to them totalling $21 million.

The panel's report showed that the coalition Cultural Survival Canada and the Sierra Club of Eastern Canada had jointly applied for funds and status at the second stage of proceedings, after the point where applicants had to argue their cases publicly. Together, Cultural Survival/Sierra Club asked for $2,449,161.12 of Hydro's money to help them intervene. Others were more outrageous in the size of their requests.[5] The panel decided that since many indigenous organizations were representing their own interests, Cultural Survival Canada was not necessary for that but its relations with the Sierra Club would permit it to provide some insights on the need for conservation. Elizabeth May's two hats were thus collectively granted approximately $54,000. This amount was later increased through a successful supplementary funding application when the coalition requested another $721,440 to address issues of wilderness preservation. A further $81,406 was allotted by the panel. The Cultural Survival/Sierra Club coalition actually spent $102,000 before the hearings were aborted. The lawyer hired by the coalition to lead its intervention was Geoffrey Grenville-Wood, the president of the U.N. Association of Canada and like May a member of the Canadian delegation to the Rio Summit.

Shortly after this grant was approved, Cultural Survival Canada and the Canadian Council for International Cooperation became the first NGOs through which CIDA passed money to twelve developing country NGOs to help them attend a second preparatory meeting for the Rio Summit in Geneva.[6] (May actually advised the CCIC on some of its expenditures.) Cultural Survival sent this CIDA money to only one NGO—Wim Groeneveld's organization, the Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology in Porto Velho, Rondonia. Since many developing countries had no expertise available in their own governments to prepare properly for the Rio Summit, these NGO representatives became closely tied to their government's delegations and helped make their governments' policies. As Dr. David Brooks of the IDRC (and then a member of Ontario Hydro's board) would later gleefully say, in this way Canada placed selected NGO representatives onto the policy committees of the governments Canada had to bargain with at the Rio Summit.

The Agenda network in which Elizabeth May and Jason Clay so clearly played a part was not limited to Brazil, the U.S., Britain, and Canada; it was global.

Part III

Eighteen

The Honourable Poor Boy

The Geneva planning office of the U.N. Conference on Environment and Development, the Rio Summit, was in a stately nineteenth-century house up in the foot hills in a district called Conches. A high wall, covered with vines, separated the estate from the vulgar gaze of those travelling by. In the gravelled courtyard there was a swelling silence, broken only by the sound of water trickling from an old, carved wall fountain. It was an elegant setting, suited to the long lunches and slow walks of an earlier imperial era, which made it a perfect location for what was actually going on inside. The Rio Summit would take long steps towards a world in which nation states have withered away in favour of supranational and global institutions. It was a central event for those working on the Agenda.

By the summer of 1991, the persons I'd met following the story of Paiakan had long since turned their attention to this meeting. Advertised as the World's Greatest Summit, Rio was publicly described as a global negotiation to reconcile the need for environmental protection with the need for economic growth. The cognoscenti understood that there were other, deeper goals. These involved the shift of national regulatory powers to vast regional authorities; the opening of all remaining closed national economies to multinational interests; the strengthening of decision making structures far above and far below the grasp of newly minted national democracies; and, above all, the integration of the Soviet and Chinese empires into the global market system. There was no name for this very grand agenda that I had heard anyone use, so later I named it myself—the Global Governance Agenda.

On that hot August day in Conches in 1991, I was just starting to see this big picture. I was far removed from the simpler soul who had walked into a church in Toronto to hear Paiakan speak. I was no longer beguiled by the surface of things. I wanted to measure the machine rumbling underneath events and know its purpose. I had also come to a kind of despair: I no longer believed that helping

Paiakan or the environment groups around him would improve the air my children breath and the water they drink. Local environmental conditions continued to get worse. Three members of my family of four had developed allergy-related asthma. Pediatricians spoke of the remarkably high incidence of asthma in their practices. Studies had begun to circulate on the effects of toxics in water on human reproductive systems. Yet breathable air and drinkable water did not claim the centre of the environment debate. One heard constantly about global ozone depletion, climate change, the megadeaths of species in distant forests, wilderness parks. Where were the vigils for the cod, for a government-managed fishery about to shut down in Newfoundland? What about Lake Ontario where the water quality was such that the fish were no longer safe for pregnant women to eat? One heard mainly of fearful things beyond the reach of any single jurisdiction: they were shuffled about like props in a cheap diorama.

Like the drip of water on stone, the sheer repetition of concern about ozone and climate change had already had a profound effect on how people described the world around them. People I spoke to seemed to worry more about things beyond their governors' control than about what was being dumped in their own sewers. A whole generation of believers in the climate crisis was being groomed in the schools: my children came home certain that the climate had already changed from good to bad, that the sun was no longer safe to play under. They were not told that they were repeating hypotheses, not facts, that these hypotheses were drawn from models made from inadequate observation, that some of the models might well be inadequate in themselves, or have been found to be inadequate. For example, in the three years I'd been following these issues, the hypothesized location of the planet's biggest CO_2 sink kept moving around like the cursor on a computer game. First it was the tropical rainforest, then the temperate rainforest. Finally these land-based sinks had been displaced by an ice formation in the Arctic Ocean.

In short, local problems had been decoupled from the debate about environment and grand phenomena had been hooked to local political ends. Decisions about land use are always political decisions—Bruce Rich had made that point. The shifting argument about which areas had to be protected to protect us all from a climate crisis reinforced the emerging Agenda ideology that nation states cannot regulate effectively for the planet.

The increasingly successful fusion of an ephemeral, ill-defined spirituality, often hastily borrowed from native peoples, with envi-

ronmental science bothered me as well. It seemed to me that the purpose of this fusion was to silence debate. Shaky science and attendant global management proposals could be pulled into the realm of the unquestionable once wrapped in the penumbra of sanctity. Critics could be attacked in their character. This is why religious belief and democratic politics don't mix well. Democracy requires continual and creative compromise: religious belief cannot be compromised. The more leaders of nongovernmental organizations wrapped themselves in spirituality, the more suspicious I became about their commitment to democracy.

I was also beginning to think I understood why fear about transnational environmental phenomena played a large role in the Agenda. How do you persuade democrats to give up sovereign national powers to govern themselves? How do you make them hand over power to supranational institutions they cannot affect, control, or remove? You make it seem as if this will serve their best interests. You terrify them with the grave dangers national governments cannot protect them from.

By the time I got to Conches, I had started to assemble facts into patterns and to recognize patterns that recurred. I had recognized a pattern to the ideas presented to me: I had also spotted patterns of behaviour. For example, I knew that what was said to be driven from the bottom up, from the grassroots, was actually being driven from the top down. I had come to this conclusion by following the interconnections among the NGOs active on the Agenda. Many of the NGOs shaping this environment debate were connected, like pearls on a thread. A central figure in all of these organizations was Maurice Strong, the secretary general of the Rio Summit.[1]

That is why, by the time I got to Conches, I also knew that to understand and measure the machine beneath events, I also had to see Maurice Strong. He played a large role in selling the world on the Global Governance Agenda. How had he come to be such a central figure? Whose interests did he represent?

Strong's staff had sent me his curriculum vitae. His tower of hats made Elizabeth May's look pathetic. He listed so many businesses, honours, and NGO involvements, it was impossible to understand how one man could do so much. At first his curriculum vitae also struck me as odd, as if it was designed to sell a life, not as if a life had produced the document. When I had checked it and reviewed it, it also seemed to mirror the patterns of the Global Governance

Agenda—NGOs, governments, politicians, native peoples, Marxists, Maoists, and democrats tied in knots with power companies and other great trade empires. His cv was a record of a lifetime of arrangements.

He was born in Oak Lake, Manitoba, in 1929, had only a grade 11 formal education, but had been granted 27 honorary degrees from universities around the world. (The latest count is 35.) He had combined private, public and non-profit ventures at several points in his career, giving rise to questions about conflicts of interest, but as one of his protégés, the writer John Ralston Saul, liked to put it, there was nothing in this that would have startled anyone in the U.S. establishment. That master of the golden braid, John J. McCloy, the man biographer Kai Bird credits with the creation of the national security apparatus of the U.S., had done such things for almost a century.

Many of Strong's non-profit associates were also participants in the Agenda, either as advocates or as funders of advocates. Strong had been a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation; a director of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources in Gland, Switzerland; a director and vice-president of the World Wide Fund for Nature in Switzerland; a director of the Beijer Institute of the Swedish Academy of Sciences (now a separate NGO called the International Institute for Environmental Technology and Management); the Aspen Institute; the Bretton Woods Committee of Washington, D.C. He'd been on that particular board since April 1985. The Bretton Woods Committee was formed to promote the virtues of the international development banks after Bramble, Rich, et al came close to beating a U.S. administration-backed appropriations vote in 1984. Strong had also worked with the YMCA; the Vatican's Society for Development, Justice and Peace; the North/South Institute; the Club of Rome; the Interaction Policy Board. Perhaps most important, he was chair of the World Economic Forum.

Strong had received his share of awards. He was a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain; the Royal Society of Canada; he'd won a Mellon Award; a Pearson Peace Medal; an Order of Canada; the Henri Pittier Order (from Venezuela); a Commander of the Order of the Golden Ark (the Netherlands). He became a member of the U.N. Environment Program's Global 500 in 1987. Those in the know said he also deserved a prize for crafting the world's greatest human

network. Many of Strong's friends, said his friend Senator Jack Austin, were also hubs of networks in their own right.

The cv also showed Strong's meteoric rise, starting with his first job as an apprentice fur trader to the Hudson's Bay Company back in 1945. But he was best known for his government service. He created the Canadian International Development Agency, CIDA. He had been one of Canada's representatives on various development banks. He had chaired the board of the federal government's International Development Research Centre, IDRC. He had set up Canada's national petroleum company, Petro-Canada; he had chaired the Canada Development Investment Corporation. He became both an undersecretary general at the United Nations and the secretary general of the Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment. He was the first executive director of the United Nations Energy Program. He ran the office of the African Emergency for the U.N. Development Program, which dealt with the African famine. He was a member of the Brundtland Commission.

We had agreed that I would come to Geneva to see him in time for the third preparatory meeting for the Rio Earth Summit. The national delegations were supposed to negotiate the fine points of the international conventions Strong's staff had drafted on forestry, climate change, biodiversity, an Earth Charter, and a document Strong called Agenda 21. Needless to say, depending on the words said or unsaid, Strong and his staff had considerable ability to affect the interests of major powers.

When I arrived, Strong was presiding at a staff meeting, sitting at the head of a long polished table in what had once been a gracious drawing room. He announced what he had done on his last round of travels. These achievements had to do with adding more pearls to the thread. He'd convinced the Brazilian soccer star Pele to make public appearances. Former U.S. Democratic politician Bella Abzug was organizing women's NGOs for him. Ted Turner had promised millions of dollars worth of coverage on CNN, guaranteeing the world would pay attention to the Rio Summit.

We went upstairs to his office, a once comfortable library painted a weird shade of apple green. The bookshelves were almost empty, the windows were wide open to the hot summer air. He settled into his chair. I'm not sure what I expected of the man at the centre of the story, but surely not this? His brown suit was rumpled, his hair white and askew. He was nondescript, of average height, average weight, with a small moustache, but his hands were huge—big

enough to pull hot iron into shapes. He coughed and coughed. He'd caught some form of pneumonia and had spent almost a month in bed back home in Colorado at the Baca Grande ranch. He spat right into a garbage pail. He said he'd answer on everything except personal wealth. He said he liked risk.

Every now and again one of his secretaries would cut in with a call, but for the next several hours, and much of the following day and evening, and for hours after that, Strong devoted himself to explaining himself. His voice crackled and soared, he spoke in a Canadian prairie boy accent untouched by life in the boardrooms of the world. Except for the spectacular story he told, I could have been listening to one of my own uncles rousing the house with relentless cheer on a frigid morning in Saskatchewan.

His family were descended from United Empire Loyalists who left the U.S. and settled first around Cobourg, Ontario, then made their way west to Manitoba to settle around Brandon. His father had worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway as a junior station manager; his mother was a doctor's daughter from Estevan, Saskatchewan. They lived at Oak Lake, which is close to the border between Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and not far from the international border with the U.S., over which a band of Sioux living nearby had fled to escape the U.S. cavalry. The Sioux had been reduced to a small chunk of prairie without even a treaty claim on the government of Manitoba. Strong's family was run over by the Depression when his father lost his job.

There were four children starting with Maurice, and at times they were hungry. His mother died in a mental institution at age 56, killed by the Depression is how Strong saw it, a victim of economic devolution. It was a time of great bitterness on the Prairies. The young high school principal in the town, a socialist, took an interest in Strong. The principal found in him a fertile mind in which to sow ideas about social justice. Strong became a socialist in a family of committed Liberals who had turned out the vote for Mackenzie King.

He also had family connections in the wider world of political action which he used later. Born on the U.S. side of the border a generation ahead of him were his distant cousins Tracy and Anna Louise Strong. The children of a Congregationalist missionary based in Friend, Nebraska, their lineage went all the way back to the men who had helped endow Harvard and Yale. Christian activist Tracy Strong became the director of the YMCA's Prisoners' Aid committee during World War II and later the international program of the World

Alliance of YMCAs based in Geneva. Anna Louise Strong, his sister, was a Marxist and a journalist and possibly a spy, although for whom it is difficult to be certain. In 1921, she got into the new Soviet Union as part of a Quaker aid committee and got to know members of the emerging Soviet hierarchy, including Trotsky; she wrote about the new Soviet Union for the *Nation* and for Hearst International. She became a member of the Comintern, later married the Soviet Union's wartime deputy minister of agriculture (a man who was purged later by Stalin). During the period between the two wars she travelled in China, corresponded and dined with Eleanor Roosevelt, wrote in praise of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal. She was treated with deep suspicion by the FBI, who thought she worked for Stalin's notorious spymaster Beria, but she also lectured at Stanford to U.S. intelligence personnel headed to China. In fact, she was flown to China by the U.S. Navy right after the war's end. She spent two years with Mao and Chou En-lai in the crucial period leading up to the defeat of the Kuomintang.[2] When she returned, she carried secret messages from Chou En-lai. She was arrested in 1949 during a trip to the U.S.S.R. as an American spy. After Mao was victorious in China, she was denied her U.S. passport, and her association with persons in the U.S. State Department was listed as part of the grounds for their dismissals. Nevertheless, she managed to visit a nephew working in Mexico for the Rockefeller Foundation and visit Guatemala in 1954, writing in praise of President Arbenz. She returned to China during the Cultural Revolution and died there in 1970, a full-fledged Friend of the Revolution, her burial organized by Chou En-lai himself. In part because of his connections to Anna Louise Strong, the Chinese trusted Maurice Strong.

In July 1943, fourteen-year-old Maurice Strong ran away from Oak Lake. Canada and the U.S.S.R. had become allies. In the previous month the National Council for Soviet-Canadian Friendship had been formed at a huge rally in Toronto which was addressed by Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Brandon, Manitoba soon had its own chapter of this council (headed by someone the RCMP said was a communist who'd been ejected by the CCF as an infiltrator). The Liberal Party and the Communist Party in Ontario had also joined forces to keep working-class ridings from going CCF in the August provincial election. It was in this strange, changeable, and exciting political climate that Strong headed straight for southern Ontario. Strong doctored an identity card to make himself older and jumped a train for the Lakehead, where he stowed away on a Great Lakes

vessel. He was found at Windsor. He signed on as crew, got off at Sarnia. Then he headed west on another train. By September, he was in Victoria. He signed on a Canadian Pacific ship transporting U.S. troops up the coast to Alaska. The police were waiting for him when he docked in Vancouver. His father came out to bring him home and begged him to finish school. He got his grade eleven in 1945, and in July, while the war still raged in the Pacific, he boarded the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner, the *Fort Severn*, at Churchill heading for duty as an apprentice fur trader at Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay.

The Hudson's Bay Company trading post consisted of a manager, an apprentice, and an Inuit helper. The town consisted of a small hospital, a tiny RCMP station, a Department of Transport radio station, and a Catholic mission run by priests from Belgium. The Hudson's Bay Company owned mineral rights to large stretches of the Canadian north. One of Strong's tasks was to take the samples of minerals brought in by the Inuit or others and send them south. The Hudson's Bay Company boats took these samples out from the various posts scattered around the Bay or the RCAF flew packages south from their base at Baker Lake at the far western end of the inlet. In his spare time, Strong and a young Department of Transport worker, Norman Sanders of Toronto, travelled around taking pictures of the Inuit in their communities scattered across the ice.

The militarization of the Canadian north had just begun the year Strong arrived. In 1944, when C.D. Howe was federal minister of munitions and supply, Canadian and allied militaries became interested in the north both as a potential path for invasion and as a future strategic resource basin. That winter, the Canadian Army ran an elaborate defence game out of northern Saskatchewan, making use of the topographical knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Company trader in the area. In the early months of 1946 the army launched an overland trek of men and machines called Operation Musk Ox. A small group of soldiers took off from Churchill on motorized vehicles, travelled up the coast, turned overland to Baker Lake, then to the mouth of the Coppermine River, across the Arctic coast, and down through the Mackenzie Valley to Edmonton. Samples were taken from likely mineral outcrops. Aside from establishing Canadian sovereignty over the high Arctic and proving that such terrain could be fought over and defended in winter, uranium may have been one of the things the expedition was looking for.[3] Strong's friend Sanders passed on some of their radio messages to Churchill.

According to Strong, sometime during that summer of 1946 a big handsome man named Bill Richardson also arrived in Chesterfield Inlet. An American from Tennessee, he had married a Canadian woman and enlisted in the RCAF in Ottawa in 1941. "Wild Bill," [4] as he was soon known in the mining business, told Strong he intended to prospect around Baker Lake near the geological/survey/supply base established there by the RCAF. Strong claimed Richardson came in on the Hudson's Bay Company boat, but Sanders took the last boat of the season out of Chesterfield and met no one called Bill Richardson. Soon Strong also left Chesterfield Inlet, breaking his five-year contract with the Company. When he arrived in Toronto, he went to see Bill Richardson and asked for a job. Richardson set him up with a Toronto mining promoter and invited Strong to come and live in his home. It was Bill who introduced Strong to the world of oil, gas, big money, and geopolitics.

Richardson's wife, Mary McColl, and her father, John McColl, took an interest in Strong though he was just a boy. McColl was of the family that had founded the largest oil company in Canada, McColl-Frontenac, in the early part of the century. By 1946, McColl-Frontenac appeared to be controlled by the brokerage house Nesbitt Thomson, but in fact, since 1938 it had been secretly controlled by its U.S. investor the Texas Company (later Texaco). By 1946, John McColl had long since ceased to be a large shareholder, but the McColls were socially prominent. This perhaps explains why Wild Bill got away with so many outrageous things. He listed the eighteen-year-old Maurice Strong on the prospectus of his new company, New Horizon Explorations Limited, established in April 1947. Strong was described as one of the "five men of the north" who would help the company prospect by air over the vast Keewatin District. The prospectus claimed Richardson had access to recent RCAF mineral surveys of the whole Arctic—documents surely still classified.

The prospectus was written in the language of the brand new Cold War.[5] Canada's mineral wealth had to be secured against the communist evil rampant on the opposite side of the Arctic Ocean. The prospectus suggested uranium could be found near Baker Lake at the far end of Chesterfield Inlet. (It was, by others.) The prospectus assured investors that if the company found uranium, the government would take over the mine and the company. Yet Strong claimed later that Wild Bill also wrote at this time to Stalin about where the Soviets might find uranium deposits. Somehow, Bill got away with this too,

although the U.S. had just cut off even its allies from all nuclear information. Bill also got away with stealing mail from the offices of the National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship. The Council patrons included a who's who of Canadian politics, business, and the arts. Sam Bronfman had been a patron, Paul Martin, M.P. was a patron, the prime minister was a patron. But by the time of its convention held in Ottawa in May 1947, the Gouzenko scandal had burst upon the world. The RCMP had kept tabs on the organization from the beginning, noting in their files each confirmed or suspected Communist Party member who got into an authoritative position. The national director, for example, was well known to them. Paul Nathanson (who would eventually become Strong's partner), heir to the Famous Players movie distribution fortune, was on the executive as its treasurer. (This fact was seemingly of no interest to the RCMP watchers unless particulars about Nathanson were among the things CSIS removed from the file it finally sent on to me.) The new office of New Horizon Explorations Limited was located right next door to the National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship offices. One Saturday, said Strong, Wild Bill just fished out the Council's mail from under their door and found a list of people he said were Communist Party members. He wrote to the police. Pretending to be prospectors, the police put the council's rooms under surveillance from Bill's offices.

So who, or what, was Bill Richardson? Airman, spy, freelance entrepreneur? All of the above? Within a year, New Horizon Explorations Limited was wound up, shares in other mining companies were given to the investors to pay them off, legal niceties handled by John Black Aird, a young lawyer well connected in the Liberal Party who later became Ontario's lieutenant-governor. Strong said he didn't really get involved in Bill's version of the Great Game. "I wasn't a spy," he said. "I was too young for that."

On the other hand, Bill did introduce Strong to some very important persons right after that mail episode. For example, the Honourable Paul Martin, M.P. for Windsor, dropped by the house. Martin had acted as a lawyer for Paul Nathanson's father, who had died in 1943; the young Nathanson had also become Martin's friend. Martin was on the continentalist side of the Liberal Party, along with Prime Minister King, and had become a member of King's cabinet after the June 1945 election. In December 1946, he had been made both minister of health and welfare and the leader of the Canadian delegation to the U.N. The Partition of Palestine was to be discussed by

a U.N. commission in the fall of 1947—a matter of some considerable interest to major oil companies. Strong was introduced to Martin by Richardson. Later, Richardson took Strong to Ottawa and asked Martin to get Strong a job at the U.N. Strong professed fascination with the U.N. since he read a newspaper article about it during his hobo summer of 1943. Martin said he couldn't help.

Soon another important person dropped by Bill's house. Noah Monod, then treasurer of the U.N., was from France and of a Huguenot family. Strong was introduced to him too as a young man fascinated with the U.N. who wanted a job there. Monod got him one as assistant pass officer in the Identification Unit of the Security Section and said he might become a clerk on the Palestine Commission.

That is how it happened that in the summer of 1947 Maurice Strong went to New York. He stayed briefly with Monod, where he was also introduced to David Rockefeller, grandson to the man who'd made the oil business global. Rockefeller already had charge of the U.N. account at the Chase Bank.

As Strong remembered it, he said straight out to David Rockefeller, "I'm deeply prejudiced against you and all your family stands for." Nevertheless, over the next fifty years, Strong became associated with various members of the Rockefeller family. He knew Nelson Rockefeller, who had an intense interest in the development of Latin America; he knows Laurance, who has interests in conservation. But he met David Rockefeller first. David Rockefeller had been an intelligence officer in World War II in North Africa, where using young boys for information was a standard practice. David Rockefeller knew Canada well: he'd been sent by his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to meet Mackenzie King in 1935, the year King became prime minister again after a federal election that returned the Liberals to office.

David Rockefeller, according to his spokesman, did not remember that first meeting quite as Strong did, although he did confirm it had happened at Monod's. The spokesman said Noah Monod was a very good friend of Rockefeller's—they sent each other Imari vases and other niceties at Christmas. On the other hand, said the spokesman, Strong was a person Rockefeller felt he could just say he knew well. "They just ran into each other their entire lives" was how his spokesman put it. For example, David was in Norway for a conference, a Bilderberg Conference or a meeting of the Trilateral Commission, something like that, the spokesman said. He went salmon fishing and there was Maurice Strong, salmon fishing. The spokesman said

David Rockefeller thought a phrase to describe this would be that he and Maurice Strong have "a strong working relationship."

It certainly seemed that after meeting Rockefeller, Strong deliberately went about grafting himself onto the U.S. side of his family. (Did Rockefeller tell him he had an aunt who had married a man named Strong?) Strong already knew about Anna Louise Strong—he said he'd read her work on China in Toronto. She'd spoken in Montreal in 1942 and whistle stopped through Canada. In New York he sought out Tracy Strong, her brother, then head of the YMCA's international operations.

David Rockefeller's grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, had created one of the world's great global businesses by virtue of a myriad of strong working relationships. As detailed by Daniel Yergin in *The Prize,* using such tools as stealth, deception, spies, violence, and the secret takeover of enemies who became friends, the Standard Oil group he headed achieved a stranglehold on the exploration for and the distribution of oil and its products around the world before the turn of the century. Rockefeller's methodology, the strategy of buying up all sides at the negotiating table, of paying for political influence, of buying or squeezing out competitors, was initially done to smooth out the boom and bust cycles of the oil market. Many Standard Oil companies were established in many U.S. states, including Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon); Socal or Standard Oil of California (now Chevron); Standard Oil of New York (then called Socony); and Standard Oil of Indiana. Each of these state-based companies also quickly expanded abroad. The whole structure of their interrelations was managed through a trust, a precursor corporate structure to a modern holding company, which permitted those who ran the trust to co-ordinate the various companies. This trust was the structural basis for what, according to Yergin, John D. Rockefeller used to refer to as "our plan," which involved vertical integration of the entire global oil business.

In 1911, the year Canada voted against Laurier's version of a free trade agreement with the U.S. and pushed the Liberals out of office, the U.S. Supreme Court had finally forced this trust to break up. It was the only jurisdiction big enough to deal with "the Octopus," as it was widely and derisively called. Rockefeller's shareholdings in the previously related state-based oil companies were ordered held below 5 per cent, and no attempts to organize the behaviour of these companies were to be allowed in future. This seemingly devastating blow apparently taught the Octopus members to pay close attention

to the formation of public opinion. Through the Rockefeller Foundation, also started in 1911, and various other vehicles, the Rockefellers hired the very best public relations talent money could buy—up to and including a Canadian politician who yearned to be prime minister.

In 1913, a company in which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had controlling interest, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, became embroiled in a widely publicized strike in Ludlow, Colorado. Ludlow was a company town; working and living conditions were terrible. The company refused to recognize the union. There was a strike. The militia was brought in to break the strike. Seventy-two women and children were killed in fires set by company security agents when they attacked the strikers' tent camp. There was a public outcry: there had already been a congressional investigation and soon there was a commission of inquiry. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., through the Rockefeller Foundation, contracted Mackenzie King, formerly minister of labour under Laurier, to advise him on what to do in Ludlow. In due course, Mackenzie King presented him the solution—which later spread to many other industries in the U.S.—the formation of a company union. This inspired public relations concept, to control the union while appearing not to, was not far from the notion of a government-funded NGO. It was imposed by democratic means. A vote was held among the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company workers: coloured ballots were issued so it could be seen who voted for and against this proffered solution. King, then being paid about $25,000 a year by the Rockefeller Foundation, also testified on Rockefeller's behalf before the Commission on Industrial Relations investigating matters—calming the waters during a very dangerous time for the Rockefellers. King continued to work for the Rockefeller Foundation and other Rockefeller interests for the next few years while he awaited the right chance to return to Canadian politics. It was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who helped position King to run for the leadership of the Liberal Party after Laurier announced his intent to retire in 1918. As Henry Ferns and Bernard Ostry recount in their splendid *The Age of Mackenzie King,* as he manoeuvred for support, King sent a testimonial to Laurier from a gentleman in Toronto named McColl urging Laurier to get things moving on King's behalf. King made it clear a certain gentleman in New York (Rockefeller) might be able to do a great work of post-war reconstruction in Canada if local prejudices could be dealt with and adjustments made. After receiving

this letter, Laurier suddenly warmed toward King. At the convention, King triumphed.

King's warm relationship with Rockefeller, Jr., David Rockefeller's father, continued throughout his long years in office. By the time he died in 1952, Mackenzie King, who had started public life as a poor man, had squirrelled away a fortune of $750,000. A significant portion had come from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., starting with the huge salary King received from the Rockefeller Foundation during World War I. A month after Mackenzie King retired from office in 1948, on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday, Rockefell%r gave him the then huge sum of $100,000 to allow him to be comfortable in his retirement. The Rockefeller Foundation paid a further large sum to support the work of drafting King's memoirs.

By 1947, when these arrangements were likely being considered, legal advice on much of the Rockefeller family's business and philanthropy was provided through the firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley, and McCloy in New York. John J. McCloy was a new partner in the firm but an old friend of the Rockefellers and their colleagues. By 1947, McCloy had also become a leading figure in the post-war U.S. business/military/intelligence establishment. He had helped set up the World Bank and had been its first president. He provided advice to President Truman on the creation of the CIA. Soon he would become chairman of the Chase Bank (he trained David Rockefeller to take that job later).

The Rockefellers took a long view of things, a global view, commensurate with the reach of their interests. According to McCloy's biographer Kai Bird as detailed in *The Chairman*, after Hitler invaded the Sudetenland in 1938, McCloy—who had had considerable experience of Germany and German sabotage in World War I—was invited to join the top New York lawyers' luncheon club Nisi Prius whose most important member was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s brother-in-law, Winthrop Aldrich, then chairman of the Chase Bank. According to Bird, most members of Nisi Prius were also members of other meeting groups where many believed the U.S. should plan to emerge from the coming global war as the dominant superpower. McCloy was also invited to become a member of the Rockefeller-funded Council on Foreign Relations. The council and the members of the overlapping Century Group also shared these views. The Century Group included in its membership close friends of McCloy's like James Conant, then president of Harvard University. As the war began in Europe, members of Nisi Prius helped draft the Lend-Lease

agreement which swapped British bases in the Americas for U.S. ships. This was conceived as the first step toward this post-war restructuring of global power. Later, McCloy became an assistant to Roosevelt's secretary of war, Henry Stimson, and stuck his nose into everything. He paid particular attention to control of strategic materials, security, intelligence, the internment of Japanese-Americans in camps, smoothing out the fuss over left-wingers in high places in the army, and in Bill Donovan's new intelligence and sabotage organization, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). He also tried very early to set up a practical post-war relationship between the U.S. and the Soviet Union: the Rockefellers had long dormant oil interests in the Baku area which they had hoped Stalin would permit them to get back. McCloy was with Truman, as part of the American team negotiating the shape of things to come at Potsdam in July 1945: Andrei Gromyko was there with Stalin. It was McCloy who first got the news there that the atomic bomb test at Almagordo had been successful.

It was McCloy's first task upon joining the New York law firm of Milbank, Tweed after the war to persuade his friends in the Truman administration to curtail a Security and Exchange Commission (SEC) investigation into Socal. The issue was whether or not John D. Rockefeller, Jr., owned more shares of Socal than he was allowed to under the 1911 Anti-Trust ruling and whether he influenced Socal's board. Bird said Rockefeller did own more than 5 per cent and did influence the board. Nevertheless, McCloy convinced the SEC that all was well. At this time, he also served on a presidential commission to respond to the Soviet proposal that the United Nations control future atomic development. The Soviet Union did not yet have its own bomb, but McCloy's commission recommended that the U.S. relinquish control over the atomic bomb and information about where uranium might be and hand this to a U.N. Atomic Development Agency. The idea of such a supranational agency with such power led inexorably to the idea of world governance through a congerie of international institutions. This larger vision was also shared by some members of the Rockefeller-supported Council on Foreign Relations. David Rockefeller took an active interest in the council at that time. Norman Cousins, Elizabeth May's relative by marriage, became a leading advocate of this policy.

According to Bird, in these early days of the Cold War, the FBI labelled McCloy and others as members of a huge communist spy ring. These allegations did not stick: McCloy was appointed as the

U.S. high commissioner to Germany. In that position, he presided over many U.S. covert intelligence and political influence operations aimed both at Eastern Europe and at the democracies of Western Europe. This was the period when the U.S. paid millions to influence the results of elections in Italy and France to deny communists electoral victories. This was also the period of the great turnaround in the treatment of German and Japanese war criminals. In order to rely on Germany's industrial strength to meet the challenge created by the Korean War, McCloy released Nazi industrialists like Krupp from prison and helped forge the U.S. policy that former Nazis be trusted to hold the line against the Soviets. The CIA carried out a similar policy in Japan—where war criminals like Ryoichi Sasakawa and his former associate Kodama were released from prison. They eventually helped form and finance the right wing LDP party, which ran Japan for the next forty years. The CIA funded the LDP until it became self-financing.

These policies should have created a furore at home but the Rockefellers and McCloy understood the importance in politics of controlling the shape of public discussion. McCloy sat on the boards of both the Rockefeller and Ford foundations, which provided funds for thinkers, writers, scientists. Certain political thinkers of the right ideological hue, such as Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, later rose to prominence through these circles and became advisers to U.S. presidents. McCloy and his colleagues at Rockefeller Foundation and Ford Foundation also had huge funds at their disposal to finance NGOs doing appropriate work in shaping public debate. Many such organizations were funded: McCloy went on many of their boards. The Aspen Institute is a place where such debate occurs; in 1992, it had on its board of trustees a person from the law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley, and McCloy. Maurice Strong is a trustee emeritus.

According to Bird, after he became chairman of the Chase Bank in January 1952, McCloy also allowed the Chase to be used to move funds abroad for CIA operatives. When McCloy acted as a member of the Rockefeller Foundation's board and sat as chairman of the Ford Foundation, there was regular communication between the leadership of the Ford Foundation and the leadership of the CIA. This communication was channelled through McCloy and two others. In the late 1950s more niceties were attached to this relationship at Ford. The Ford Foundation circulated to the agency the names of

persons it had funded abroad only after their grants ran out. This practice spread to other charitable foundations.

Through these and other means, McCloy and his group, acting for the U.S. government some days, and for clients like the Rockefellers on others, acting sometimes with the CIA and sometimes through other philanthropies and other NGOs, set the parameters of reasonable political discourse both at home and abroad.

When Maurice Strong met David Rockefeller in 1947, he wasn't just meeting a rich man's grandson: he was being introduced into an expanding post-war empire as it was being made by those leading the work, an empire that had long included the prime minister of Canada who was about to retire.

Strong started work at the U.N., preparing accreditation cards and passes, on September 15, 1947. He met lots of famous people. Paul Martin saw him there. Strong met Andrei Gromyko, who made the speech for the Soviet Union in favour of creation of the state of Israel. When the U.N. commission recommended that Palestine be split into the state of Israel, Gaza, and Jordan, it was a green light for joint venture oil partners like Socal and the Texas Company, which had exclusive oil concessions in Saudi Arabia. Socal and the Texas Company together owned a joint venture called CalTex which had paid the Saudi king, through his adviser, Kim Philby's father, a lot of money for these rights. Soon after the commission's report, McColl-Frontenac's stock split two for one. It revealed itself later as a company controlled by the Texas Company and announced it would bring the first shipments of oil to Canada from the Middle East.

Two months after he arrived at the U.N., Strong quit, went back to Winnipeg, joined the RCAF, scrubbed out, and then became a trainee analyst at the brokerage firm of James Richardson and Sons. After oil was struck at Leduc, he became an oils analyst in Calgary. There he met Jack Gallagher who'd spent twelve years working for Standard Oil of New Jersey and its Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil. Gallagher had just been hired by Dome Mines to build an oil and gas exploration company called Dome Explorations (Western) Limited. Dome Mines was controlled from New York. Henrie Brunie, a close friend of John J. McCloy, was on its board. Dome Explorations raised $7 million through a syndicate led by New York investment banker John Loeb of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb (soon to be Edgar Bronfman's father-in-law). Investors included Harvard University's endowment fund and the New York-based Empire

Trust, managed by McCloy's friend Henrie Brunie.[6] Dome Exploration became one of the largest so-called independent oil exploration companies in Canada—but its controlling shareholders were embedded deep in Wall Street with ties to the family who started Standard Oil. By 1951, Strong had married, bought a house, and gone to work at Dome as Gallagher's assistant. In Gallagher's memory, Strong was no genius: his most important characteristic was that he had a flexible mind.

In 1952, Strong sold his new house, quit his new job, and travelled with his new wife around the world. His friends thought he must have made a fortune because prairie people, seared by the Depression, often could not bring themselves to walk away from any job. His friends knew he revelled in finding multiple virtues and uses for every course of action he took. Nothing was done for its own sake. So what, one wonders, were the multiple utilities to be found in these travels? It was a difficult time to wander. The Korean War was on and J. Edgar Hoover's tool, Senator Joseph McCarthy, was attacking the CIA as an institution crawling with communists. Nonetheless, the poor boy from Manitoba set out with his wife.

They were in Paris when Joseph Stalin died. They took a ship from Genoa headed for South Africa but got off instead at the port of Mombasa, Kenya, as the Mau Mau revolt was at its peak. The Cold War had by then become the central fact of life for the world. By the late summer of 1953, according to Bird,[7]

> The Eisenhower Administration had made covert action a major pillar of its foreign policy. Eisenhower himself felt that covert operations were "just about the only way to win World War III without having to fight it." He rejected the notion previously endorsed by the 1952 Republican convention of "rolling back" Soviet control of Eastern Europe. This was impractical and might lead to general warfare. But he, like McCloy, believed that there were many things that could be done on a covert level that might greatly diminish Soviet influence over the period of a decade or more. So, in the spring of 1953, he authorized a major review of the country's Cold War strategy in a series of seminars codenamed Project Solarium. The resulting study urged the president to prosecute an "intensified cold war covertly using a national program of deception and concealment from public disclosure and Soviet discernment."

The CIA had $200 million a year to spend on spreading democratic influence and trashing things communist. CIA operatives and freelancers were used, sometimes former employees who had returned to private business abroad but still did the CIA's bidding.The tools of covert war were both public and hidden: they included the written word, images, business assets, payments to heads of state and their political opponents, and support for organizations like student groups and trade unions. Money could buy influence anywhere on the political compass, and all at once. The point was to have certainty.

When Strong arrived in Africa, the pre- and post-war colonial governance structures were crumbling and there was a struggle for power and market share among the major oil companies—British, French, and American. They were like bridgeheads for their governments. David Rockefeller was active in Africa: the Rockefellers had made a decision to do business with South Africa in spite of Apartheid, so that meant they had fences to mend among new African leaders as they searched for business opportunities in newly emerging national states on the continent. Often the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, a family philanthropy run by the children of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was used to pave the way. In Nairobi, Strong got a job with CalTex, the joint venture between the Texas Company and Socal to exploit Saudi oil. His job involved travel. He went to Eritrea, Zanzibar, Tanzania, Uganda, Mauritius, Madagascar, Zaire, a roll-call of places soon to be embroiled in the gilt-edged tyrannies of the Cold War. He stayed in Africa for a year. Then he and his wife hopped freighters home, passing through India, Sri Lanka (Ceylon), Hong Kong, the Philippines until they arrived back in Calgary in December 1954.

Strong then tried to get a job in the Department of External Affairs: he was told he couldn't even apply without a university degree. So, he said, he decided to use business as a platform, a means to power. He never explained to me what he wanted this power for: it just hung in the steamy Geneva air that he wanted it to pursue the General Good.

He seems to have understood early that power is augmented by influence spread throughout a number of networks. He moved rapidly into three. He not only went back to work at Dome, he also volunteered at the YMCA very quickly after his return, and by 1956 he was already so close to the federal Liberal Party, in the person of federal cabinet minister Paul Martin, that Martin regularly visited

Strong's house when he was in Calgary: Martin was then getting ready to run for the leadership of the Liberal Party.

The YMCA had a worldwide network that crossed Cold War barriers. It was one of the few Western organizations that maintained its facilities in Eastern Europe and mainland China. Strong managed to attend the Y's 100th anniversary in Paris in the summer of 1955, though he'd only been back in Canada for six months and was a brand new Y volunteer. He detoured to Geneva and introduced himself to his very distant American cousin Robbins Strong. Robbins Strong, like his aunt, Marxist journalist Anna Louise Strong, had spent some of the war years in China. The Y had just appointed him the professional secretary of its extension and intermovement aid division which divvied up government and private money for aid projects. These monies were moved discreetly around the world by the Protestant-owned Swiss banks of Geneva. Léonard Hentsch of the private bank Hentsch et Cie. was the division's treasurer that year. Strong met Hentsch, too, and they became friends—later partners. Strong told Robbins that he wanted to travel the world as a Y professional based out of Lausanne, that he could work without salary for a year. The Y said no. But Strong found reasons to go back to Switzerland anyway. In due course, the two Strongs formed what Robbins referred to as "a cabal" to reduce U.S. dominance of the Y's international system. As Robbins saw it, there were problems with the International Committee of the U.S.A. and Canada, which raised funds for work abroad. By 1958, at twenty-nine, Maurice Strong had got himself appointed to that committee and went regularly to New York.

The next year, a worldwide oil glut caused the major oil companies to drop the price they paid at the wellhead for oil, which led to the formation of the OPEC producer's cartel. Strong picked this time to leave Dome and form his own company, MF Strong Management. Empire Trust, run by McCloy's friend Brunie, with two reps on its board from Standard Oil of New Jersey and one from Texaco, had a business problem Strong was allowed to fix in Edmonton. Ajax Petroleum, one of their "independent" oil companies, had signed an unfortunate contract. If Strong could get Ajax out of this contract with Imperial Oil, he was promised equity in the company. By 1960 Strong was an equity holder in Ajax, and that summer Paul Martin's son, Paul Martin, Jr., came out to work for Strong during his vacation from university.

After the election of John F. Kennedy and the disaster of the CIA planned invasion of the Bay of Pigs in Cuba, Cold War tensions heightened. The Rockefellers and their friends were pushing for a test ban treaty and a rapprochement with the U.S.S.R., as well as European union beginning with the Economic Community. Allen Dulles was dropped as the head of the CIA, and John McCone, on the board of Socal, was appointed the new director of the CIA. ("Did you know McCone?" I asked Strong, at one point in our conversations. "McCone?" he asked. "I knew McCloy," he corrected.) Kennedy had appointed the Rockefellers' lawyer John J. McCloy his disarmament commissioner. McCloy held negotiations in Geneva with the U.S.S.R. McCloy tried to inch the U.S. back towards the idea of an international body responsible for global arms policy.

By 1961, Strong had been appointed chair of Robbins Strong's international division at the Y, which gave Strong a reason to rent a house outside Geneva. Paul Martin, Jr., came to visit Strong there and observe the beginnings of European unification, something strongly supported by the people at the Council on Foreign Relations. That same year, Strong also met Harold Rea, the new president of the Canadian YMCA and a man who ran an oil company controlled by Power Corporation in Montreal. Rea was looking for a new president for Power Corporation.

Power Corporation was a network nodal point for Canadian politicians and their arrangements. It had been put together in 1925, when Mackenzie King was prime minister, to control the ownership of power generation facilities across the country, specifically in Quebec, Manitoba, and British Columbia. Like a junior Octopus, it also held control blocks in many other oil and gas companies. Former and future politicians and political back room boys worked on the staff or served on the board. Control of Power had been in the hands of Peter Thomson, Sr., head of the Montreal brokerage firm Nesbitt Thomson (the same company that had appeared to control McColl-Frontenac when it was actually controlled by the Texas Company). Power Corporation shares were publicly traded, but voting control rested in a block of special preferred shares each of which carried multiple votes. These preferred shares had just passed to Peter N. Thomson, Jr., upon the death of his father. He was only a year older than Maurice Strong but already a bagman of some note. He was then the treasurer of the Liberal Party of Quebec, which had just edged out the corrupt Union Nationale machine in a tight election.

Power Corporation had for years made many perfectly legal arrangements for men active in public life. It was easy to be legal. Canada then had no pesky rules to control campaign expenditures, no rules to force disclosure of campaign contributions and few to forbid certain supportive measures a politician might choose to take before, during, and after public life. (If Prime Minister Mackenzie King could have his trust fund filled by his business friends while he was in office and take a large gift from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., then why shouldn't everyone else?) As John J. McCloy would point out when he later investigated for Gulf Oil Corporation its political payments to politicians abroad, Gulf Canada alone had paid $13 million to Canadian politicians between 1961 and 1973.[8] Power Corporation employed and still employs persons who organize the campaigns of those seeking public office. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's chief leadership aide and the architect of his election victory in 1993, John Rae (Ontario Premier Bob Rae's brother), is an executive and director at Power Corporation.

In 1961, the governments of Quebec, Manitoba, and British Columbia announced their intentions to expropriate the hydroelectric companies in their provinces controlled by Power Corporation. Power would thus have much cash at its disposal. Peter N. Thomson, Jr., did not wish to run the company. Rea, the head of the search committee, told Strong the company needed a president who could get along with the "dissolute" Thomson and yet not be taken over by him and his friends. Strong was taken on as executive vice-president, but he was also permitted to continue running the Alberta gas company, Ajax, eventually renamed Norcen. Strong carefully presented no threat to Peter N. Thomson, Jr. According to one of Strong's friends, Thomson "had an office you could golf in, while Maurice's was so small you couldn't swing a cat in it."

In June 1962, just as Diefenbaker's Progressive Conservative federal government was reduced to a minority and nationalism exploded in Quebec, Maurice Strong arrived in Montreal as a senior executive of one of the most important companies in the country. He was also a player in the international YMCA network and in the Liberal Party. He described the particular virtues of running Power Corporation. "We controlled many companies, controlled political budgets. We influenced a lot of appointments. ... Politicians got to know you and you them."

He recruited to Power more young men interested in business and politics many of whom had attended Harvard, the intellectual com-

munity he had ties to. He hired James D. Wolfensohn (Harvard MBA) to run the new Australian-based subsidiary called SuperPower International. Wolfensohn went on to a brilliant career on Wall Street, and then created his own firm, James D. Wolfensohn Co., which is presided over by Paul Volker. Strong hired William Turner (Harvard MBA), who followed Strong as president of Power Corporation and crafted the merger of two pulp and paper giants into Consolidated-Bathurst. Strong hired Paul Martin, Jr., who later managed that investment.

After Lester Pearson's Liberal government came to power in April 1963, Power funded think tanks to make public platforms to sell the political agenda of the new government. Jim Coutts, Pearson's principal secretary, introduced Strong to Finance Minister Walter Gordon, then proposing a Canadian development corporation to help Canadian companies compete globally. Strong gave speeches in support. Power Corporation's meetings at Mont Tremblant became semi-public stages to test market the not-yet-widely-known but politically interested, such as Pierre Trudeau (London School of Economics and Harvard).

Strong also began to influence Canadian foreign policy. As part of the thaw after the Cuban missile crisis the Rockefeller interests were pushing for, he led a Canadian YMCA group to the Soviet Union and brought Soviet youth officials back to Canada. In the summer of 1964, while Strong helped Prime Minister Pearson with the creation of the Company of Young Canadians, he also started to criticize the tiny department of External Aid. Fostering Third World development and U.S. business through foreign aid was also part of the Rockefeller agenda. The director general of External Aid reported to the Honourable Paul Martin, Strong's old friend and Pearson's minister of External Affairs.

The first entry for Maurice Strong on David Rockefeller's legendary card index of important contacts indicates that Strong, as the new president of Power Corporation, attended a Chase investment seminar in Montreal in 1965. That was the year Pierre Trudeau, Gérard Pelletier, and Jean Marchand were elected as federalists from Quebec to change the facts of francophone life in Canada. That was also the year Strong renewed his business acquaintance with Paul Nathanson, Paul Martin's friend and backer, on the occasion of Paul Martin, Jr.'s, wedding in Windsor. Strong and Nathanson had done business in Calgary in the 1950s and proceeded to do business together again through Power Corporation and in other private ventures. Among the

things they tried but failed to do was to set up a third Canadian television network controlled by Power Corporation. Strong also introduced Nathanson to his friend John Wanamaker, then working for Sam Bronfman's children's investment vehicle, CEMP.

Soon all these parties were interconnected to each other in so many triangles it was hard to tell where one left off and the other began. Power, Nathanson, and CEMP all tried to take over National General Cinema in the U.S. At the same time, Wanamaker took on the management of External Affairs Minister Paul Martin's investment portfolio. Martin had already come to own through Nathanson three movie theatres in western Canada, which he leased out in management deals to Paramount Pictures. CEMP tried to buy Paramount Pictures. Paul Martin, Jr., (Harvard Law) then went to work at Power Corporation. Soon the job of director general of external aid opened up: someone, it can't be recalled who, told Prime Minister Pearson that Maurice Strong was just the man for the job. In June 1966, Strong left Power Corporation to become the director general of external aid, reporting to the minister of external affairs, Paul Martin. Once again, Paul Martin was planning to run for the leadership of the Liberal Party.

Much astonishment was registered in print: why would a man at the top of the business world want to work as an assistant deputy minister for the government of Canada at a piddling salary? Grossly inflated accounts of Strong's salary at Power were published at this time. The same month he joined External Aid, he also became president of the YMCA of Canada. While working for the federal government in charge of Canada's foreign aid program, he also pulled the Canadian Y out of its special relationship with the U.S. on the International Committee.

It was a very significant time for Strong to join the top ranks at External Affairs. That was the year External Affairs Minister Paul Martin, at the urging of new M.P.s Pierre Trudeau and Donald MacDonald, moved at the U.N. that it admit both Peking and Taiwan. This had the flavour of a triangular transaction with the Chinese. The Chinese had just entered the turbulent Cultural Revolution: their operatives and networks were being rolled up in Africa. Canada had problems of its own in French Africa. The Liberal cabinet was concerned about Gaullism in France and the role France might play stirring the nationalist pot in Quebec. Letter bombs had begun to explode in mailboxes. There was fear in cabinet that France might entice its former colonial governments in Africa, over which it still

wielded great influence, to proffer Quebec a de facto sovereign recognition. There were no Canadian embassies in French Africa. Sharp elbows were needed in back channels. Perhaps African nationalists could be encouraged to avoid contact with their Quebec counterparts?

The committee of cabinet dealing with these issues wanted a flexible fix, something that would soothe Quebec while taking the offensive against foreign manipulation. A layered solution was found. Both could be done through development aid programs for France's former African colonies. Interestingly, the use of aid in this fashion fit with American policy, which in turn fit in with development policies Nelson Rockefeller had been advocating since the end of World War II. As Rockefeller used to say, it was hard to get rubber out of the Amazon for the Allies from people who were too hungry or sick to work. By 1962, the U.S. had also begun to use the new USAID to back nationalist movements abroad to counter communists.

Strong, as the new director general of external aid, lunched frequently with Prime Minister Lester Pearson, who decided to send his new parliamentary secretary, Pierre Trudeau, to Africa to scout possibilities. Trudeau had last visited China in 1960 and had been a traveller in the Soviet Union in 1951. He knew his way around. Trudeau's report led to a larger mission headed by Lionel Chevrier, whose orders were to get out there and say yes to whatever French African leaders wanted. Chevrier returned with proposals from Morocco, Tunisia, Cameroon, and others.

It fell to Strong to arrange delivery. Since he had almost no staff at External Aid, he made a deal with SNC (now SNC-Lavalin), a Quebec-based engineering company, to offer "technical facilities" to External Aid in Africa. The terms were simple. SNC would act as overall contractor but was not permitted to bid on any of the individual aid contracts let by the government (other companies in Quebec did that). SNC was also required to hire for the field anyone Maurice Strong wanted hired and no one Strong didn't approve of. (One of those hired later became Canada's ambassador to the U.S. and also ran Petro-Canada International for ten years.) One of the most successful projects was the construction of a series of microwave towers across northern Africa. These towers permitted African countries to phone each other directly instead of running their communications through France (where they could be listened to).

These odd arrangements between External Aid and SNC were the root for the government agency CIDA, the Canadian International Development Agency, which Strong created in 1968 to replace External Aid. Before Strong had even finished the legislative framework for CIDA, Prime Minister Pearson, planning to retire, also dreamed up the International Development Research Centre (IDRC), a similar organization to CIDA but more loosely tied to the government. IDRC had a clause in its enabling legislation that allowed it to give money directly to individuals as well as to governments and private organizations. It was set up as a corporation, reporting to Parliament through the minister of external affairs. Its board of governors was designed to include private and even foreign persons. Like a company union, it was a device of the federal government, but it wasn't actually a part of the government—it can best be described as a governmental organization privatized—a GOP. This legal structure was an inspired way to extend government influence into the private domain, and vice versa, without attracting attention. Since IDRC was not created as an agent of the Crown (as CIDA is), it was able to receive charitable donations from corporations and individuals as well as government funds. By 1976 it was able to issue charitable tax receipts. Strong became its chairman—in October 1970.

By the time Strong got to the part in his story about how he used SNC as a private front for federal government skullduggery in Africa and Quebec it was Saturday afternoon. He had invited me over to his rented house in Aniers, a village outside Geneva. His house was a plain modern box with French doors opening onto a nice rolling lawn. We sat in his living room. He appeared relaxed. His second wife, Hanne Marstrand, drifted around. She showed little interest in this conversation about SNC and CIDA, as if she'd heard it all before, but it was news to me. I found myself sitting bolt upright. His meaning was quite clear. He had helped create a federally funded but semi-private intelligence/influence network that could have impacts both in Canada and abroad. He later confirmed this interpretation, although he said he had never described it that way before. I was shocked. It had never been acknowledged that Canada had a foreign intelligence or influence capacity outside its embassies. Yet Strong was telling me that he had created one out of virtually nothing. There was no reason to suppose that this network wasn't still running through CIDA and its cousin IDRC: I had reason to believe it was.

It seemed to me that Strong and the federal cabinet got away with this semi-private intelligence/influence system because he'd hidden what he was doing in plain sight. CIDA, the successor organization to External Aid, made regular reports to Parliament and was audited by the auditor general. It was frequently excoriated for the absurd wastes of its tied-aid practices. CIDA may well be wasteful, but that is surely part of the point of the arrangement. Strong ran federal funds through a Quebec-based engineering company, which gave that group bankability and yet tied it to the federal power. Other Quebec companies also got a large cut of federal largesse through tied-aid programs, meaning the aid recipient had to purchase Canadian products and services. Meanwhile, Strong's hand-picked people in Africa got private companies to hide behind. While the public works done abroad may not have given much benefit to the poor, they made foreign political actors happy. As Paul Palango would later suggest in his book, *Above the Law,* some Quebec political leaders were made happy too because they got a cut from these contracts as campaign contributions. Maurice Strong got information and could exert influence.

This whole layered arrangement was also useful to more parties than the government of Canada. Who? Any group with heavy levels of investment or loans outstanding in Quebec who required continued political stability there—parties like the Chase Manhattan Bank, like Empire Trust, which had just merged to become the Bank of New York, like the M.A. Hanna Company. Only four years earlier, M.A. Hanna Company had helped organize a coup to preserve interests in Brazil. Canada and Canadian investments were at least as important to M.A. Hanna as those interests in Brazil.

In 1968, Pierre Trudeau (a man featured at Power Corporation think tanks) defeated Paul Martin (whose son Paul Martin, Jr., had taken leave from Power Corporation to work on his campaign) and Robert Winters (a Power Corporation board member) to become leader of the federal Liberal Party. Strong arranged to be out of the country so he wouldn't have to choose publicly among these powerful men at the convention. In June, Trudeau won a landslide election preaching about the Just Society and participatory democracy.

In July, after Trudeau became prime minister, Strong got in touch with both the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations. He now reported to Mitchell Sharp, Trudeau's minister of external affairs. Sharp had been a trade bureaucrat under C.D. Howe and a senior executive of Brascan. He was a continentalist in trade matters. Strong indicated

his willingness to co-operate with Rockefeller and Ford and offered to put his special people in touch with their counterparts at Rockefeller Foundation. He had promised them CIDA funds for a project to join together the Rockefeller and Ford-funded international agricultural research centres in the Philippines, Nigeria, and other countries. However, after a conference of donors in Italy in 1969, Strong wrote the Rockefeller Foundation to say that for certain political reasons related to wheat, CIDA was unable to deliver the money he'd promised. According to a letter about a phone conversation between an officer of CIDA and an officer of the Ford Foundation, sent on to the Rockefeller Foundation, Strong promised to make up the difference through the brand new IDRC's budget. IDRC offered real advantages as far as Ford and Rockefeller were concerned. It could make its grants direct to individuals without going through foreign government agencies.[9]

That same year, Strong got a call from the Swedish representative at the U.N. The Swedes had pushed a resolution at the U.N. to hold an international conference on the human environment at Stockholm. Strong said he was asked if he would take over running it. A French person had previously been asked to do it: there were certain difficulties.

Strong's appointment had always puzzled me. Given his history in the energy business, in which he seemed never to have shown interest in the environment except as something to be used, why him?

Strong explained that when he became active "in the international network," he was seen to have some influence in developing countries. These developing countries, led by Brazil, were resisting the conference. As Senador Passarinho had explained, nationalists in the Brazilian military were convinced this U.N. environment conference was part of a plot to grab Brazilian resources. The Swedes thought Strong could deal with Brazil.

It took a while for Strong to get Trudeau's permission to take this appointment. Why? Strong said he was busy "recruiting" people for Trudeau. What did he mean by recruiting? He would suggest people for government positions, and mostly Trudeau would taken them on. Strong recruited Jack Austin as Trudeau's deputy minister of what became Energy Mines and Resources, for example. While finishing these tasks, he hired Jim Coutts, Pearson's former appointments secretary, to get things going in New York on the Stockholm Conference.

Strong, a federal civil servant, had certain private investments to take care of too. He had been involved throughout his tenure in government in real estate in Toronto through a company called Plural Properties (with Paul Nathanson) and another called M.N.S. Investments, which was one-third owned by former External Affairs Minister Paul Martin, one-third by Nathanson and one-third by Strong. These companies had just taken over and reorganized a Toronto real estate company, renamed Y and R Properties. Ken Rotenberg continued to run the new venture. Strong put CIDA's new director general of special advisers, John Gustave Bene, a war-time Czech immigrant to Canada, on Y and R's board. Strong had recruited Bene to manage the special people he'd hired through SNC as they continued their work at CIDA. (Bene later did a similar job at IDRC.) In January 1969, Y and R went public. In the spring of 1969, Paul Martin, now a senator, became Liberal House Leader in the Senate, which made him a member of the government. Strong, Martin, and Nathanson sold some of their Y and R shares at this time.

Strong went to New York both as an undersecretary general of the U.N. reporting to U Thant and as the secretary general of the Stockholm Conference. Plaudits rained upon him: the *New Yorker* said he might save the world. He was made a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation in 1971—a position he retained until 1977. The Rockefeller Foundation made a grant for the running of his Stockholm Conference office. He became a member of the Century Club and the Yale Club. He was handed the writing services of Barbara Ward, a British political theorist who promoted the virtues of the one-party states of Africa, and of René Dubos, a French ecologist who'd spent his life working at Rockefeller University.

Around this time, and partly to service the Stockholm Conference, the government of Canada began its practice of funding NGOs. Previously treated as private organizations, charities and other groups opened themselves to the money and policies of the federal government—becoming, in effect, PGOs, private government organizations, while calling themselves NGOs, nongovernmental organizations. It began with Opportunities for Youth grants, then spread through the larger Local Initiatives program. Canada put together a participatory task force to involve various Canadian environment groups and business representatives in its delegation to Stockholm. Strong's former protégé William Turner,[10] by then president of Power Corporation, went to the Stockholm Conference as an NGO concerned with transportation. Why not? Power Corporation

owned Canada Steamship Lines. Shipping owners were worried that there would be a convention signed at Stockholm to require the transport of oil in double-hulled ships. This is when Strong first demonstrated that the phrase NGO could be applied, like a democratic varnish, to dignify any group. This rubric could be applied to private organizations funded by government (PGOs); government organizations privatized (GOPs); three people meeting in a basement; or a highly organized business lobby. By calling them all NGOs, he dignified them as the vox populi.

The Stockholm Conference may also have served as a cover for certain triangular reconfigurations of the global power map. In 1969, as Strong was invited to put the conference together, Canada and China also began to negotiate in secret at Stockholm the resumption of their diplomatic relations. This move also fit with the Rockefeller view of global affairs. In 1968, while running for the Republican presidential nomination, Nelson Rockefeller had argued publicly that the U.S. should open discussions with China. One of Richard Nixon's first acts as president in 1969 was to order his new national security adviser, Henry Kissinger (a man who had risen to prominence through the Council on Foreign Relations and who was paid a $50,000 tip when he left the Rockefellers' service to work for Nixon), to get secret talks going with the Chinese. The People's Republic of China agreed to come to the Stockholm Conference as their first appearance at a U.N. function since the 1949 Revolution. When Strong went to China for discussions, the Chinese took him to see Anna Louise Strong's grave.

Strong found there was real scope at the U.N. for anyone with his skills. He could raise his own money from whomever he liked, appoint anyone he wanted, control the agenda. He told me he had more unfettered power than a cabinet minister in Ottawa. He was right: no voters had put him in office, he didn't have to run for re-election, yet he could profoundly affect many lives.

Just as he had done at Power Corporation, he used the U.N. as a public platform from which to promote certain ideas. Barbara Ward and René Dubos co-wrote *Only One Earth,* a paean to the idea of globalism. They published it themselves and stuck a U.N. logo on it. Dr. Carroll Wilson of the Sloan School of Business (later the holder of the Mitsubishi chair at the school) at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology sent his protégé Bill Matthews, a systems analyst, to Strong. He also organized think tanks for Strong at MIT. Established conservation groups like the Sierra Club developed new international

committees, as did Friends of the Earth, then a brand new organization.

As the Stockholm Conference opened in 1972, Strong warned urgently about the onset of global warming, the devastation of forests, the loss of biodiversity, the polluted oceans, and the population time bomb. He suggested a tax on the movement of every barrel of oil and the use of these funds to create a large U.N. bureaucracy to blow the whistle on pollution wherever it was found. As I read this old speech, I realized it could almost be repeated at the Rio Summit. How could the same issues be on the table twenty years later? A Greenpeace document, circulating before Rio, alleged that the Stockholm Conference was a failure because of what was not discussed. Certainly for some the limited discussions constituted failure. For other interests, they constituted success.

After Stockholm, some Western countries followed the U.S. lead and set up new departments of the environment and passed laws and regulations. Environment issues became part of various national governments' administrative frameworks. The public process of environmental impact assessments in the U.S. became identified in the public mind with a new meaning of democracy—the right of affected parties to group together and be heard before public land use decisions are made.

The other by-product of the conference was the creation of a new U.N. bureaucracy, the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP). Like so many of the organizations Strong has made, this one too had multiple uses. In 1974, UNEP rose out of the undeveloped soil of Nairobi, Kenya, Strong's old stomping ground. Placing UNEP in Africa was explained as a sop to the developing countries, who had been suspicious of Western intentions. But it was also useful for the big powers to have another international organization in Nairobi. After the Yom Kippur War in 1973, Nairobi became the key spy capital of Africa. Strong became UNEP's first executive director.

Right after the Yom Kippur War, OPEC raised prices 70 per cent and placed an embargo on those states that had sided with Israel. Aramco, the consortium extracting Saudi oil, enforced it: the major oil companies claimed that they weren't behaving as a cartel by choice—foreign governments made them do it. When supply was curtailed by major oil companies to the eastern half of Canada at the beginning of the winter, to alleviate public concern and suspicion of oil company motives, Pierre Trudeau's minority government an-

nounced its intent to create a national oil company. Stories then appeared in various newspapers describing certain financial arrangements among Liberals in office. It was a bad time for political leaders to be seen to have had help from corporate interests. The Watergate hearings, which delved hard into relations between corporations and the campaign to re-elect Richard Nixon, had an avid television audience.

The newspapers pointed out that Paul Martin (Trudeau's leader in the Senate), Jack Austin (Trudeau's principal secretary), Bill Teron (head of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation), Paul Martin, Jr., (still associated with Power Corporation), and Maurice Strong all had private as well as public business links. In addition to Power Corporation, the companies named were Nellmart, a Martin family company, and M.N.S. Investments, which had since merged with St. Maurice Gas and been renamed Commerce Capital Corporation. Martin's supporters said his assets were handled by others. Jack Austin said there was no conflict between his job with the prime minister and his investments in financial services. There were certainly no rules forbidding such relations, but the Liberal minority government moved fast to create conflict-of-interest *guidelines*, which included strictures against even the appearance of a conflict by ministers, deputy ministers, and order-in-council appointees—*unless permission had been given by a direct superior*. Outside directorships or active management of any commercial ventures were forbidden. Great care was urged on those who took part in non-profit activities too. Nevertheless, when the time came to actually create Petro-Canada in the fall of 1975, Jack Austin was still too politically radioactive to get the job. Maurice Strong, on the other hand, had been mainly out of the country for five years. He was a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation. He had just been given an award by the Mellon Foundation, a philanthropy of the family that started Gulf Oil. Some also thought Strong had the ambition to lead a political party. On January 1, 1976, Strong became the first chairman and CEO of Petro-Canada. He also returned to the chair of the IDRC.

Strong launched Petro-Canada with four recruits. The president was Wilbert Hopper from the federal department of Energy Mines and Resources. (Hopper's brother David had been a Rockefeller Foundation economist before he was made president of IDRC. By 1993 he too was on the Rockefeller Foundation board of trustees.) Strong hired John Ralston Saul, a Canadian expert on the French military/industrial complex, after he was introduced to him by a

former protégé of S.G. Warburg, New York banker David Mitchell. Joel Bell, a Montreal lawyer who worked for the prime minister, was hired too. They bought oil companies from a Calgary hotel room. The first was the Canadian subsidiary of Arco. Strong was friendly with the head of Arco, Robert O. Anderson. Arco and Exxon were partners on the Alyeska oil pipeline: Arco had struck oil and gas in the Arctic back in 1968. "Bought it over breakfast," Strong said.

Within a month of startup, Strong hired Doug Bowie, a Mormon who'd done his missionary stint in France and then worked as a political aide to Liberal cabinet ministers Gérard Pelletier and Hugh Faulkner. Bowie became vice-president/environment reporting direct to Strong, no intermediaries. Bowie's first task was to look out for the social and environmental impacts of Petro-Canada projects in Canada's north and abroad. He then taught other government-owned oil companies how to deal with their native peoples. Bowie found Petro-Canada was able to go places U.S.-owned private oil giants could not easily enter—such as the disputed area in the sea between Vietnam and China.

In spite of the new conflict-of-interest guidelines, Strong quickly braided layer on layer of public and private interests. He remained for a time both a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, chair of the IDRC, and chair of Petro-Canada. The last two were order-in-council appointments covered by the conflict guidelines. He also set up a number of new private business ventures. Strong did these deals so publicly and with such vigour that they must have been designed to feed public policy or he must have had political permission. In February 1976, a month after he started work as chairman of Petro-Canada, he contacted Bill Holt, an accountant introduced to him by a former Empire Trust executive in 1971. Strong invited Holt to manage his continuing partnership with Paul Nathanson. A new entity called Stronat was registered in Alberta in April 1976. The first deal Strong asked Holt to manage was to purchase the control block in Commerce Capital Corporation, an entity that originated as M.N.S. Investments, owned by Strong, Nathanson, and Senator Paul Martin. Holt arranged a Royal Bank loan, closed the $10-million deal in ten days, and then Stronat resold the control block immediately. Stronat then joined with Ken Rotenberg of Y and R Properties in Toronto to create the Rostland Corporation. Holt and Strong sat on Rostland Corporation's board.[11]

These arrangements were made in the context of a surge in nationalist popularity in Quebec, similar to the situation that had first

brought Strong into public life from Power Corporation. In the November 1976 election, the separatist Parti Québécois defeated the Quebec Liberal government. Looser money began to hemorrhage out of Montreal. Rostland Corporation built the new Sun Life buildings in Toronto (headquarters shifting from Quebec), bought the Arizona Biltmore Hotel, and did other developments in the U.S.

Political events in Quebec also coincided, again, with a crisis in China. Mao had become enfeebled. A struggle for power raged between the ruling faction, led by Mao's wife Jian Qing, and a faction led by the trade-oriented Deng Xiaoping. On September 9, 1976, Mao died. For a month, Mao's concubine held the balance of power and the keys to Mao's treasury which held his will, his diaries, and certain other precious things. The Chinese leadership, particularly the head of security, had become avid connoisseurs.

Around the same time he organized the purchase of the control block in Commerce Capital Corporation, Bill Holt had also been asked to set up a company first called China Ventures and then SinaCorp with a Toronto marketing expert, Harvey Kalef. The China Travel Agency (owned by the Chinese government) had offered Kalef exclusive rights to distribute products made by China's state industries. After touring China, he'd decided to purchase such goods and then resell them abroad. An accountant he knew suggested he go and see Maurice Strong, who had both access to capital and a sentimental attachment to China because an aunt of his "had walked with Chairman Mao." Stronat put up $2 million as SinaCorp's working capital. Kalef was to manage the project.

In November 1976, about the time of the election in Quebec and during the dangerous power vacuum in China, Kalef's chartered Japan Airlines 747 took off from China loaded with jade, antiques, rugs, gold jewellery, and furniture and flew to Los Angeles. There Kalef had rented space to sell goods in the new Pacific Design Center. Those things he did not sell he packed on a plane and sent on to Toronto. That same month, Jian Qing was arrested, and the Gang of Four was crushed.

In January, to his surprise, Kalef was told Stronat was closing down the venture, that he was no longer needed. In Strong's recollection, he closed the business because Stronat lost money: Kalef had bought too much and paid too much. Strong was particularly rueful about a huge supply of gold chains that no one seemed to want. Strong said he had them melted down into gold bars and sold into a rising commodity market.

I later put it to both Kalef and Strong that it appeared to me their venture had to do with someone trying to move their capital out of China in the lull before the storm. No, no, said Kalef, it had been planned months before Mao's death. Not the case, said Strong, we dealt with state companies and not individuals.

I should have remembered that as usual with Strong, this China venture had extraordinary flexibility. There was a great deal of room for the satisfaction of many interests. For starters, cash went into China, a low value restricted currency zone, and goods moved outside where they could again be converted into a strong currency. Strong had said Stronat had lost money. That meant those running the state companies in China must have ended up with an extraordinary gain. It is interesting to note that not so long after these events Power Corporation of Montreal began to negotiate with state corporations in China: these early negotiations paved the way for important developments more than a decade later.

Nineteen

The New Leviathan

I sat enthralled in Strong's living room. I had come to Geneva to solve the puzzle of who Strong is, whose interests he represents. Now, instead of holding in my hands a neat explanation, I was on the edge of falling into his immensely complex, layered world. The NGO story was part of a business story, the business story was part of a political story, the political story was also part of an intelligence story, and all of them were pages from a book about the Cold War. Maurice Strong was a Rockefeller man, a Liberal man, a businessman, a man with relations to those at the top of the crumbling East bloc, a bridge between so many different centres of power.

The summer night was upon us, wrapping the house in warm velvet blackness. The French doors stood open to the terrace. Strong's phone rang like an alarm. He talked for a while. When he came back, he explained that the call was about Vladimir Petrovsky,[1] then first deputy foreign minister of the Soviet Union. Strong had expected to meet with Petrovsky during this weekend in August 1991, just eight days before the coup that led to Gorbachev's ouster. Petrovsky's aide had phoned to postpone. Before any other question could even form in my mind, Strong explained that Petrovsky was part of the Soviet team evaluating candidates to replace U.N. Secretary General Perez de Cuellar.

This diverted my attention. I'd been told in Toronto by Stephen Lewis, formerly Canada's ambassador to the United Nations, who was then working for Strong to drum up support for the Rio Summit, that Strong's name was circulating as a candidate. I had mentioned this to Strong the night before at dinner. I'd mentioned I'd heard the Soviets and the Chinese favoured his candidacy.

Who told you that? he'd demanded. Then he had said, modestly, that he wasn't running but would accept a draft. I had asked if the Americans supported him. I had begun to press him on his U.S. interests, about his business relations with Scott Spangler, for example, then a George Bush appointee to the USAID Africa desk, and

about the business they had done together with Adnan Khashoggi. Strong had blurted that he'd almost been shut out of this Rio Summit job because some people at the U.S. State Department didn't like him. He said they had been overruled by the White House. George Bush knew him, he said. He'd been in Bush's home. In fact, he said, he had donated some $100,000 to the U.S. Democratic Party and a slightly lesser amount to the Republicans in 1988. (I was unable to confirm the Republican donations.)

I had been diverted that time too, because I was astonished. How could he, a Canadian, have managed political contributions in the U.S.?

Well, he had a U.S. green card (permanent residence status). The governor of Colorado had suggested it. A lawyer in Denver had told him how to go about it.

"But why?" I asked.

"Because I wanted influence in the United States."

In 1977, while Strong was still chairman of both Petro-Canada and the IDRC, he also caused Stronat, his partnership with Paul Nathanson, to invest in agribusiness in the U.S. Dr. Carroll Wilson had introduced him to Scott Spangler (Harvard MBA), who had spent time in Africa working for the new governments of Tanzania and Uganda. Spangler then ran a Texas-based company called ProChemCo. He wanted to take over a larger public company called AZL or Arizona-Colorado Land and Cattle Company. AZL, a conglomerate, owned other companies active in feed lots, land, oil and gas, engineering. It even owned a commodities trading house and a bank. One of its ranches was the Baca Grande in Colorado.

Stronat, a private multinational octopus, purchased control of ProChemCo. through various entities it controlled in Texas, Bermuda, and the Netherlands-Antilles. The corporate name was changed to Procor. In February 1978, Procor bought an AZL convertible debenture worth $10 million. It gave AZL a two-year option to buy Procor for the same amount. Strong, Holt, and Spangler were so welcome at AZL they were invited to join its board before this deal closed and without actually owning any shares. Strong became chairman of the executive committee.

Why this extraordinary welcome to people who owned no shares? Strong explained that AZL rolled out the red carpet for him because of this little problem AZL was having with Adnan Khashoggi. Strong claimed his role was to keep Khashoggi off the board of AZL.

Khashoggi had been the biggest shareholder of AZL since 1974. One of his executives had been on the board until 1975. With Khashoggi's help, AZL had entered a number of deals in Iraq, Egypt, and Sudan, often through the head of state of those countries. As has been detailed in a number of books, Adnan Khashoggi is another man of layered interests—an arms dealer/representative of Saudi Arabia, he has had relationships with a number of intelligence agencies. In the 1970s Khashoggi brokered vast arms purchase arrangements between Saudi Arabia and corporations of the U.S. defence establishment. At the same time, he enjoyed private business partnerships with members of the Saudi royal family who were also officials of the Saudi government. In 1975, as a byproduct of the Congressional investigations of illegal foreign and domestic campaign contributions, the Securities and Exchange Commission wondered if Khashoggi's huge sales commissions could actually be a clever means to pay bribes by U.S. corporations to foreign officials. When the SEC tried to serve a subpoena on Khashoggi's executives in March 1976, he left the U.S. and did not return until October 1978. It's difficult to understand why Strong would be needed to keep Khashoggi off the board of a publicly traded U.S. company while Khashoggi was so busy avoiding an SEC subpoena.

Nevertheless, Strong insisted, there was pressure on him to let Khashoggi in the door. Strong and his future wife Hanne Marstrand first met with Khashoggi at Khashoggi's brother's house in London. Strong also met Khashoggi at Khashoggi's own apartment in New York's Olympic Towers. More often, he met with Khashoggi's brother to inform him about AZL since Khashoggi continued to be its biggest shareholder.

In the late spring of 1978, as these matters developed, Strong left Petro-Canada. He had been asked to run for election under the standard of the federal Liberal Party in a riding just outside Toronto. (He had also been asked to run for the Progressive Conservative Party and even the New Democratic Party. Either this is testimony to his well-known flexibility of mind, or it is proof that all three parties wanted access to his connections.) Strong's friends thought he hoped to follow Trudeau as the next Liberal prime minister.

Strong was nominated; Petro-Canada employee Doug Bowie and John Saul offered support. So did Andy Sarlos, a former Hungarian communist and official, by then an arbitrageur making money for his chief client, Max Tanenbaum of York Steel. Sarlos also worked with Sam Belzburg who would soon make a name in the U.S. as a "green-

mail" entrepreneur. Sarlos liked to make money for politicians. He too thought Strong wanted to be prime minister. While waiting for the election call, Sarlos and candidate Strong tried to take over forestry giant Abitibi-Price. They failed—profitably. Strong also became a vice-president of the World Wildlife Fund International in Gland, Switzerland, a position he held until December 1981.

In February 1979, a month before the election writ was dropped, Strong suddenly resigned as a Liberal candidate. He said he had to take an active role in the business of AZL. It was whispered that he quit because Trudeau had decided to stay on as leader. While nothing important appeared to happen at AZL, very important things were certainly happening elsewhere in the world. In January 1979, the shah had fled Iran, leaving the country in the hands of Muslim fundamentalists. This disaster for Rockefeller foreign policy perhaps contributed to the untimely death of Nelson Rockefeller (which occurred a week before Strong's resignation). Along with David Rockefeller, John J. McCloy, and Henry Kissinger, Nelson Rockefeller had been working very hard to pressure President Carter to bring the shah to the U.S.[2]

By the summer of 1979, as a rolling wave of panic drove the price of oil from $13 to $34 a barrel, Strong had started a new international energy company, International Energy Development Corporation S.A., or IEDC. He said it was designed to help the Third World cope with these new energy conditions by searching for oil and gas in their own territories. He based the company in politically neutral Switzerland, which required an act of the Swiss parliament since he is not a Swiss citizen. The partners in IEDC were AZL, Sulpetro, Volvo Energi, Sheikh Al Sabah, who was Kuwait's finance minister and head of the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation; the Arab Petroleum Investment Corporation. Staff included a former Algerian politician and director of OPEC and the former worldwide vice-president of exploration for Exxon. IEDC paid licence fees to explore for oil and gas in places like Angola, Mozambique, Chad, the Sudan—and even Australia.

It was in the fall of 1979, around the time the Parti Québécois announced their plans to hold a referendum on the future of Quebec, that AZL's business got really complex. In October, AZL began the actual purchase of Procor, the first step in a series of manoeuvres that resulted in a global version of Power Corporation. By April, AZL had bought Procor and converted its AZL debenture into common shares of AZL. Only then did Strong and Nathanson actually

own AZL though they'd been directing it since 1978. In May 1980, Strong also joined the board of a publicly traded Swiss company known by the acronym Sogener. It was chaired by Léonard Hentsch, Strong's banker friend from the Y network. Strong became Sogener's executive committee chairman. He moved control of AZL to Sogener, and thus Sogener became the dominant but unseen partner in IEDC.

Why? What was Strong up to? Some answers lay in the nature of Sogener and its reach into various corners of the globe. Like a Swiss-French version of SNC, its engineering division's contracts were mainly in Africa, in Angola and Libya. Sogener had just sold this engineering division to a Greek shipping magnate named Latsis, a friend of the Saudi king, Fahd. Sogener had done this transaction under the direction of Michel LeGoc, a man with his own very special political connections.[3] Formerly a high French defence official, in 1960 LeGoc had left the French government and formed a mergers and acquisition company called Interfinexa with backing from important banks in Paris and Geneva.

Sogener had cash on hand when Strong joined its board. By then LeGoc had already found a takeover target for Sogener—Credit Immobilier, a publicly traded company active in real estate finance in both France and Switzerland. On Credit Immobilier's board sat Jean Pierre François, said to have served with the Resistance in Lyons in World War II along with François Mitterrand's lawyer, Roland Dumas. Mitterrand, who had proudly served Vichy before he served the Resistance and became a socialist, and who retained his relationship with Nazi friends even after World War II, was running for office as president of France. M. Dumas would soon become France's minister of foreign affairs. LeGoc's connections were such that his opinion was asked when the French government considered who deserved to get a légion d'honneur in Switzerland. François owned shares in Credit Immobilier and voted the shares belonging to others. After lunch with Maurice Strong, he agreed to sell the control block. LeGoc made sure François later got a légion d'honneur. A circular transaction ensued. Credit Immobilier bought Stronat while Stronat borrowed to buy the control block in Credit Immobilier. When this complex deal closed, Credit Immobilier paid out Stronat's loan and raised a further seventy million Swiss francs in a public offering.

Paul Nathanson died in New York in the fall of 1980, leaving control of this huge transnational conglomerate, loaded with cash, in

the hands of Maurice Strong and John Wanamaker, Strong's friend and Nathanson's executor. This private/public leviathan sprawled across many national boundaries and through many jurisdictions, with directors on its various boards who were also active in foreign governments. Strong and his colleagues had created the capacity for global arrangements.

This capacity was tested even as it was being formed. In February 1980 the Canadian federal election returned Pierre Trudeau and the Liberal Party to power. Right after the referendum in Quebec in May 1980, the new Liberal minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, Marc Lalonde, decided Petro-Canada should buy Petrofina Canada, a Quebec-based firm owned in Belgium. Chairman Bill Hopper talked to Petrofina Canada. He was rebuffed. In June, Strong was asked to act as an intermediary between Petro-Canada and Petrofina SA, the Belgian parent of Petrofina Canada. Strong said Hopper asked him because he knew the Petrofina directors in Belgium, "particularly Baron Leon Lambert" whose Banque Bruxelles Lambert owned Petrofina shares and like François voted the shares of others. The baron, a Rothschild, was "elegantly dissolute" according to Strong, who had met him years ago at Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb in New York. Petro-Canada's actions were to be kept a dark secret from Petrofina Canada's board in Montreal, said Strong: that is why Strong asked Hentsch to make the first contact in Belgium through Sogener, whose board Strong had just joined. It was all a matter of cover.

After Hentsch made his approach to the Belgian chairman, Strong then talked to Lambert. The share price of Petrofina Canada began to soar. In November 1980, a Montreal newspaper claimed Petro-Canada would soon pay $120 per share for Petrofina Canada. Denials flowed. Unfortunately, when the $1.46-billion deal was announced in February 1981, that's what the price turned out to be. Three provincial securities commissions announced a joint insider trading investigation with the federal Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. There had definitely been insider trading. The chairman of Petrofina Canada and other top executives had created a stock option plan in June 1980 after Petro-Canada made its first offer. They had bought shares cheaply and sold them dearly as the market rose on rumours. The top executives at Petrofina Canada insisted they had acted without knowledge of the coming offer.

It was soon learned that Sogener had earned a fee of almost $1 million for its services to Petro-Canada and that former Petro-Canada

chair Strong was chairman of Sogener's executive committee. There was a hue and cry. Strong said he urged the investigators on in their work and gave his earnings to a non-profit created by Barbara Ward—the International Institute for Environment and Development. In December 1981, the federal government published the results of its investigation without waiting for the provincial securities commissions. It stated that no one had *improperly* traded on inside information. The report did not point out that it was then neither improper nor illegal in Belgium or Switzerland to trade on inside information. The Ontario Securities Commission closed its investigation after its time limit for action ran out. Much later, Power Corporation bought control of Baron Lambert's Banque Bruxelles Lambert: then it bought 40 per cent of Petrofina SA.

Maurice Strong took a battering over the Petrofina events, but Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau appointed Strong vice-chairman of the Canada Development Corporation (CDC) in 1982. CDC held the crown interest in a number of corporations. CDC was run by a former executive of Power Corporation, who had refused to buy the control block of the ailing Massey Ferguson company from the Argus group when asked to do so. While Strong bided his time, his friend Jack Austin, by then a senator and a member of the federal cabinet, created the Canada Development Investment Corporation (CDIC) to manage or divest all federal government holdings, including the recalcitrant CDC. In 1982, Strong became the chairman of this larger corporation, reporting to Parliament through Senator Austin. This was a privy council appointment. Nevertheless, Strong did not resign from his other private company interests.

In the meantime, Iran and Iraq went to war: both pumped out ever higher volumes of oil to pay for arms and the price of oil fell. Of IEDC's partners, only the Kuwaitis wanted to continue hunting for oil and gas in Africa. Strong looked for a company he could merge IEDC with. In May 1982, Tosco, a large California-based independent oil company, was paid $200 million in cash by Exxon as compensation when it pulled out of their joint oil shale project. Tosco became a predator's opportunity.

The Belzburgs' First City group backed a Colorado man named Ken Good[4] to begin a hostile takeover of Tosco. This started a chain of events which rapidly sheared Tosco of its assets like a lamb in spring. Tosco's chairman, Morton Winston, developed a sudden interest in international oil exploration. A French "internationalist" on his board had told him about Maurice Strong's company, IEDC.

Winston went to Geneva and told Strong he wanted Tosco to buy into IEDC. Instead, Strong said he wanted to merge his whole conglomerate with Tosco, which would entail Tosco offering cash to the shareholders of the various publicly traded companies involved. The subsequent merger between Tosco and Strong's leviathan was handled by an American lawyer based in Geneva named Warren "Chip" Lindner.

Lindner was another man with interesting connections. He had been a partner in the huge Texas-based international law firm Vinson and Elkins. His partners in London had acted for Adnan Khashoggi and also helped Ghaith Pharoan, another well-connected Saudi, buy the National Bank of Georgia from President Carter's budget director, Bert Lance. In 1980, Lindner left Vinson and Elkins to work in the office of the World Wildlife Fund International in Switzerland. He had no background in environment issues, his expertise was in energy finance, but he was hired as vice-president of policy to assist the head of World Wildlife Fund International. There he met Maurice Strong, who was serving both as vice-president and on the board of World Wildlife Fund International.

Strong hired Lindner to work at Sogener. While Strong flew around the world seeing to his various interests, including acting as the chairman of the CDIC for the government of Canada, Lindner crafted the merger with Tosco. When it was finalized in January 1983, Tosco paid out a total of $100 million in cash, Tosco shares, and promissory notes for all the shares of the various public companies controlled by Strong's leviathan. Strong and his public company associates like Holt and Hentsch got Tosco common shares. Strong and his private associates in Strovest and Stromar, plus Nathanson's widow, daughter, and estate, also took preferred shares in Tosco. Strong became board vice-chairman of Tosco and signed a voting agreement with the company. Scott Spangler, who'd bought a few AZL shares, got $2.3 million for them. Adnan Khashoggi got around $10 million. Strong's special preferred voting shares of Tosco were seemingly worth many, many millions. Ken Good and the Belzburg interests ceased to trouble Tosco after being handsomely paid for their shares by Tosco. Good made many generous campaign contributions to Colorado and national politicians seeking office in 1984.

In November 1983, Tosco defaulted on $850 million in bank loans some but not all of which had been secured by preferred shares and notes of Tosco, junior to Strong's Special Class A preferreds. These had been taken on to buy up Tosco's own shares and other assets.

Tosco's share price had fallen rapidly as the price of oil dropped. Apparently the value of AZL, IEDC, and the previously cash-rich Credit Immobilier, Sogener, and so on also went up in smoke. By 1984, just a year after the merger, Tosco wrote down its $100-million investment in Strong's companies to virtually nothing. Assets previously described as being worth $100 million and paid for in cash, shares, and promissory notes were now described as worthless.

The banks, a familiar group including Chase Manhattan, Credit-Lyonnais, the Bank of Montreal, and the Bank of New York, agreed to payment of their loans with shares and warrants, but insisted that the special preferred shares be taken out and insisted on a fire sale of the Tosco assets. Strong resigned from the Tosco board and exchanged his preferred shares for common shares which he sold on the market for about $5 million. Spangler set up First Phoenix Corporation (so aptly named) and proceeded to buy back from Tosco at bargain prices some allegedly worthless assets. Strong and his Sogener associates bought back Credit Immobilier for $600,000 in cash plus the assumption of $29,475,000 of debt from Tosco or AZL to Credit Immobilier which was immediately cancelled. Before he left Tosco's board, Strong offered to buy AZL assets too. In October 1985, after Strong had left Tosco's board, his First Colorado Corporation did buy the Baca Grande ranch and other AZL real estate and oil and gas assets from Tosco. Sam Belzburg was one of the investors along with Strong in First Colorado. First Colorado paid Tosco $8.2 million for these assets, including the 139,000-acre ranch which also encompasses two major mountain peaks. Underneath the ranch lies a huge aquifer whose water First Colorado hoped to sell for billions. Strong emerged flush enough to personally give the federal Liberal Party $5,000 in an election year.

After the Progressive Conservatives, led by Brian Mulroney, came to power in the fall of 1984, Strong resigned from the board of CDIC. He was busy with other things.[5] In 1983, about the time Tosco defaulted, he had been appointed a member of the Brundtland Commission, the World Commission on Environment and Development. He also got his Sogener associate Chip Lindner a job as the commission's executive director. The secretary general was a Canadian, Jim MacNeill, who would later serve as chair of a charity raising money for Strong's office at the Rio Summit. Late in 1984, Strong also got a call from an old friend, former U.S. Republican Congressman Bradford Morse, then head of the U.N. Development Program.

Morse had been asked to organize the relief effort to save thirty million people on the brink of starvation in sub-Saharan Africa. He needed Strong's help.

It was said of Strong that he created the ultimate information network to deal with the famine-stricken areas of twenty-seven countries in Africa, where governments were toppling, civil wars blazing, and donor countries were certain that aid was being diverted from the hungry to feed soldiers. He lived on planes. He went in and out of one-party-ruled countries that had been created and funded by the U.S., the U.S.S.R., China, Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and their various proxies, countries that had also become the recipients of Saudi Arabia's chequebook diplomacy. He got the president of Sudan to open his borders to refugees. He flew to Ethiopia to meet the Soviet-backed Mengistu Haile Mariam several times. He pushed Mengistu to let through the truck convoys and allow the U.N. to monitor delivery of food. This was dangerous work. "You can deal with tough people," said Strong. "[You] cater to the best and the worst."

He had cut a deal with Mengistu. He had long since given up on the idea of converting others to the Good. He'd learned to identify actors and their motives and get them onside. If he had succeeded in Africa, it was because he had done his homework. He knew what Mengistu wanted.

At the end of December 1986, Strong was asked to lunch with the new Swedish Prime Minister, Ingvar Carlsson. The Brundtland Commission was winding down, but an explosion at the Soviet nuclear power plant at Chernobyl had scattered radioactive materials all over Europe. At the lunch, Strong proposed a new United Nations conference on the environment to be held on the twentieth anniversary of the Stockholm conference. At first, Strong thought Sweden would host the conference. Then Canada put in a bid. Then, in April 1989, Brazil put in a bid too. Strong scouted in Brazil to find out what the prospective president, Collor de Mello, thought about the issues. In the end, said Strong, it was the Brazilians who suggested that he, Maurice Strong, should be the secretary general of this conference.

Once again, the Rockefeller and the Ford Foundations were generous helping Strong with the costs of his U.N. office. This money was given to a new charity set up in Washington, which doled it out. Some very large multinational corporations, including oil and chemical companies based in Britain, Japan, Switzerland, Italy, and the

U.S., also put large sums of money into this kitty. Old associates of Strong like Jim MacNeill served on the charity's board of directors. Strong did not divest himself of all his energy or resource holdings. Instead, his former protégé at Power Corporation, William Turner, voted his shares in Baca Resources, a publicly traded Alberta oil company he controlled. (It in turn controlled an oil and gas subsidiary of the same name in the U.S.) By this point Maurice Strong had become a figure above suspicion.

A few days later, at his office, Strong popped candies to keep up his energy. I bounced in my chair across from him, interrupting, accusing. I was full of the conversations I'd had with others in Geneva. I was beginning to understand that the Rio Summit was part of a Rockefeller-envisioned Global Governance Agenda that dated back before World War II, that it was linked to the regional trade agreements just being negotiated—the North American Free Trade Agreement and the Maastricht Treaty. Like the Stockholm Conference, it was all about integrating East and West. He was part of the push to remake the U.N. itself to fit a brave new unipolar world. He diverted my attention only briefly with talk about his lunch with the French who may have been appraising him as a candidate for secretary general.

"So, what about it, are you a One Worlder?" I finally asked.

"Have you read what I've said on that?" he asked. "I've said for years the world needs a world system of governance. Every issue [should be] dealt with at the level [where it can] be dealt with effectively. ... Ozone comes from refrigerants. You've gotta have a global agreement [to deal with it] but actions [have to be] taken nationally. ... I also point out that people have to understand the U.N. is different from other governments—[there is] no direct access to [a] constituency and no access to the power of taxation and it is as though the [Canadian] federal government depended for its mandate on a day-by-day decision of the provinces. You know how that would work. Eventually, the U.N. will need direct access as a global level of systems, not the most powerful, but increasing. ...

"...I'll point out there is a great difference, the U.N. is a long way from being a world government," he said. "Maybe it will never get a general taxation power. We recommend that there will be a kind of tax ... in dealing with climate change. ... [The] U.N. [may] not apply it. [The] most plausible way [is] where [a] government agrees in consultation to levy the tax nationally and [put a] portion on [an] agreed formula of GNP and put it in a U.N. administered fund."

Such a tax, he said, definitely would not be levied in the cause of world government. But, nonetheless, he was convinced that in not too long a time, world governance would definitely happen. "A century ago," he said, "Garibaldi was seen as completely unrealistic for saying Italy could be united, but it did happen. It can become tomorrow's inevitability. I see it as inevitable—it's unreal right now—but I do see it as a necessity." He proposed that governments themselves move towards it, to pass an act to apportion to a fund—that sort of thing was in line with existing constitutional practices. He said this with a rockhard determination.

I then understood that he hoped to get national governments to take the first and second and third steps in the diminution of their own powers at Rio. It was like hearing a distant trumpet sound outside the walls, a signal that a great work had begun. The Rio Summit, like the Stockholm Conference, was aimed at reorganizing the world into very much larger administrative units, with real power redistributed from national governments to vast regional organizations. The idea of relative sovereignty was going to apply to all nation states, not just environmentally sensitive places like the Amazon. The foundations for this had been laid years ago around the time of Stockholm, back when it seemed the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and China could all come to at least a triangular agreement. That's when the Rockefellers had first created their Trilateral Commission, an organization that configured the world in three economic zones—Europe, North America, and Japan.

One of his secretaries buzzed. He was sharp with her. He reported to her that he had met with two important members of an important delegation. They had known he was having a secret lunch with Perez de Cuellar. He wanted to know how they found out, where the leak was. He wanted her to know he was annoyed.

During his tenure at the U.N., he said, when he was done, this business of spying had always been a factor. "In the Cold War," he said, as if it were long over, "the Soviets showed me dossiers on people [they thought] were CIA. The Americans said x is KGB. ... I assumed everybody is on. It's the right way to operate. ... I decided the U.N. [is an] open, leaky system and to treat it that way." He mused about the business of openness in the face of the covert. "I've lived a complex life—I'm open about it," he said. Most of his complexities, he added later, "were known or suspected."

"The U.N. is riddled with intelligence people," he said. "It's good cover. A lot like to get in places where things [are] drafted."

Twenty

Connections

Maurice Strong opened many doors for me in Geneva, doors I would never have thought to go through on my own. He seemed to want me to understand the full range of his works, to see how he managed complex and interrelated groups, how he managed the PGOs, the GOPs, the business lobbies, and all the other groups calling themselves NGOs who were coming to the Rio Summit, for example. He clearly considered them political levers he could use to exert public pressure on national governments on their own turf—without being seen to do so. It seemed to me this was a brilliant and subtle variation of Mackenzie King's gift to the Rockefellers—the concept of a company union. One scholarly American commentator on King's work had described these unions as "fake organizations," but had also been forced to acknowledge that they endured and benefitted the industrial interests who used them for many years. Similarly, these GOPs and PGOs—private government organizations—endured: like weeds they pushed out true grassroots groups, since they took money, policy or both from governments and large corporate donors. It didn't matter that they had few members: they had means. Through constant publishing and promotion they set the margins for public debate. They pushed ideas out in public where governments had to acknowledge them. They promoted the Agenda Strong wanted set.

It became a kind of game for me to trace connections of the PGOs trying to sell the Global Governance Agenda back to Maurice Strong. I was not surprised to learn that he and his wife Hanne Marstrand even had their own such organization, the Manitou Foundation. Hanne Marstrand is its president; Strong its treasurer. He had made sure that Manitou Foundation was accredited as an NGO to the Rio Summit. Manitou was then asked to organize a spiritual meeting for the Rio Summit. Manitou Foundation's various grant-making exercises include giving land to favoured groups at the Baca ranch. Various religious orders like the Carmelites and Tibetan monks also have retreats at the ranch. Certain biological materials are stored

there against any future depletion of the gene pool. Manitou Foundation was originally financed by $100,000 from Laurance Rockefeller and $20,000 from Robert O. Anderson, former head of Arco. It also received $1.2 million from the sale of Strong's shares of American Water Development Inc. (the company made to pipeline water from the Baca Grande's aquifer) to his partners in First Colorado Corporation. Later, Manitou also got $21,500 from the charity set up to support Strong's Summit office.[1]

The first door Strong opened for me was that of the U.N. complex itself. Hanne Marstrand drove me through the gate on opening day of the third preparatory conference for the Summit. Marstrand steered Strong's car through the U.N. complex, a huge garden scattered with buildings of all sizes and shapes, open to officials, closed to the hoi polloi. There was a small demonstration just outside the gate, a few people with flags and signs. Inside, it was all bureaucrats on the hoof.

Marstrand had flown in from the Baca Grande ranch that weekend for the start of the preparatory conference. She is a tall, bottle-blond Dane with kohl-rimmed eyes and a laugh hauled out of *Auntie Mame*. Strong and Marstrand were introduced to each other at a party in New York in 1971. Then separated, with two children, she was invited to meet Strong by Strong's press aide, who made sure they were actually introduced. Strong's first marriage was shredding. His first wife had wanted a quiet life in which to bring up their five children. Marstrand had a talent for New Age spirit matter, an ability to roll up her sleeves and plunge publicly into the latest or most ancient of cultural forms. A Tibetan lama who died in her living room stayed unmoved for the requisite number of days until his well-trained spirit actually left his flesh. Marstrand was familiar with sweat lodge ceremonies of American Indians; she was convinced of the power of crystals and intrigued by the prophecies of neighbours. These interests made her attractive socially to people like Shirley MacLaine and J.J. Ebaugh, Ted Turner's pilot. Strong and Marstrand have a kind of partnership based on separate talents. Maurice Strong is a genius of arrangements; Marstrand tends the vineyards of the soul.

Building 41 was assigned to the Rio Summit. It was a concrete and glass structure with a glorious view out to Lac Leman (Lake Geneva). Shiny Mercedes in black and bronze disgorged their official passengers at its door, packs of well-fed, well-shod dignitaries. They milled in the halls and in the delegates' lounge, then entered rooms

designed as replicas of the U.N. general assembly room in New York. Each official delegation had its place at the semicircles of desks, their microphones feeding into the U.N. translators, who turned their speeches and arguments into the official languages of world governance. The whole place was a maze of overt and covert structures, none conducive to ordinary citizens who might want to listen to the debates. One was expected to use one's government as an intermediary, a fine idea if one's government is democratic, ludicrous if it is not. The guards and staff behaved as if one in the know need never ask; so if one asked, one should not be told. Perhaps this secretiveness is just in the air in Geneva. The banks advertise the virtues of secret accounts right in the airport corridors.[2]

Working groups were meeting on two floors, most with their doors open, one closed. No one would say what the group behind the closed door was deliberating, nor would they say why one could not enter. I slipped into a press chair in another room in time to hear a British delegate complain about Strong's Agenda 21 document. Apparently, one section dealt with an issue already being examined by some other U.N. commission. The delegate thought it should therefore be dropped by the Summit. Third World country delegates then popped up to complain that all the pollution problems of the world had been caused by developed countries, that developed countries were now asking the developing world to forgo the benefits of rapid industrialization, to forgo the use, as China's delegate said, of its brown coal. It wasn't fair. There would have to be compensation paid: there must be payments, technological transfers, improvements in the terms of trade, and forgiveness of debt.

I knew that over at Strong's office his staff thought $125 billion a year would be the right amount to transfer to the poor nations in the cause of sustainable development, a huge sum of money. The arguments about who did what and who should fix what were repeated again and again. I fell to people watching. At the Canadian section sat one Michael Small, who had formerly worked at the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. A few moments later, in walked Ambassador John Bell, Small's former boss. Bell had just been made an adviser to the minister of External Affairs and a leading member of Canada's delegation to the Summit. Arthur Campeau, Prime Minister Mulroney's friend and another leader of the Canadian delegation, was not yet in town.

I went down the escalator to the entrance floor. I saw a little crowd standing by a bulletin board. Someone had pinned up a note announc-

ing a general meeting of NGOs to plan strategy for this preparatory conference. A young man with a name tag that said Etienne, Ecoropa, was chatting to another young man. The other young man wore a baggy, grey double-breasted jacket and wide pants: it looked like a zoot suit. He had reddish hair, a beard, very pale skin. Zoot Suit was telling Etienne that he ought to attend the NGO meeting.

"But why?" asked Etienne.

Well, explained Zoot Suit in a high voice, this was the NGO organizing meeting. How else did Etienne expect to find out what was going on?

I thought that was a very good point. I asked Zoot Suit if I could go to the meeting too. He peered at my identification tag, which said I was a member of the press. "No press," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

He'd already started up the escalator. "It's been decided," he said, sailing up to the next floor.

Etienne from Ecoropa was solicitous. Did I want to go to this meeting? Maybe he could find out just who had decided, already, before the first meeting was even held, that NGO meetings were private. He said he'd meet me at four o'clock in the delegates' lounge and let me know what he learned.

The delegates' lounge was a huge multistorey room with an outstanding view down the lawn to Lac Leman, with its very own U.N. stretch of beach. The Alps were barely visible through the thick smog haze. The furnishings were plush—big glass coffee tables, deep, wide, black leather chairs. Down at the back of the lounge there was a bar where people were piled eight deep waiting for service. The room was air-conditioned, but a certain level of background humidity had built up. The staff behind the bar had begun to snarl at each other.

Hanne Marstrand strode into the delegates' lounge wearing a suit of emerald green that set off her hair to perfection. She perched on a chair near some young women who had pulled their chairs and tables together in a group. They laughed and laughed while a woman with a voice like brass cymbals held forth. The voice belonged to Bella Abzug, the former U.S. Democratic Congresswoman from New York. Abzug was a big pearl on Maurice Strong's thread. She was the head and founder of an organization started in 1989 called Women's Environment and Development Organization or WEDO—already accredited to the Summit. It got all its funds through another charity she had also started in 1981 called the Women's USA Fund

Inc. When I asked the WEDO office in New York to send me a list of the fund's donors, they did not comply. When I finally got the organization's New York state charitable tax returns, they showed only small sums had been raised until 1991, but by 1992 the fund had been given close to $1 million. Strong had already told me Abzug was organizing a separate preparatory meeting for women to be held in Miami in 1992 because he'd asked her to. He said they were friends: she'd visited the ranch. Strong's office had also paid for her to fly in to Geneva.

I waited and waited for the man from Ecoropa. Finally I found him in the hall. Had he found out why the NGO meetings were supposed to be closed?

Oh, Etienne said sadly, he would take the matter up at the meeting tonight.

No, I said, don't bother, I'll just go to the meeting myself. I had checked already with the Summit's NGO liaison office and been told that all meetings held in U.N. public rooms had to be open to all. I'd just present myself, I said.

He was horrified. I shouldn't do that, he said. He had been told this was a meeting where strategy was to be discussed, there was no chair, no convener, that's how NGO democracy runs, he said.

Look, I said, I couldn't just take it on one person's say-so that NGO deliberations, the beating heart of the democratic process at the Rio Earth Summit, were going to be conducted in secret—closed to the public and the press. If that was the case, I had to witness it myself.

About seven in the evening I walked into a ground level room in Building 41. Large tables had been arranged in the form of a square. There was a line of chairs against a back wall. There were microphones scattered along the tables. I sat against the wall beside a man who said he was a professor from a British university. He was doing an academic study on NGOs for a British institute he would not name. The professor was very knowledgeable about who would be the new secretary general of the U.N.—he correctly said it would be Boutros Boutros-Ghali months before the decision. He exhibited a derisive opinion of participatory democracy. Bella Abzug took a seat farther along, her knees spread, her skirts making a capacious lap.

Barbara Bramble of the National Wildlife Federation walked in. I had not seen her since Washington. I wouldn't have been certain who she was if I hadn't glimpsed her name tag as she passed in front

of me. She was shepherding a group of women who apparently spoke little English. She was greatly altered since the last time we'd met: it was as if someone had squeezed the light out of her. Her hair was pulled back from her face in a pony tail, and it had dimmed to an ash grey. She wore a straight jumper over a blouse, flat sandals, glasses. Instead of the beautiful, semi-chic executive she'd appeared to be in Washington, she now projected the image of a poor advocate of the downtrodden. Not too far behind her came Tony Gross, last seen in Stephan Schwartzman's office at the Environmental Defense Fund in Washington and introduced to me as a representative of Oxfam at CEDI in Sao Paulo. Gross said he was in Geneva representing a Brazilian NGO and then bolted. Bill Mankin of the Sierra Club International, the man who'd arranged for prizes for Darrell Posey, Paiakan, and Kuben-i walked into the room and took a seat. Since this was the Agenda crowd, I expected to see the Agenda unfold. I was not disappointed.

A small, handsome, long-faced woman sat down at the centre of the head table. She wore a smart, short-sleeved raw silk suit. She began to address the growing crowd. Zoot Suit sat down fairly close to her. It seemed as if they were used to working together, almost as if they were business partners working a room. She was a Canadian. I was sure I heard Zoot Suit say that he was here representing a Brazilian NGO, but when he talked, his voice began to sound familiar, as if I'd heard it somewhere before.

The long-faced woman introduced herself to the room. She said she was Johannah Bernstein of the Canadian Participatory Committee for UNCED (the Rio Summit). She did not explain further what this was—but I knew CPCU was the very definition of a PGO—it was entirely funded by the government of Canada, its members had their expenses and travel costs paid by Canada, and they were considered official members of the Canadian government delegation. Elizabeth May had helped form the CPCU. What I didn't know was that while Johannah Bernstein was an employee of the CPCU, she was also expected by the Canadian government to organize the NGOs from other countries who came to these meetings. She would soon be asked to co-write a daily report on the Summit negotiations called the *Earth Summit Bulletin*, a publication that the government of Canada helped pay for.[3] It would be distributed free to NGOs and the press, described as a reliable, objective, independent digest of who advocated what at preparatory sessions and at the Summit itself.

In this meeting, Bernstein seemed to be a member of an NGO accredited like any other. I was struck by how she briskly kept control over the meeting agenda. She proposed that the NGOs split into working groups to stimulate dialogue and divide the tasks of keeping on top of government negotiations. She talked about the need to carry out a "strategy" and to share "intelligence." At the last prepcom, she said, there had been 150 NGOs; that was a lot of people to co-ordinate. No one seemed to question the underlying assumption that NGOs representing diverse interests and from many countries would want to co-ordinate. She proposed that they book this room for briefings and reports on what NGOs had seen and done in each working group each day.

She also said that since she had been the chair of similar meetings at the last prepcom, maybe the chair should rotate from North to South. The representatives of the South seemed to be having trouble keeping up with her English: the few present who came from countries where English is not spoken had to speak it themselves to understand these proceedings, because no translator was available and the microphones had been shut off in any case. Barbara Bramble appealed from the back of the room for everyone to speak slowly. She asked for Spanish speakers and Portuguese speakers to identify themselves. Only a sprinkling put up their hands.

The question of who should have the chair got lost in the translation shuffle. An American complained that the NGO meetings should be held in more natural surroundings, like out on the grass. Another representative complained that the way in which tables were set up induced feelings of separation. No matter which room was chosen for future deliberations, said another, it ought to be close to the meeting rooms so people could come there easily from "mobbing" the delegates. It was left to Johannah Bernstein, chair by default, to get a better room.

The next order of business was to decide if NGO representatives would be the only people allowed into these meetings, or if they would allow members of official delegations, even though, said Bernstein, some official delegations were closed to NGOs. A straw vote was held. The meetings were deemed open to NGOs only. The discussion then moved to whether members of the press should be allowed to attend. (One press organization, Inter Press Service, had got itself accredited as an NGO in spite of the fact that it was covering this event.)

I kept taking notes as these issues were discussed. I was beginning to admire the way Bernstein was managing the business of the meeting, this careful, crabwise movement toward a desired result. (I was also irritated with Zoot Suit for telling me the issue had already been decided when it hadn't been publicly discussed.) "Are you amenable to have members of the press attend?" asked Bernstein.

Etienne said there had been no press conference organized by NGOs at the last prepcom. He thought it could be a valid way to let the press know what was going on.

Bernstein said she was concerned. She offered an alternative to a wide open-door policy. "How about [when] discussing sensitive matters, to ensure confidentiality, we can keep the doors closed, but organize a press conference later," she suggested.

Tony Gross suggested it might be okay to let the press in if the press were prepared to sign confidentiality agreements.

In fifteen years as a reporter, no one had ever asked me to sign a confidentiality agreement while covering a meeting. The British professor beside me began to snort. "That used to be called fascism," he said.

Bernstein began to form the various options into motions for a vote. One was an open door; two was an open door but press persons to sign confidentiality agreements. Someone asked for her to slow down.

Zoot Suit waded in. There had been frank discussions at the last prepcom, he said. "I would hate to see my comments show up in the newspaper. We are still in an adversarial relationship at the prepcom. We have to recognize as doors open to NGOs, some are closing. Austria had tried to keep NGOs out of working group three, and Canada had intervened. ... I think we have to be cautious as people will use what we say in private in public."

I later learned that Zoot Suit had by this point already signed a contract for $50,000 with the government of Canada to publish, through the NGO he worked for in Brazil, a paper and electronic newsletter detailing events at these preparatory conferences and the Rio Summit. It was specifically designed for distribution to the press and NGOs unable to attend. The same contract required him to organize NGOs in Brazil and possibly represent their views to the Rio Summit. At the first prepcom he had already played a role in establishing the International Facilitating Committee which brought NGOs to these meetings. The costs of his attendance at the first preparatory conference in Nairobi had been paid indirectly by CIDA.

A woman piped up from the back that it should be remembered that the press would be "a real tool" in the future and that she hadn't noticed many people from the press out there beating at the doors to get in.

Bernstein said maybe they could hold briefings instead of exposing to the world all their conflicts and disagreements. "That way we can use the media as a tool."

The British academic who was watching me taking notes rolled his eyes up into his head.

Etienne said he thought the press should be allowed but asked to promise to keep any secrets a secret.

Bernstein replied that sometimes people needed the cloak of confidentiality to ensure the free flow of information.

"[But] that is what we are fighting against," said Etienne.

Another man said he had no problems with the press coming to working sessions in the morning so long as the afternoon strategy sessions were closed. There were things he would not want to say in front of government delegations. He did not appear to understand that several of the NGO representatives in the room were official members of various government delegations.

Bernstein, who would later describe herself to me as a person who provided technical advice to the government of Canada and as someone who also lobbied the government, explained that the morning session would "be pure debriefing, a sharing of intelligence." That was the second time she had used such an expression. This time she caught herself almost immediately. "That was a bad choice of words," she continued. She said she had meant to say "to share information and who said what. Because NGOs expressed interest to be in strategy sessions, evening sessions are an opportunity to join forces and to prepare joint interventions, to share intelligence and strategy. Mornings are debriefing; evening is strategy."

A woman ventured the opinion that there was something a little odd here. There had been a story in the magazine *The New Scientist* about the problems of the Summit with no mention of NGOs. The NGOs were not getting their positions out in front of the world.

"We need to form a media strategy," said Bernstein.

Bill Mankin of the Sierra Club International said he had a suggestion to make. He didn't think it was ridiculous that some sensitive stuff might come out of strategy meetings. That being the case, he proposed that just NGOs be allowed at the real strategy meetings. "We can announce it," he said.

Bernstein took this ball and began to run with it. She was ready to hear a motion, she said, to restrict to NGOs all meetings other than the regular debriefing meetings. Someone else wanted to discuss instead which NGOs were real NGOs and which were representatives of business. The question was, should business NGOs be kept out of strategy sessions too?

This discussion had become bewildering. Just who these persons were hiding sensitive information from was not clear; governments had paid for many of them to be here, and many took donations from major polluting industries and had representatives of those industries on their organizations' boards. Zoot Suit had said things were still adversarial. But how could they hide their discussions from governments if many of them were also members of government delegations? How could things be considered adversarial when at least one government, the Canadian government, was paying 105 Swiss francs a night for the Canadian delegates' Geneva hotel rooms?

"Why don't you like journalists?" asked a man in accented English. "In case we decide to let the press in, I've been a journalist for thirty years."

Once again Bernstein tried to push a consensus together. Could a tentative decision be arrived at where things were left fluid but could be amended? Did people feel comfortable with Tony Gross's suggestion that sensitive meetings could be closed?

"What's sensitive?" someone asked.

"A press release in two days time," someone answered and then explained that they wouldn't want governments to get hold of their positions before they were ready to make them public. That would give them time to work out their responses.

Bernstein listened with a poker face. She said nothing.

Etienne pointed out that he didn't know 90 per cent of the people in the room, and if something was sensitive, he wasn't going to talk about it at all.

This whole debate had so far been conducted in English with minimal translation. Barbara Bramble pointed this out again: if they were going to talk about exclusion, she said, they should deal first with the question of whether they were anglophone dominant.

There was a show of hands to see how many needed translation services. Again, only a very small number spoke only French, Portuguese, or Spanish, the only languages asked about.

Bernstein put forward yet another formulation. It would be left up to the small groups to decide if the press was going to be allowed in

or not. Suddenly, the U.S. NGOs all left to caucus together outside; no vote was taken.

As the meeting broke up, I realized Bernstein had resolved the issue without testing the position with a show of hands. It was as neat a job of running a meeting to obtain a desired result as I had seen in years.[4] It left Etienne gasping: he was still trying to figure out what, exactly, had been decided when I left the room.

The British academic said that when he'd started his research, he'd thought these organizations represented taxpayers. "But, in fact," he said, "they only represent themselves."

Well no, I laughed, some of them also represent the government of Canada, and other interests too.

These were not NGOs; they were PGOs. As the week went on, it became clear certain PGO leaders functioned as bellcows: they herded the rest into networks, debriefed them, and passed their information on. Some PGOs did not even bother to work the floor of the preparatory conference: they didn't need to. They had been created to talk directly to and for Secretary General Strong—at his request.

Early one morning I took a taxi to see the Honourable J. Hugh Faulkner, formerly a cabinet minister under Liberal prime minister Pierre Trudeau. He had become the executive director of a business NGO accredited to the Summit called the Business Council on Sustainable Development. Faulkner, formerly an Alcan executive, was active on several of Strong's networks. Before creating this PGO, he had been the executive director of the International Chamber of Commerce of Geneva, which was also accredited to the Summit.

The Business Council on Sustainable Development had a charming set of rooms in a stainless steel building beside the Geneva airport. Faulkner had apparently forgotten our appointment, which inadvertently gave me insight into Maurice Strong's cover-it-with-your-people-in-depth-information-management strategy. Faulkner's associate, Dr. Matthew Kiernan, like Hugh Faulkner, also had close ties to the Canadian federal Liberal Party: Strong had put him in this job.

Dr. Kiernan is a short man with a boyish face and a puckish manner. He had formerly been a senior partner in the accounting firm Peat Marwick and before that worked for the $100-million federal/provincial/municipal core revitalization program in the centre of Winnipeg where he had first met Strong. Kiernan explained that

Strong had asked that this Business Council on Sustainable Development be set up. After all, said Kiernan, Strong couldn't expect the U.N. to provide him with a private sector perspective on issues. He needed people with their feet on the ground to do a reality check on these U.N. guys. So, said Kiernan, "he got Stephan [Schmidheiny], a heretofore unknown Swiss billionaire." Schmidheiny was the largest shareholder in the $20-billion multinational conglomerate Asea Brown Boveri. This conglomerate is active in engineering, transportation and energy, with subsidiaries worldwide, including Canada. Hugh Faulkner had arranged to have Schmidheiny and Strong placed together at a dinner at an environment conference to establish rules for the Summit held in Bergen, Norway. It was at this conference that Strong rammed home the need to have what he called NGOs, but were actually PGOs, represented at Rio and seated on government delegations as a part of the Summit process. Schmidheiny had then decided to bring together forty-five business leaders from around the world, chief executive officers of the largest major multinational corporations, to make up the Business Council on Sustainable Development to advise Strong. About one-third of its members were from the countries of the developing South.

Kiernan handed me a brochure that listed the members and their corporate affiliations. The list included Mitsubishi Corporation, Ciba-Geigy AG, Nippon Steel, Browning-Ferris, and many others. One man's name grabbed my attention—Eliezer Batista da Silva of Rio Doce International S.A., who had served various military governments in Brazil. He was associated with the development of Carajas in Brazil, the huge mining project on Indian lands.

Jesus, I said to Kiernan, why this man? Don't you know that the Carajas project is considered an environmental atrocity in the Amazon?

Kiernan did not pretend to know why Batista da Silva had been asked to join ("I hew wood," he said), but he knew he was considered one of the most impressive businessmen in that region. Kiernan was happy to concede the list of council members included a great number of environmentally challenged companies like Dow, Dupont, 3M, and Browning-Ferris. There was a good sprinkling of exemplary CEOs and then some who are "at [an] earlier point on the learning curve." The question he thought important was not whether a particular company on the council had done more damage to the earth than 80 per cent of the earth's companies, but "Are you on a trajec-

tory of improvement?" The council spanned all the way to "an African tribal chieftain, a Chief (Mrs.) D.B. Kuforiji-Olubi."

Kiernan readily admitted his organization would not be seen at the Summit preparatory conferences, buttonholing government delegations and getting involved in lobbying strategy, or uploading its intelligence to Johannah Bernstein. They had their own direct methods of "informal" input to the Summit's staff papers. Kiernan paid attention to strategic issues, not trivial ones. Strategic issues were those in which the Summit agenda overlapped with the Business Council's agenda. In fact, he said, the council had an agenda of its own that would still need servicing after the Summit was finished.

The annual budget was about four million Swiss francs, which included contracted research. Schmidheiny had guaranteed these funds. They had already done fifteen specific projects on subjects like capital markets and technology transfer from an industry perspective. That was where the business community diverged from the U.N., he said, from the perspective that "you bastards fucked the environment ... it's your moral, social and economic obligation to get us technology we can't pay for." The international business community was none too pleased by the general level of political and economic corruption prevalent in countries in the South which were currently demanding the transfers of hundreds of billions of dollars to pursue sustainable development. Yes, there was discussion over at the Business Council about who in developing countries would end up with such sums. He allowed that the issue of corruption had indeed come up in discussion documents, but he wouldn't show any to me. "Our internal discussions rail against political and bureaucratic corruption," he said. (When he was no longer associated with the council, Kiernan pointed to the corruption issue again. "We lost one in a jail in Milan," he said. He was referring to council member Gabriele Cagliari, the chief executive of Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi [ENI], the Italian state petroleum company. Cagliari died, suffocated by a plastic bag, while being held in jail under investigation for using the state-owned oil company to pay huge kickbacks to Italian politicians.)

Kiernan wanted to underline that the Summit agenda was not the whole agenda for the Business Council on Sustainable Development. The staff were driving the agenda of this organization, and Kiernan owed his job here to Strong. Maurice Strong, said Kiernan as he showed me to the door, was "like a god." It wasn't that Strong was so extraordinarily brilliant; it was his unparalleled personal global

network. "He invented networking," said Kiernan, although some on the networks were not people Kieran considered to be that great.

What did he mean by that?

He wouldn't say.

On the other side of Lac Leman, high up in the foothills in a modern glass and stone structure chopped into the hillside, I cooled my heels in the office of another second-in-command. My appointment had been with Dr. Klaus Schwab, the founder of the World Economic Forum, of which Strong is co-chair. This organization was also accredited to the Summit. I had never heard of it before spotting its name on Strong's cv. Schwab was away: I was granted instead an audience with the executive director, Maria Livanos Cattaui. I had never heard of her either, but one of Strong's press assistants had explained that Cattaui is connected. "She's a Livanos," my informant said, as if that were sufficient explanation. The name Livanos looms larger in the world of international shipping than the name Latsis or Onassis or Niarchos. The Livanos family were Greek shipping giants before the other three got started. Maria Cattaui had acquired an Egyptian husband, Swiss nationality, and a degree from Harvard. She had a voice like the brass section of a bad orchestra. She wore an ordinary cotton skirt and blue shirt, diamonds and sapphires and gold and a huge cameo at her neck.

The World Economic Forum, she said, had been set up as a non-profit foundation under the laws of the Swiss Federal Council in 1971. Members of the forum pay to attend its conferences. The best known is the annual meeting held at Davos, Switzerland. However, the forum also organizes conferences year round on specific issues. Through membership in the forum, multinational corporations dealing in energy, for example, can all get together on Swiss soil and talk issues, away from the glare of publicity. She described the role of the forum as "entrepreneurship in the public interest." This seemed to have a lot to do with cutting deals with various East Bloc leaders and state companies to permit multinationals to do business there.

"It was at Davos in 1987," she said, "that Hans Dietrich Genscher [the foreign minister of West Germany] first put forward the [idea of] an east-west conciliation. People use our meetings to launch initiatives with direct importance. At Davos [Chancellor] Kohl and [his east German counterpart] met to hammer out reunification ... monetary unification was launched by German businessmen here. In

[the area of] environment we launched the idea that environmental issues can be looked at on an industry by industry basis. ... We are a partnership of leaders, scientists, environmentalists, intelligent media, business and politicians."

And the members of this partnership are? I asked.

"Those who make a difference in the world," she said airily. In addition to their annual meetings, they published a magazine called *WorldLink*: they also had a sister foundation called World Arts Forum. They had a computer linkage too. "We have a network called WELCOM," she explained. Membership fees included use of this private computer network. WELCOM hooked up companies to government ministries, to supranational organizations like the EC. WELCOM members could make up private group networks with completely restricted access and high security—beyond the sight of probing competitors, industrial spies, and government regulators.

Cattaui had a book with pictures of various members. She read off some of World Economic Forum's Canadian members: Investment Canada (a crown corporation once charged with screening foreign investment, now charged with getting it); the chief of staff for Canada Import-Export Corporation; Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.; the Royal Bank; the CIBC; the Bank of Montreal; the Toronto-Dominion Bank. The forum had just met with Cedric Ritchie, then the chairman of the Bank of Nova Scotia, in Washington at a meeting concerning the North American Free Trade Agreement talks, or NAFTA. (Those talks had begun officially in Toronto that same month.) Governments and companies joined the World Economic Forum because they found the organization offered things of practical value or "they identify with our mission."

The forum had been working for years to get the developing world participating in "the system." She was in charge of relations with the Soviet Union. "I opened up China," she said, without a hint of irony.

The Soviets had actually sought the forum out in 1985 or 1986. "They used us to test ideas on the international community," she said. Their partner in China was the Enterprise Management Association and Yuan Bao-hua. "He is our godfather," she said. (Yuan Bao-hua had been a cabinet minister in charge of what the Chinese embassy press officer referred to as an economic commission until the middle 1980s when he retired. He had previously come up through the ranks from the management of state industries in southeast China.) China had sought the World Economic Forum out too. Maurice Strong was a regular participant in its industry fora and had been very active in

meetings on southern Africa. Strong had also asked the World Economic Forum to put the environment on the agenda of discussions. Strong had brought Prime Minister Brundtland of Norway, head of the World Commission on the Environment and Development, to the annual meeting at Davos twice.

Many other political leaders had come, including those from Vietnam and Mongolia. Premier Bourassa of Quebec had come. So had Premier David Peterson of Ontario. In 1989, she and Klaus Schwab had been invited to the Kremlin. The deputy prime minister of the U.S.S.R. had told them that he was leaving government and would soon be part of something called the League of Industrial and Scientific Associations. Arkady Volski "could be one of the most important guys in the Soviet Union, possibly the prime minister." (After the Soviet Union was dissolved and replaced by the Commonwealth of Independent States, Volski lead the Civic Union Party in the elections of 1993.) These people, said Cattaui, saw the forum as a place where, even before the opening under Gorbachev, they could meet. Out of these informal meetings, "understandings" had evolved. The League of Industrial and Scientific Associations, for example, had decided to have an informal council of "their people and international businessmen." Their people had included Eduard Schevardnadze (Gorbachev's foreign minister), Alexander Yakovlev (formerly ambassador to Canada during the Brehznev era), and Arkady Volski. They had brought sixty people to Davos. She planned a mission back to the Soviet Union of international businessmen.

I said I had seen a news report that Maurice Strong and Albert Reichmann of Olympia and York Developments Ltd. had attended such a meeting in the Soviet Union the previous spring.

Those reports had been "a mistake" according to Cattaui.[5] The meeting planned for September 1991 included business introductions to the heads of the big U.S.S.R. state "combines." A lot of forum companies were already doing something in the U.S.S.R. RJR Nabisco, the U.S. tobacco and food company giant, and Chevron (formerly called Socal) were active. The forum had asked Strong if he wanted to be involved in the meeting too—he was a good friend of the forum and there were massive environmental issues in the U.S.S.R. There was this terrible pollution in the oil-producing Baku area for example. "He's been very involved," she said, "on all initiatives for economic integration. [It's] a major interest for him."

She kept using that word, *integration*, as if all sorts of isolated pieces were being knitted together into some global whole.

Strong tended to work with them on taking things out of their national contexts, she said. For example, say there was a consensus on an issue with governments but a problem with energy people. The forum would look for "what approaches can we take and [what] frame [do] we want governments to give us. ... Any environmental problem is immediately global. This organization [is] close to industrial concerns trying to find the one standard that could be met by all. ... Automobile companies [are] pleased to have these standards."

Finally, I understood. The forum was a place where multinationals and governments were settling in private the new global rules of the game—including even the regulatory standards national governments would impose. In the old days of imperial Britain, these sorts of discussions had also occurred privately in men's clubs; in the U.S. they had once been settled in the private dining rooms of the large investment banks. Times had changed. In a world of global integration, where multinational business empires sprawled through many national jurisdictions, neutral and private territory was better for such discussions. One would not want unenlightened media to ask why large corporations in the same business and ostensibly competitors were sitting down together to wring regulatory agreements from heads of state and civil servants, why they were trying to harmonize rules to suit their global interests. Naturally, such discussions could be held most efficiently in a delightful setting, not far from Swiss banking outlets, with secure private communications networks. As one former Ontario cabinet minister who'd worked the rooms at Davos later described it, the World Economic Forum is the place politicians go to meet the men who really run the world, like the heads of Sony, Nissan. It is the global smoke-filled backroom. It was also a PGO accredited to the Rio Summit, and Strong was its co-chairman.

Back in the delegates' lounge, I spotted Zoot Suit. He had his jacket off and was sitting in his shirtsleeves with suspenders holding up his pants—I thought he looked like a stock promoter. He said he wasn't sure he wanted to talk right there. He thought there might be interruptions. He said a lot of people seemed to think he knew what was going on.

He was right about that. People kept coming by to ask him questions. I opened my notebook anyway. He handed over his card. It said: Langston James Goree VI. He was from an old Texas family, he said. The card said he represented the Institute for Prehistory,

Anthropology and Ecology (IPHAE) of Porto Velho, Rondonia, Brazil. In another corner there was an E-mail address and the word KIMO, his computer network call name. It was also his nickname.

I turned the card over in my hand. He was an American. Yet he was in Geneva representing Wim Groeneveld's Institute in Rondonia—he was an American representing Brazilians. Cultural Survival Canada had passed CIDA's money to the group he represented here. IPHAE was the same organization that had provided advice to the Canadian embassy on its agroforestry network, the same group that worked with the Body Shop, the same one that employed the man who handled Cultural Survival Inc.'s relations with groups in Brazil. And suddenly I remembered where I'd heard Kimo's high, breathy voice before. "I talked to you on the phone in Brazil, when I was looking for Wim."

He remembered our conversation too. He said he had such a good memory it was almost a curse: he could remember everything ever said to him by his lovers. He also claimed he remembered everything said to him by one of Maurice Strong's secretaries. They had spent a month at the same hotel in Nairobi, back at that first preparatory conference for the Summit.

I thought that this was a very odd thing for a person concerned about the leakage of sensitive matters to say to a reporter. It raised all kinds of questions. What did he learn? Why was he telling me?

We fell to talking about the organization he represented. It too was a PGO—a private government organization. Its founder, a man named Miller, worked for the government of Brazil. The Institute had only existed since 1988; it had been set up as a mechanism for professors at the federal university in Rondonia to "do research and get funding without the mechanism of the university which can be problems. ... Now its primary interest is in agroforestry," he said. "We are concentrating on degraded human conditions."

There were twenty individual members. The institute functioned both as an advisory organization to other groups and as an applied research institute. Its money came from Friends of the Earth (Sweden) and from the Canadian embassy in Brazil.[6] John Bell, the Canadian ambassador to Brazil, had come to Rondonia to see it himself. The Canadian government had been funding the Institute's work with a rural workers union for three years. When the Canadian embassy helped set up the agroforestry network, the Canada Fund money had gone to that union on Wim Groeneveld's advice. Wim had also developed a relationship with Jason Clay and the Roddicks.

"Contrary to what most people think," Kimo said, "[it's] not [a] problem of finding markets for renewable forest products, but reliable sources, not adulterated and guaranteed sustainably harvested and sources where collectors receive profits from the sale, avoiding middlemen." They had started small, he said. In fact, there was only one rainforest product the Institute handled—copaiba oil, collected from trees like rubber. "It can be collected by rubber tappers. [There are] large stands close to Porto Velho ... they drill a hole at [a] certain time of year [and] oil seeps out." IPHAE had contacted rubbertappers on the Candeias River system, about thirty kilometres out of Porto Velho. Senor Manuel, their leader, brought out the copaiba oil. Senor Manuel had been trying to establish an extractive reserve area on the River Candeias. He had made trips to Brasilia to try and pressure the federal government. Copaiba was found in the same area where he wanted to set up the extractive reserve. The IPHAE had provided Senor Manuel with venture capital to put together an expedition. The venture capital consisted of "fuel, food, drilling equipment and drums, big plastic containers." Manuel had spent three weeks on his first trip up the river and come back to Porto Velho with three thousand litres of the oil. The IPHAE paid him the Brazilian government export price.

Well, I asked, was this Senor Manuel part of a union, or what?

"I don't know how [they're] organized," he said. "Senor Manuel is a natural grassroots guy. We paid two guys who work for Senor Manuel. ... Then we had the copaiba oil trucked out, I think [to] Sao Paulo. It's handled by Wim. It goes to Boston and New York. Cultural Survival [in] Boston is [the] broker. This is their project." He heard the Body Shop PLC bought the oil and was using it to make soap. (He was right and wrong. The Body Shop had only bought it once.)

Just then a Canadian official popped over to show me a list of the members of Canada's official delegation, or Candel as it was referred to in External Affairs' documents. He was accompanied by Johannah Bernstein. I introduced the official to Kimo. The official said he already knew him very well but did not say how they had met or when. When the official left, Kimo said that I really ought to write about the drug trade in Rondonia, about how the Cali cartel was using Rondonia as an entry point for Brazil, that was the story to do. Did I know that a senador had been murdered, that someone else had been busted for bringing in girls as young as seven for the white slave market?

He had to go. I didn't get to ask him how he, an American, came to be in Geneva apparently representing Brazilians yet so close to the Canadian delegation. It took three more years to find out.

In a basement room the next morning, some of the environment and development PGOs had gathered for a collective "debriefing and passing of intelligence." Once again, Johanna Bernstein was in the chair. Kimo sat beside her.

Like the Canadian groups, the British environmental groups were part of the official British delegation, and the American groups were also members of the official U.S. delegation. The U.S. had assigned three seats on its delegation to such groups. These seats were rotated through a network. One seat was for environment groups, another for development groups, a third was for business groups. This week the YMCA International division had the U.S. development spot, and a man from the Environmental Defense Fund was in the environment spot. Next week someone was coming from the Chemical Manufacturers Association to sit in the business spot. The U.S. government, like the Canadian government, wanted to have all on its delegation work together to present to the world a common front, a unified voice. (How chemical manufacturers could find common cause with the Environmental Defense Fund was then a puzzle.) However, there was also an independent U.S. NGO network called CAPE that also included the big six environmental groups. In addition, coalitions were being developed between groups across North America. According to one U.S. rep, this was the beginning of an inter-American hemispheric approach to environment issues. They were already gearing up to deal with supranational levels of governance that did not yet exist, as if they had no doubt that one hemispheric free trade bloc was a whisper away. There was going to be such a hemispheric meeting held the next week.

Finally, I had begun to understand. The Summit was part of an organized campaign by businesses, lobbies, PGOs, and GOPs to reduce the powers of national sovereign states. National governments, with their taxation powers, with their enforcement powers, were being colonized, hollowed out by both business groups and these PGOs. These groups wanted to use national governments for their own ends while stripping them of the capacity to act as a countervailing power to their interests. Governments thought PGOs would get out their messages, shout down their opponents.

This was a grand, complex interaction, far more interesting than a simple adversarial relationship. It called for ecological metaphors not mechanical ones. Environment and development PGOs and GOPs and their business associates seemed to treat national states as herds of wildebeest drifting across Africa's Serengeti plain: one way or another governments' taxation powers could feed everybody. Some governments had been more quickly hollowed out than others. In this context, the government of Brazil came to mind. Some governments were not so far along in this process of being consumed. The government of Canada came to mind. The governments of Britain, the U.S., France, Germany, the U.S.S.R., China were still on their feet—they needed careful watching.

One after another, the reps reported on what they had seen and heard at meetings of the various governmental working groups. A man from Friends of the Earth U.K. produced a five-page briefing sheet that analyzed the contents of the main documents on forestry produced by Strong's secretariat. He said these documents failed to identify issues or had recommended completely inappropriate things, had "missed the point." There was a "Northern agenda" discernible in the forestry recommendations listed in Agenda 21. His specific concerns were that the papers did not recognize the causes of deforestation. Five of ten points in Agenda 21 related to plantation forestry. "If [carbon] sinks are in someone [else's] forests all the better. [It's] very clear. ... It's a way for Northern countries to ensure supply of product from Southern forests. ... I shall do [an] intervention this afternoon."

Another fellow at the end of the table surmised that attempts would be made to show that it is cheaper to offset CO_2 emissions in the U.S. by enlarging someone's forest in the South. "It's blatantly obvious what they're trying to do," he said.[7]

Another spoke about the closed Working Group 111. It was working on institutions. This person had managed to find out a few things about it and would soon hear more. Apparently, Canada and Peru had presented a model of a new charter and wanted to get together a group of five countries to draft it.

Bernstein put forward a list of areas of interest that still needed to be followed. It was as if she were handing out assignments: whaling and the role of the international whaling convention; transfer of technologies; polar regions; land-based ocean pollution sources; sustainable use on the high seas; biodiversity in tropical regions; strengthening of global observation systems.

A British woman at the back of the room stepped forward. She spoke with a grim and efficient bluntness. She wished to report that she had heard the U.S. and U.K. interventions on climate. She had heard the same arguments from them before in Bergen, Norway, and again at a conference organized by the Aspen Institute. Both governments had attacked the principle of Agenda 21 "as it stands," she said. Both governments repeatedly argued that other U.N. commissions were already charged with examining many of the specific issues raised by Agenda 21, and the Rio Summit should not pre-empt them. "This divide and rule will be used," she warned. "It's an old tactic that worked before. Strong, in Agenda 21, says it's not binding. This plays into the hands of those who want to stop it in its tracks. ... Let's talk lobbying strategies," she said.

She sounded like a person who did not trust Strong, who saw herself as his opponent. At the end of the meeting I asked if she knew any of the environment groups on the British delegation. She said she could only recommend one man—someone from the International Institute for Environment and Development.

Barbara Ward's group? I asked.

Right, she said.

That's the group Strong gave his fees to after the Petrofina Canada sale, I said to myself. "There are people on all the major delegations who Strong can touch base with or who the Canadian government has funded," I said.

The Canadian government had supported a number of Southern NGOs to help promote NGO participation at Rio, she replied. It ought to be commended, she said primly.

When I saw her again in the delegates' lounge I asked for her card. It said she was Rachel Kyte, assistant executive director of the Centre for Our Common Future. She worked for Chip Lindner. Chip Lindner had worked for Maurice Strong. The Centre for Our Common Future was being heavily funded by the government of Canada. The centre had also established the International Facilitating Committee to bring southern NGOs to Rio. Rachel Kyte was another one of Maurice Strong's pearls.

I said I'd found her analysis that morning very interesting. Did she think this was a position the U.S. and U.K. governments had agreed on between them?

She said she didn't know about that, but neither government was prepared to see the creation of new supranational institutions or international mechanisms. Why should they, she asked with a cynical

smile, since they had the existing ones all sewn up? They shared an apprehension about linking issues in a way that meant they could lose sovereignty on those issues. They seemed to think that institutions with "collective responsibility" go the first step to "the dilution of national sovereignty." The British position was linked to fears about the undemocratic nature of the European Community, but the British didn't want to talk of political mechanisms to make the EC more democratic. She did not say, but clearly she knew, that there would soon be a treaty signed at Maastricht by EC members that by 1999 would roll all the member nations into one big supranational governance system, with one currency, one bank, its major operations in the hands of bureaucrats in Brussels, to be called the European Union or EU. The British, she said, were prepared to talk at the economic level globally, but not politically.

"Most environmental problems are transnational," she said firmly. "So [there are] only transnational solutions and jurisdictions. In Europe, the NGOs outside the European Community are just as terrified of this as the governments because there is no political or democratic mechanism to control economic developments from Brussels." As she saw it, "The whole of Agenda 21 ought to be the beginning of a way to redefine sovereignty from the national level."

"Why?"

"Because the solutions can't come at the national level," she said with finality. "Maurice picked this up thirty years ago," she said. "We have a global management crisis."

So this was how they were going to market the Global Governance Agenda, I found myself thinking—as the solution to a global management crisis. Garbage is transnational, so the garbagemen have to be transnational too. Only a global level of governance can manage the garbagemen and arbitrate the conflicting interests over common areas.[8] The multinational interests gathered together in business lobbies like the Business Council for Sustainable Development and the World Economic Forum had no wish to kill national states off entirely. Multinationals make frequent use of tax credits and interest-free loans, multinationals like nation states to act as investors in research and development, as buyers of products, as guarantors of risk dollars, and as guarantors of safe streets. The point of regional and global levels of governance was to uncouple the power of government from the great mass of the governed, to make certain the places where crucial decisions are made cannot be directly reached by voters, but can be easily reached by important interests. These

interests wanted governments to appear to be democratic—for public relations purposes if nothing else—but to be unresponsive to anyone other than multinational interests.

I decided to test this thesis on Kyte. My problem, I said to her, is that I don't see how these supranational levels of governance are going to be responsive to me and my concerns. I can see me and my local air getting traded off against someone else's problem. At least I can hold my federal government to account every four or five years and vote in a new group of bastards who might listen to me for a while. How am I going to do that with some higher level of governance I can't remove or even approach? I'd just read a speech by Strong calling for a new global tax to finance new supranational institutions, I said. I'm not willing to be taxed without the right to be heard and to remove those voting on the tax bills.

As I delivered this little speech, a man with lank brown hair, brown eyes sunk deep in hollows, nicotine-stained fingers, and brown-edged teeth slid into a chair beside Kyte. He introduced himself as Chip Lindner. He was Kyte's boss, Strong's former employee at Sogener, the executive director of the Centre for Our Common Future. I thought he looked too thin, too lined, too nervous for a man who devoted himself to doing The Good. His voice was strained, as if too many cigarettes had worn away his vocal cords. He took over the conversation from Kyte. It was also Lindner's view that arguments about land use and pollution, arguments about climate change and ozone layer decline, could not be resolved between nations at the bilateral or multilateral level. Some higher global level had to be able to set global limits on emissions; someone had to say this is the maximum the globe can tolerate.

Who? I asked, and based on what? The science on global warming is chockablock with counterarguments and cross-theories and competing models.

Climate is the perfect example of why something had to be done, Lindner said. Climate is a shared phenomenon, he said. One could not contain the outpourings of factories and the smoke of burning forests at national boundaries. "If we allow each country to set how much they emit and it won't exceed a critical load, it's not manageable. That is the new nature of the issue."

Management. This idea that the global environment is manageable kept cropping up, as if to say the word was to do the deed. It was a business school word, an executive's word. Brazilian officials had talked about management. President Sarney's officials had said they

planned to zone the whole Amazon, manage a subcontinent when they could not manage the sewage system for Sao Paulo. But the idea that some global institution could manage global climate was an order of *hubris* I was not prepared for.

Who would make such decisions, and in whose interests, I asked, thinking about those corporations, some with links to political parties, listed as members of the Business Council for Sustainable Development and as members of the World Economic Forum. "Will they be democratic institutions?"

"I don't know whether democracy can exist," Lindner said slowly, and to my utter dismay. He said he didn't think multilateral fora were purely democratic. But the alternatives were simply not on. One had only to look at the case of the Amazon and the preservation of the rainforest. "If it is demonstrated that the Amazon plays a role in [the] global climate system, the decision [now] rests solely with the government of Brazil. I would answer no, it doesn't have the full responsibility to decide to affect the livelihood of the globe."

Look, I said, if Americans believe their climate is being damaged by Brazil, why don't they use the courts, either their own or the international court system?

Lindner said flatly the national court systems wouldn't work. He and everyone at Aspen had agreed on that. He had attended the Aspen Conference at which there was a clear consensus that a mechanism for enforcement on a transnational basis doesn't exist. No one wanted to give up sovereignty over their economies. That was the point of a tradable system of emission controls. That had been talked about at Aspen too. There had to be some multilateral forum set up and agreed to by governments, and there needed to be certification mechanisms. They had been called for in the Hague Declaration in 1989. It had been signed by twenty-four heads of government at the time: the list had since grown to forty-two. It called for a new authority with the right to make decisions of this nature by less than a unanimous vote. Just two months ago in Stockholm another such meeting had issued the Stockholm Declaration on Global Government. This had also been agreed to by people like Sonny Ramphal of Guyana[9] and the foreign minister of the Netherlands. It had called for investigation and debate of areas of international policy that require new fora. There was a need for global governance. Yes, he said, Maurice Strong had played a role at the meeting.

This brought us to how it was he had come to know Maurice Strong. He said there were a lot of "overlaps" between them.

As I asked him about AZL and about Adnan Khashoggi, a man dressed all in white, whom I'd last seen at a meeting in Strong's office, happened to walk close by. When I said Khashoggi's name, his head lifted like a deer's listening to a dangerous rustle in the forest. He took a chair nearby.

Lindner was laughing about all those stories in print about Maurice Strong's great wealth. "I laugh when I hear that he was fabulously wealthy," he said. "I was with him in Tosco. .:. Making money is not his goal. He wants to feel he's made a contribution. ... Maurice never had money," he said, as the man in white bent closer to hear. "He couldn't write a cheque for a million dollars. It was all paper. No ready cash."

Lindner also leaned forward in his chair, elbows on his knees, to share his knowledge of how a man could, through a public company, appear to be very wealthy. Say you have a company capitalized at $100, said Lindner. Each investor puts in $25 or actually a note for $25. You take stocks at ten cents and sell for $10 million. Your stock, which is secured by a note, has value of 25 per cent of $10 million. You take the stock and use it as collateral in whatever way you want. "I call it pyramiding," he said. (However, he did not say that to make this scheme work one needed a real asset, like AZL. One also needed someone who, for whatever reason, would treat this paper company as if it really is worth $10 million.) Lindner said he'd met Khashoggi before he met Strong, which brought to his mind another Saudi operator figuring in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International scandal. "Ghaith Pharoan," he chuckled. "I knew him, one of my partners represented him in the acquisition of a bank and left the law office to join him."

He also knew people in Sogener, not himself, who had traded in Sogener shares while the deal with Tosco was being cut. He said insider trading was done in Geneva all the time. If all had gone well at Tosco, he might still be there—but even before Tosco defaulted on its loans in November 1983, Lindner had been taken to meet Prime Minister Gro Brundtland. He had not gone back to his office at Sogener until five months later. He did a job for Brundtland similar to the one he now did at the Centre for Our Common Future. He'd been responsible for fundraising and for the public participation process for the World Commission on Environment and Development, as the Brundtland Commission was called. There had been meetings with heads of state in Eastern Europe, Latin America, India, South Asia. Relentless travel had changed his world view. When he

started, when Brundtland spoke of human solidarity she had "sounded left wing." Now "I understand it." He now believed it was the duty of governments to intervene and defend the weaker. "We really saw the problems from a global perspective. ... The scale is mind-boggling. [You] can't help being affected. Then we formed the Centre for Our Common Future."

He said the centre was funded "by governments, foundations and private people—a network around the world trying to move the debate on sustainable development, in a broader aspect [to] industry, trade unions, environment and development NGOs." He and his colleagues were "working aggressively to organize sectors through to the UNCED." While he would not show his annual reports, he said he had got money from the governments of Norway, Denmark, Saudi Arabia, Spain, Italy, Finland, and Canada and from U.S. foundations like Carnegie, Ford, the Simons Foundation. He didn't have money from the big oil philanthropies like Rockefeller, Mott, or Pew foundations, but "we work with Rockefeller. We have had an annual budget of about 800,000 Francs, now it's 2.5 million Francs."[10]

Why Saudi Arabia? I asked. It didn't even have a minister of the environment.

"I have contacts through a member of the Brundtland Commission who runs King Abdullah Aziz City for Science and Technology," he said.

I was struck by the incongruity. The Centre for Our Common Future got no money from the U.S. government, which has the most complex environment regulations and public participation laws in the world. But it did get money from another anti-democratic country greatly dependent on the sale of oil abroad, a government whose agent, Khashoggi, had directly benefited from the deal Lindner cooked with Tosco a few years before.

"They don't give us big money," Lindner said.

Maurice Strong had insisted that I contact Marek Hagmajer, the secretary general of the World Federation of U.N. Associations (WFUNA). WFUNA is the umbrella organization for national U.N. associations. Strong had been its president from 1987 to 1991. WFUNA and its member national organizations had been formed to mobilize support for the U.N. by the people who started the U.N. Thus when Maurice Strong became WFUNA president, he was able to lead the campaign to hold a Rio Summit from inside the U.N. After the Summit was agreed to by the General Assembly, WFUNA be-

came a platform to promote it outside. This was a perfect example of how PGOs can be used to manage and create debate inside and outside governments or supranational institutions at the same time.[11] But WFUNA had other uses too.

Hagmajer had been running WFUNA as secretary general since 1980. Before that he was a political scientist at the Polish Institute for International affairs in Warsaw. A man in his middle years, he wore heavy darkened glasses and a gold cross at his throat. His striped shirt was open half way down his chest. He had the intimate, vaguely roguish style of the Polish café conspirator. "Maurice is the king of magicians," he began, waving his hand in the air, eyes rolling in a sardonic way. "He is full of ideas, he likes to launch them and then [he] expects others will follow."

As he described things, there had been ups and down in WFUNA's strength over the years, usually related to geopolitical conditions. There were no U.N. associations in Latin America during the period of military dictatorships. In his own country, Poland, there had been a U.N. Association throughout the whole period of communist rule. The Polish U.N. Association was a classic PGO—not exactly a slave to its government's interests, but not exactly independent either. It was staffed by volunteers, but the Polish foreign ministry paid their expenses for travel abroad and paid its dues to WFUNA. "It had political contents," he said carefully. "In some other countries of course the staff was very politically sensitive. ... We at WFUNA went through the Cold War well ... given the political conflict in the 1950s and the 1960s, it was [a] useful platform to talk. There was much more dialogue than [in] the overt fora. The U.S. and Soviets used it purposefully. They used it as a back channel."

In other words, WFUNA, like the World Economic Forum, was a place where various sides of the Cold War conflict met and came to terms—off the record. The dialogue was conducted at a high level. For example, when Gorbachev's ally Alexander Yakovlev returned to the Soviet Union in 1982 after serving for years as ambassador to Canada, where he had enjoyed private meetings with Prime Minister Trudeau, he became the head of the U.S.S.R.'s U.N. Association (among other things).

Strong was acclaimed as president of WFUNA at a general meeting in Ottawa in 1987. At that time, WFUNA wanted a president who could raise money; Strong had no position at the U.N. and he wanted one. "I think the Canadian association raised his name," said Hagmajer. However, the man who had really pushed Strong forward

was Franco Casadio (now deceased), then the director general of the U.N. association of Italy, called the Society for Italian International Organizations.[12] Strong was a welcome candidate because he was an "insider" in the U.N. and had a successful business career and good credentials. As president, Strong asked for a review of old programs and made suggestions for new ones. The most important new program involved the commissioning of position papers under the rubric Global Security and Risk Management. One of the papers was written by Peter Thacher,[13] a former associate of Strong's at the United Nations Environment Program and, until his retirement, also an official of the U.S. State Department. The Sasakawa Foundation, Ford Foundation, and the UNDP helped pay for this work. The purpose behind these papers was to get the U.S. government to respond both to Gorbachev's foreign policy initiatives and the Rio Summit process. Another project Strong suggested was the establishment of a body of wise men and women to advise the U.N. secretary general of the U.N. This was not instituted.

Hagmajer confided that he was disheartened that there had been no improvement in the selection process for the secretary general. "Now if there was a say given to nongovernmental organizations," he said, waving his hand as if to suggest this would produce a better and more democratic world.

I laughed out loud. I explained that as far as I could tell, those organizations accredited as NGOs to Rio were not exactly democratic or representative themselves.

"This is the biggest manipulation ever going on," Hagmajer said. "I am nervous about it." The idea of having NGOs participate in U.N. conferences was good; he didn't quarrel with that. But that idea had been diverged from by the International Facilitating Committee for the Rio Summit,[14] which was run out of the offices of the Centre for Our Common Future, Chip Lindner's organization. "It's a sham and manipulation," he said.

The U.N. had rules and conditions for all NGOs wishing to enjoy consultative status at the U.N. and attend U.N. meetings. Each U.N.-accredited NGO had to be international or have international outreach, it had to be run by elected bodies, it had to have a transparent process of decision making and a transparent funding system. NGOs in consultative status with the United Nations also had to submit audited accounts to a U.N. Committee on Nongovernmental Organizations of the U.N. Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC). This committee gives or withholds recommendations for status. Hag-

majer's own organization WFUNA had to send a report and audited accounts for review every four years. "If they are unsatisfied, status can be withdrawn," he said. Some nine hundred NGOs had been accredited to the U.N. in this way. "But those regulations [were] not applied for this [Rio] conference. They invented something else. I advised Chip a year ago to apply for consultative status with the U.N. They didn't do it."

Lindner's organization, the Centre for Our Common Future, was itself an NGO accredited to the Rio Summit but not accredited at the U.N. The International Facilitating Committee was not accredited to the U.N. either. Hagmajer had concerns about what new unaccredited NGOs could do in this U.N. system. His concerns were similar to those expressed by Pedro Malan about fly-by-night politically connected NGOs descending upon the coffers of the World Bank. As Hagmajer put it, "If any organization was allowed consultative status, phantom groups could be used by [certain] power[s] or [their] opposition to argue the case of a government or opposition. Internal disputes [would] be brought to the U.N. It is not the place to solve internal disputes."

The Centre for Our Common Future had used the Bergen Conference in 1990, the same meeting where Strong and Schmidheiny planned the Business Council for Sustainable Development, as a test for bringing unaccredited NGOs to Rio. "They had selected five or six people by name and recognized them as NGO reps and focal points. Those people in turn had identified their 'friends,'" said Hagmajer. They had been admitted at Bergen as NGOs.

"The foreign ministers adopted a resolution that this NGO process should be repeated for the Rio Summit," he said. "So for this, again, Chip [invited] friends of friends of friends." He had spoken to Lindner about this. Nevertheless, "this is what happened. They came up with the notion of individual sectors. ... Everything was an individual sector, business, banks ... and that was established on the same lines as Bergen, friends submitted names of friends. ... Now [they] are collecting funds for the Third World NGOs. In each region [of five] there is one person who indicates ten names of popular representatives to come to Geneva." Hagmajer referred to this as an NGO pyramid.

"All costs [are] paid at the prepcom for all four [NGO reps] from Brazil [for example]," he said. "[They] are ambassadors of God knows who—but [they are] there as if representing real people." The International Facilitating Committee had almost $1 million to spend

to bring these people to the various preparatory conferences for the Rio Summit.

He took a phone call. He talked for a long time. When he hung up, he said he had to cut the meeting short. He had to rush downtown to meet with Vladimir Petrovsky, deputy foreign minister of the Soviet Union. Since he was going my way, he offered me a lift in his car. We fell to talking again about the way in which NGOs were accredited and being brought to the Rio Summit. What was the purpose of stuffing into the Rio Summit some phantom NGOs? he asked.

The answer seemed simple to me. It was for the purpose of control of the debate. Recalcitrant democratic national governments had to be brought into line. Strong and his associates also had to make a public show of proof to legislators that there was grassroots support for certain initiatives. If they couldn't manufacture real support from real grassroots, the next best strategy would be to make sure support was demonstrated by a simulacrum of grassroots.

That very morning I had attended a meeting of the PGOs accredited as NGOs to the Summit. It had been like a combination caucus meeting and pep rally. They were addressed by Secretary General Strong and Tommy Koh of Singapore, the chairman of the preparatory conference. Strong had explained to the NGOs that he wanted them to get out there and raise cain with their respective governments. He said that their governments were not really negotiating, that the NGOs could help push governments to the table to start the process going.

Strong had made meticulous arrangements to put his people on all sides of this negotiation, on the inside and the outside of events. The aides he selected drafted documents with input from organizations he created or staffed or paid for. Governments that refused to deal with his Summit agenda felt the political heat at home. Control of funding and accreditation for groups made it unnecessary to fine-tune any single group's message. Strong simply needed certainty that advocates with the right message got funds to come to Rio and reach the public, that the wrong message got lost in translation.

When I found that Strong had also started a PGO concerned with a North American free trade agreement at the same time he worked to create the framework for the Summit, I took it as a confirmation that

the regional trade agreements and the Summit negotiations were wrapped together in the same skein.

Senator Jack Austin had been in the loop, as Strong liked to say, since early 1963. Strong had met Austin after Strong joined Power Corporation. Austin, a Harvard law graduate, had worked on the Columbia River treaty with Paul Martin. He had then worked as executive assistant to the new Liberal cabinet minister in charge of national parks and northern development, Arthur Laing. Strong went to see him when Power Corporation needed a favour on a tender. After Austin ran unsuccessfully for office as a federal Liberal candidate in 1968, Strong consulted Austin about CIDA and in 1970 put forward Austin's name for the position of deputy minister of Energy, Mines and Resources. Austin suggested Strong as chairman of Petro-Canada, and Strong worked for Senator Austin when he became minister responsible for the CDIC. While serving government, they'd done considerable private business together too.

In August 1988, Strong called Austin and invited him to a meeting down at the Baca Grande Ranch in Colorado. That was the year Strong also made major campaign contributions in the U.S. George Bush had just locked up the Republican presidential nomination. Brian Mulroney's government was set to fight an election over the Free Trade Agreement between Canada and the U.S. Two more years would pass before President Bush publicly declared the need for a North American Free Trade Agreement, one that could expand to include the whole hemisphere. The Swedes were still hard at work pushing the U.N. to hold an Earth Summit. David Suzuki was about to meet Paiakan.

At the Baca Ranch, Austin found himself in the company of John Wirth, an historian from Stanford University with expertise in Brazil and the brother of U.S. politician Tim Wirth, and Susan Herter, formerly Nelson Rockefeller's chief of staff. The subject for discussion, according to Austin, was "managing North America within the context of sovereignty but [knowing] environmental, social problems have to be managed in a broader context. The result was the establishment of the North America Institute. Maurice and I are founding Canadians."

Other Canadians, Americans, and Mexicans were invited to join. Susan Herter became the first American co-chair. Jesus Silva Herzog, formerly minister of finance of Mexico, became the Mexican co-chair. While Strong later dropped out, Austin stayed involved. The North America Institute met on the average of four times a year

during the period in which NAFTA was negotiated. In contrast to the circus atmosphere surrounding the Free Trade Agreement negotiations, NAFTA discussions took place in a press vacuum. There were no regular press briefings, little public discussion of areas of disagreement or concern.

The governments of Canada and the United States later claimed that they used a wide open process to get advice from interested parties, including regular meetings with sectoral advisory groups. However, membership on these SAGITs, as they were called in Canada, was controlled by government; members of SAGITs in Canada had to sign confidentiality agreements. Only the negotiators had a truly detailed picture of the whole negotiation as it progressed.

In spite of this, the members of the North America Institute were very well informed. The Canadian members included Charles McMillan, formerly Prime Minister Mulroney's chief policy adviser on international trade, who had left government in 1987. He had by then joined the board of advisers of Yamaichi Securities, a large Japanese concern with a Canadian subsidiary, and the board of a Swiss-based company called Seabeco with curious activities in the collapsing Soviet Union. Other North America Institute members included Tom Axworthy, then the executive director of the Charles Bronfman Foundation and on the board of the Harmony Foundation, and Michael Hart. One couldn't be much better informed on the contents of NAFTA than Hart. While a member of the North America Institute, Hart was also the senior adviser in the office of North American Trade in the Department of External Affairs. After Canada officially joined the negotiations in 1991, Hart was the Canadian official charged with drafting the Overview of NAFTA as it was being hammered out.

The North America Institute set up an office in Santa Fe, New Mexico, quite close to the Santa Fe Institute. The man who started the Sante Fe Institute had previously been a director of the U.S. nuclear facility at Los Alamos. He was instrumental in convincing the Mexicans, who wanted no environment clauses at all in NAFTA, that it was possible to tag pollution from Mexican point sources and follow it all the way to the Canadian Arctic.

Austin insisted to me that it was such transborder environment issues that made it imperative to find ways to manage North America as a whole, that the issues being negotiated at the Rio Summit also made it essential to create a three-country free trade zone. But by the fall of 1991, I simply didn't believe him. There was no logic in the

position to start with: if one can trace back pollution to its source by its atomic signature, then it is surely possible to go to court, sue the polluter, and get redress. In addition, existing supranational institutions had not solved these problems in the past. The century-old International Joint Commission had made little positive difference to the quality of the waterways shared between the U.S. and Canada—because neither government prosecuted polluters with sufficient rigour in either jurisdiction.

By the end of 1991, I had become highly skeptical of the motives of those in the loop. I had come to believe cross-border pollution was being used as a marketing device to sell doubters on the need for regional and global levels of governance. Think globally, act locally was just another marketing slogan. The public was being persuaded to accept environmental protection based on a market model: regulations would be replaced by laws permitting the trading of pollution debits and credits. If Strong's associates had their way pollution credits and debits would soon be globally traded just like pork bellies and financial derivatives. By the year 2000 there would be few independent national entities left capable of defending local communities from international leviathans. Local communities would compete with each other for the favours of large interests. Those of us living on the brutal margins of these new world powers would find ourselves grateful to trade with anyone at any price.

Twenty-one

Inside/Outsiders

I returned from Geneva with great respect for Maurice Strong. His networks were so efficient they scared me. His PGOs did a great deal more than just bring internal matters to the U.N.; they helped manage debate and form the public mind in many countries. Their presence at the U.N.'s Rio Summit dressed an undemocratic process in a fine cloak of green. Why did they frighten me? I had to consider the impact these networks of PGOs had on politics at home—on the processes of a mature democracy. I had to ponder the possibility of their success.

Strong was using the U.N. as a platform to sell a global environment crisis and the Global Governance Agenda. Knowing what to look for, I began to see the fruits of Strong's labours, the ideas expressed in Geneva, repeated in people's kitchens, in public meetings, on radio, on television. It was through the preparations for the Rio Summit that Strong fed key notions through his networks and into political fora. Certain benefits were hooked to certain ugly necessities: if one wanted clean air and a stable climate, environment PGOs argued, then one would just have to accept a diminishment of national sovereignty to get at the causes and cures. One day the idea of relative sovereignty could be applied to the Amazon, the next to the lands of native peoples in the Northwest Territories. By the summer of 1991, the necessity of global governance had also been tied firmly to the notion, so well expressed by Jason Clay, that national elites and national governments are corrupt dinosaurs standing in the way of a better world. The more political scandals involving national politicians filled the newspapers, the more the value of national powers was undermined. Constant demonstrations of political corruption undercut the allegiance of people to their own structures of self-governance. Those who criticized regional agreements like NAFTA and the Maastricht Treaty on the grounds that they would diminish the sovereign rights of national governments to set standards and regulate markets simply fuelled their opponents' argu-

ments. As the legitimacy of national sovereignty was undermined, so the idea of the inherent sovereignty of *peoples* took its place, packaged and repackaged to suit various locales. In Canada these notions wound their way into the related public debates over the need for new constitutional arrangements and new trade relations. Quebec was suddenly described on CBC as a patchwork quilt of ethnicity: arguments were stirred about which peoples in Quebec had a better claim to sovereignty over which turf. One kept hearing about the urgent need to diminish national powers, to redistribute them down the line to provincial governments or across old lines to new aboriginal levels of governance, or up the line to new supranational institutions, new forms of federations. These key concepts poured out into the marketplace of ideas until it seemed they were the only ones being discussed.

I was able to watch Strong's success at framing these debates with some detachment. What unsettled me was that I knew I had to re-examine certain aspects of Canadian political history. Events I thought I understood because I had lived through them, had written about them, had now to be reconsidered. I had to look again at institutions I had relied on to see if or where I had allowed myself to be used. One thing was very clear. I had made far too many assumptions about established Canadian environment groups and their relations with governments and business. Because I was familiar with their names, I had granted them a spurious form of representative credibility.

Like every other journalist I know, I tend to use and reuse sources that give me what I ask for, sources I can also justify using because they have been around for a while and are considered respectable. When many journalists follow each other along these well-trodden paths, the spurious and dubious eventually become unquestionable. I had looked closely at Cultural Survival Canada and at the Harmony Foundation because they were new to me. I had found they marketed ideas; that they were not broadly representative. I now knew the Centre for Our Common Future (given $250,000 by the Canadian government alone) and the International Facilitating Committee had helped create a host of "phantom NGOs," to represent the public at the Rio Summit while also serving as members of foreign governments' delegations. I knew non-Brazilians had gone to the prepcom in Geneva, their travel paid for by the government of Canada, as if representing the Brazilian grassroots. So what about those other Canadian organizations active on the Agenda who seemed to repre-

sent the Canadian grassroots, the ones I'd used as sources in the past? What about those groups who helped raise money for Paiakan, whom I'd trusted because I knew their names?

Where exactly did Probe International get its money? I found myself musing one day. I didn't know. What about World Wildlife Fund Canada? I didn't know. What relationship did these organizations have to their members? Were they democratic, representative, transparent? Would they meet the UN definition of an accredited NGO? I realized I didn't know. In the fall of 1991, I set out to answer those questions.

World Wildlife Fund Canada provided space to read and copy its various annual reports and handed over a general fact sheet giving the institutional history of the larger organization of which it is a part—World Wide Fund for Nature International (as it is known in Europe) or WWF International as it is known in the U.S. This international organization was founded in 1961 to raise money for "global conservation work," apparently in association with the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (later IUCN), another Swiss-based group started in 1946 to document the "destruction of the natural world." IUCN, although "made up of the world's most eminent scientists," had "lacked the ability to raise the money." Oddly, IUCN had consultative status as an NGO with the U.N., but WWF International, accredited to the Rio Summit as an NGO, was *not* accredited as an NGO at the U.N.

World Wide Fund for Nature International was started by His Royal Highness Prince Philip of the United Kingdom, His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Sir Peter Scott and others to raise money "largely from the private sector." [1] From this base eventually grew a worldwide group of twenty-eight affiliated national World Wildlife Fund organizations. In 1991, this whole WWF International structure earned $200 million in revenue, a little more than Greenpeace International. The organizational headquarters are in Gland, Switzerland, in office space shared with the IUCN. The IUCN has also changed since 1946. It is not only an organization of scientists; it also has five hundred government and nongovernment members.

The 1990 board of trustees for World Wide Fund for Nature International included both CEOs of environmentally challenged corporations and the politically connected. The board president was then Babar Ali, the chairman of Tetra Pak Pakistan Ltd. Other members included Russell E. Train, former chairman of U.S. president

Richard Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality and former undersecretary of the Interior. Train became the president of WWF U.S. in 1978 and from 1985 its chairman. Others included John Nash, until 1991 the chairman of the bank SG Warburg Soditic AG; Sonja Bata of Bata Industries; Dr. Luc Hoffman, the director of pharmaceuticals giant Hoffman-LaRoche; Dr. Ghillean Prance, the director of the U.K.'s Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew; Dr. Saburo Okita, the former minister of foreign affairs for Japan, and, of course, Prince Philip. Advisers included the supervisory director of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company; Sir Kenneth Kleinwort, director of Kleinwort, Benson Securities; George P. Livanos, president of Ceres Shipping Inc. and Ceres Hellenic Shipping; Julius Tahija, chairman of the board of Caltex Pacific Indonesia; Air Chief Marshall Idris Latif of India, formerly the ambassador of India to France. These were the kinds of people Maurice Strong tended to associate with. In fact, he had been a vice-president of WWF International from October 1978 until December 1981 and a member of the executive council until December 1986. He'd also been a chairman of the associated IUCN.

The goals of WWF International since its founding have included: to conserve nature and ecological processes by preserving genetic species and ecosystem diversity; to ensure that the use of renewable natural resources is sustainable; to promote actions to reduce to a minimum pollution and wasteful exploitation and consumption of resources and energy. By 1986, the objectives had also expanded to include "a new alliance of conservation and religion."

The fact sheet also said, "WWF International and its national organizations ensure the scientific validity of their conservation programmes and projects." It boasted of "almost four million members enrolled or in affiliate organizations in 27 countries around the world." But what rights did these members have to control the organization? The right of members to join, elect, and remove the board of directors and to set organizational policy are what make an organization democratic. By these standards, WWF Canada, like its parent, WWF International, was not a democratic organization.

WWF Canada was started by a politician and a tobacco company. World Wildlife Fund Canada was created in 1967, Canada's Centennial Year, by founders who included the Honourable Alan A. Macnaughton, then a senator. An alternate delegate to the United Nations in 1945, he'd been elected as a Liberal to the House of Commons in 1949 and elected again in each federal election until 1966. He was a former chair of the public accounts committee, chair of the Liberal

caucus, Speaker of the House of Commons during Pearson's minority government from 1963 to January 1966, joining the Privy Council in 1965. He went to the Senate in 1966 as a representative of Quebec, just a month after Maurice Strong became the head of External Aid and sent Pierre Trudeau, M.P., to French Africa to look around. Senator Macnaughton later served as vice-chairman of the Canadian delegation to the U.N. Conference on the Environment at Stockholm in 1972.

Perhaps because Macnaughton's reputation was lustrous, it was not widely noted that WWF Canada was actually run for its first ten years by executives seconded to it from Rothman-Pall Mall Canada, a subsidiary of the South African-owned tobacco giant, Rothman International. This mirrored events at WWF International. The founder of Rothman International, Rupert Anton, joined the board of WWF International in 1968. He and his company provided funds and personnel to run the international organization in Switzerland just as the Rothman's subsidiary in Canada did for WWF Canada.

Monte Hummel was the first non-tobacco executive to work for WWF Canada on staff. He was hired in 1977, after years of working for Pollution Probe. He did not sever his connections to Pollution Probe. He became chairman of Pollution Probe's board while working for WWF Canada. Under Monte Hummel's direction, WWF Canada reached out to governments and other corporations for money but it didn't even incorporate as a separate legal foundation entity until August 1982. The 1983 annual report shows that the largest single gift to the newly registered charity WWF Canada was $50,000 from Fisheries and Oceans Canada, no doubt because WWF Canada had launched a major conservation project for Arctic waters. Many of WWF Canada's new corporate donors had serious environmental problems, for example, Denison Mines, the major uranium supplier to Ontario Hydro. Oil, gas, and mining companies were well represented: Imperial Oil, Irving Oil, Lac Minerals, Rio Algom, Chevron Canada, Gulf Canada, Inco, and Texaco all gave WWF Canada donations.

The logo of the Panda and the initials WWF are registered trademarks used as part of an agreement with WWF International. Other national affiliates by agreement must send *two-thirds* of their funds to WWF International. By agreement, Canada sends only 10 per cent of its returns to WWF U.S. According to author and journalist Raymond Bonner, WWF U.S. has refused since 1987 to send money to

WWF International because it does not believe WWF International properly accounts for its use of funds.

In 1988, the year WWF Canada first helped present Paulinho Paiakan to the country as a guardian of the Amazon rainforest, its total annual revenue was $4 million. Its Guardian of the Rainforest campaign had already raised $600,000. The artist Robert Bateman, who also helped launch Harmony Foundation on its great fundraising success, had given WWF Canada $600,000 between 1985 and 1988; an anonymous donor had given $300,000 between 1983 and 1988; CIDA gave $100,000 in the year 1988-89. In 1989, WWF Canada gave $600,000 to WWF U.S. for work in Central and South America. Under the title "Saving Amazonian Tropical Forests," WWF Canada reported that it gave Chief P. Paiakan, Kayapo Indian, $73,160.

WWF Canada had previously given me a financial report on the Altamira meeting. This report apparently was prepared by CEDI in Brazil, although the document I was given had no letterhead. It showed contributions to the Altamira meeting by group and method of payment. The contributions, which came from Canada, Europe, the U.K., and Brazil, totalled $89,705. The document showed that WWF Canada gave $20,000 in travellers' cheques that were "set aside by Paiakan for community project" and $35,000 in travellers' cheques that were "received by CEDI and deposited to Paiakan's account." CEDI did not appear to know about the other $18,160 WWF's annual report said it had also given Paiakan. If WWF did, in fact, give $73,160 as its annual report said, only $35,000—less than half—had been properly handed over to and accounted for by a properly constituted Brazilian charity as required by Canadian tax rules.

The WWF fact sheet also made a point of saying that WWF is *not* a democratic institution. While thousands of Canadians contribute to WWF Canada campaigns, they are not treated as members of the organization with rights to vote for directors or attend the annual meetings or set goals. WWF Canada adopts goals from the themes set by WWF International. There are only three hundred true members of WWF Canada. They are drawn from three exclusive groups: the board; the sixty-eight Canadian members of the 1001 Nature Trust; and a donor group called 200 Canadians for Wildlife. The sixty-eight Canadian members of the WWF International's 1001 Nature Trust gave U.S. $10,000 to WWF International on the understanding that their money would be put in a trust fund and the interest used to pay operating expenses of WWF Canada. From these contri-

butions, WWF Canada retains $75,000 per year to cover costs. The fact sheet said the trust was full, but if one were *asked* to join, the price of entry had already climbed to U.S. $25,000.

As I later learned from Raymond Bonner's book, *At the Hand of Man*, some very curious persons had been invited to join the 1001 Nature Trust when it was formed by Charles De Haes, the Rothman International employee seconded to run WWF International. While the list is a closely guarded secret, Bonner claimed it included a lot of people with significant legal problems. It included Robert Vesco, Aga Hassan Abedi, the founder of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, later accused of fraud in the U.S., sixty South Africans who were then generally unwelcome in international groups because of Apartheid. Prince Bernhard, the founder of the trust, had been forced to resign his position on the board of WWF International when he was embroiled in a scandal over his solicitation of "commissions" from the U.S. defence contractor Lockheed to help it secure contracts in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, he still retained influence over the trust and its operations.

Bonner recounts how WWF International got involved in a covert operation in Africa involving mercenaries. According to Bonner the mercenaries were "former British Commandos who worked for KAS Enterprises, a company headed by Sir David Stirling, the legendary founder of Britain's Special Air Services (SAS), Britain's most elite commando force." Bonner claimed Stirling had set up private companies around the world that were in fact fronts for Britain's MI-5 and MI-6. In the late 1980s, KAS, as part of its arrangement with WWF officials, had trained "anti-poaching units" in Namibia and Mozambicans in South Africa. KAS also set up a "sting" operation to catch those trading in ivory. Bonner further alleged that the funds for this sting were obtained through WWF's 1001 Trust for Nature. First, Prince Bernhard sold paintings through Sotheby's. Then, the proceeds were donated to the trust. Then Bernhard had the trust transfer a large portion of those funds to his wife the Queen's account from which they were somehow handed over to this operation.

Bonner noted other complex relations between WWF and governments. From 1981 until 1990, for example, WWF U.S. had on its staff one E.U. Curtis Bohlen. Bonner said that many years earlier Bohlen had been listed as an employee of the U.S. State Department assigned to the department in Washington while he was actually working for the CIA. Bohlen later told me he preferred to have it said that he had worked for the State Department, "while he helped

occasionally, did occasional assignments for" the CIA. He hastened to say, before I even thought to ask, that when he was doing these favours for the CIA, "it was overseas, not in Washington." After Nixon became president, Bohlen joined the Department of the Interior as deputy assistant undersecretary to Russell Train: he worked on the Alaska Lands Act. In 1981, during the Reagan presidency, Train brought Bohlen into WWF U.S. as vice-president to handle government relations. By 1981, WWF International and all its units including WWF Canada were pushing forward to governments the World Conservation Strategy which Maurice Strong had helped to draft. Bohlen stayed with the WWF U.S. until June 1990, but rejoined the U.S. State Department under President Bush as the assistant undersecretary for oceans, environment, science. Bohlen then led the U.S. negotiating team for the Rio Summit at the various preparatory conferences. He knew both Strong and Lindner.

Similarly complex relations with government showed in the annual reports of WWF Canada. WWF Canada's 1992 executive committee of the board included Canadians drawn from the national and multinational energy, communications, mining, and forestry businesses, many of whom had close ties to the federal Progressive Conservative government. These included Adam Zimmerman, Fredrik Eaton, Douglas Bassett, and former Europeans who had made Canada the homebase for their global businesses like Sonja Bata.[2] Some of these persons had also played roles in the national debate over free trade, sat on round tables on the environment and served as members of the government's selected advisory groups for its trade negotiations. Fredrik Eaton had been appointed by Prime Minister Mulroney as the high commissioner to Britain.

While WWF Canada supported scientific work in Canada (it spent $704,208 in 1990 on various toxicological studies), its second largest spending area in 1990 was its international program. A total of $931,208 was spent abroad, of which $600,000 was managed by WWF U.S. WWF Canada seemed to be used as a pass-through device by government to do certain work abroad. In 1990, Petro-Canada, the Canadian International Development Agency and the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council of Canada each gave WWF Canada between $100,000 and $500,000. CIDA's grant was for work on a project in Costa Rica. These donations from government during a recession were ten times larger than donations from government received in 1984, the year of an economic recovery. In other words, by 1990, significant chunks of Canadian taxpayers'

dollars, charitable dollars, and corporate dollars were run through WWF Canada for work done offshore.

In sum, WWF Canada was not anything like the image I had carried in my mind for years. It is neither a democratic nor a representative organization and never has been. It has a restricted and partially secret group of funders and members. Its annual report is not carefully reflective of where its donations come from or how its money is spent. It responds to the themes set by its international parent, which is not transparent or democratic either. The parent organization, World Wide Fund for Nature, is directed by members of aristocratic families, CEOs of major oil, gas, transport, pharmaceutical, investment, tobacco, and banking interests with strong political connections. The parent takes money from people with a need to buy political influence. The parent has hired people who have worked for intelligence agencies. The objectives of the organization can be interpreted as real concern for the dangers facing human life or as attempts by managers and owners of multinational corporations, with considerable influence on Western governments, to preserve areas likely to produce the riches of the future.

On a cold winter day early in 1992, I sat leafing through Pollution Probe's annual reports and financial statements in its headquarters on Madison Avenue in Toronto. It had become quickly apparent that Pollution Probe had been "in the loop," to use one of Strong's favourite phrases, from its earliest days. I already knew Pollution Probe's executive director had been invited down to the Canadian embassy in Brasilia to help get Brazilian NGOs attached to their Canadian counterparts. But I was surprised to see Pollution Probe had played a similar role twenty years earlier for the Stockholm Conference.

While Probe had no trouble producing its old annual reports, all it had to show after the year 1989-90 were its financial statements, which disclosed little about its current operations. It was explained to me that Probe was being eaten alive by the recession so it could no longer afford to publish annual reports describing its various programs. This was surprising, considering Probe had managed to publish such reports when it was a very much poorer organization. But what was astonishing is that Pollution Probe turned out to have an even smaller membership than WWF Canada. Its membership consists solely of its board of directors. The board members appoint new board members; there are no general elections to office. When

I asked for the board membership list, I was at first told I'd have to get it elsewhere, Pollution Probe refused to provide it. (I obtained it later from public filings and from Probe.)

Even Pollution Probe's headquarters, a narrow, dark house with wooden floors and heavy Victorian woodwork, had been purchased for it by the federal government. The whole place had been fitted out as a model of energy-efficient retrofitting under the direction of, and with funds provided by, the federal division of energy conservation back when Dr. David Brooks headed it. The federal government retained ownership until 1988, the peak year for Toronto's real estate market. Just before Paiakan came to Toronto, the government agreed to sell the house to Pollution Probe for $175,000 although its real value was estimated at $660,000. This sale meant the government transferred to Probe a gift worth $500,000. There were certain strings attached: Probe was not allowed to sell the house for five years without paying the government $400,000.

Pollution Probe entered Maurice Strong's loop almost from the start. It was created in 1969 by some professors in zoology at the University of Toronto and their students. Dr. Don Chant, then the head of the department, used department funds and department office space for the organization. By 1970, its members had been invited to meet with federal cabinet ministers Jack Davis, Joe Greene and Mitchell Sharp to discuss the lack of a resource policy in Canada. Pollution Probe then had a wild mix of politically active volunteers: they ranged all the way from Trotskyists to conservatives. The Trotskyists tended to work on projects related to land development in Toronto; the conservatives were more interested in cottage country. If one were a cabinet minister bent on promoting certain ideas quickly one couldn't ask for an organization better placed to get them spread quickly through a population. Pollution Probe became one of those environment groups that began to sell the public on the theory that oil and gas are rapidly depleting resources, a theory that resulted in the general acceptance by the Canadian and American populations of a rapid run up in the price of oil and gas. This was hugely beneficial both to governments and to the oil and gas industry. This theme was also pushed hard by various organizations Maurice Strong was a part of—particularly the Club of Rome.

By 1971, the same year Ontario's ruling Progressive Conservatives passed the leadership to William Davis, Probe employed sixteen, had government grants and donations from Conservative supporters like Bassetts, Eatons, and brokerage houses like Nesbitt

Thomson. It counted as a measure of its effectiveness radio and television appearances. Probe's annual report said it focused on "voter education." Monte Hummel and Ann Love were then in charge of public education. Just in time for that Ontario election, Probe developed a network of fifty provincial affiliates that distributed Probe's information to voters. This sort of behaviour by charities is not allowed according to the charities branch of Revenue Canada because it is considered to be political activity. The federal appeals court ruled in the Positive Action vs. Minister of National Revenue, 1980, that political activity means more than partisan activity, it also means *attempts to shape the political climate.* The federal government never forced Pollution Probe to stop, however. Peter Middleton, then Probe's executive director, was a member of the Canadian government's participatory task force for Stockholm, an organization not very different from CPCU, the Canadian Participatory Committee for UNCED (the Rio Summit). Middleton met with U Thant, the secretary general of the U.N., and Maurice Strong's boss, to demand that there be an alternate conference for NGOs at Stockholm. Probe's total budget that year was $298,000. A lot of money came from the federal government's new Opportunities for Youth grants.

The year after the Stockholm Conference, Pollution Probe's money dried up. By 1974, donations from individuals had also fallen to $75,000 and government grants to $59,000. Monte Hummel, executive director, wrote in the annual report that "Fundraising is not a 'bagman' activity, but a way of carrying our views to monied interests, a way of sensitizing Probe to how we are perceived by business and industry and an opportunity to reform funding policies in both the public and the private sector."

By 1975, Energy Probe had been set up inside Pollution Probe as a subsidiary project. It intervened in the Berger Inquiry into the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline and the separate National Energy Board hearings over the pipeline. Revenues went down to $106,000. In 1981, the year of a U.N. international energy conference in Nairobi in which Strong and the Canadian government played a significant role, Pollution Probe's revenues climbed to $322,214—falling to $270,899 after the conference—in spite of the fact that Energy Probe had become a separate organization with its own board and its own revenues. In that 1981 Ontario election year, Pollution Probe funders included the Ontario Waste Management Advisory Board, and the

Ontario Waste Management Corporation, where Probe founder Don Chant had found employment.

In January 1982, Monte Hummel, the chair of the board of Pollution Probe and executive director of WWF Canada, which still had no legal status, hired Colin F. Isaacs as Pollution Probe's executive director. Isaacs had just been defeated as a New Democratic Party member of the Ontario Legislature. He had been the NDP's environment critic although his experience was limited to dealing with a garbage dump in his constituency. An immigrant to Canada, who was in favour of free trade, he thought before he was hired Pollution Probe was overrun with political radicals. He found otherwise. Pollution Probe still had an advisory board that included scientists when he took on the job. By the time Isaacs left, that board was gone—it had rarely met during his tenure. Isaacs realized right away that Probe was not a representative organization—it was a non-profit corporation, just staff and board. Many of the staff were also active in political campaigns of their own choice.

Probe soon launched an Acid Rain caravan. This project fitted well with the work of the Canadian embassy in Washington which was using co-ordinated NGO pressure, which it called Public Diplomacy, along with direct lobbying of the U.S. Congress, to get the administration to sign a treaty on acid rain. The Canadian embassy was also pushing sectoral free trade agreements with the United States allegedly as an antidote to protectionist pressures emanating from the congress. Transboundary pollution by the U.S. of Canada became a useful bargaining chip in the push for freer trade. Probe also focused on other transboundary environment problems. It called attention to the toxic pollution of the Niagara River and the Great Lakes by U.S. industries. A report on Ontario's drinking water listed fifty toxins found, including dioxin. By 1983, as it did this work, half of Probe's $318,000 in revenue came from government grants and contracts.

In October 1984, the Progressive Conservatives won the federal election. That year Pollution Probe launched what it called its International Project to participate in what its annual report called global environmental protection. By then, Strong was hard at work on the Brundtland Commission. "We initiated an information exchange with 60 environmental organizations in developing countries, met with representatives of Indonesia in a CIDA-sponsored seminar on environment and development and attended a world-wide conference on environment and economics," said the annual report. Pollution

Probe also became a member of the Environmental Liaison Centre in Nairobi, funded by UNEP—the United Nations Environment Program. It also joined the Canadian Council for International Cooperation, a development umbrella group almost entirely funded by the federal government, a funnel which distributed CIDA money to Canadian NGOs active abroad. A Probe staff member joined the steering committee of the Canadian Environmental Network (CEN). "Pollution Probe as [sic] a leader in environmental protection because we are independent, broad based, pragmatic, watchful and cooperative," Isaacs wrote in the annual report. In fact, it took more and more contributions from oil, gas, and chemical companies and from government, and its members were its board.

In 1985, David Suzuki joined the board. Pollution Probe also launched its first direct mail fundraising along with a neighborhood canvass just in time for the Ontario provincial election. A major fundraising dinner was also held. By then, the husband of one Pollution Probe staffer had joined the provincial Liberal Party research office. A special friend of another Probe staff member worked for the NDP caucus research office. During the election, the NDP, the Liberals, and Pollution Probe were blessed by a fortuitous spill of PCBs transported by a Hydro-Québec truck on an Ontario highway. Happily, Probe had already focused much public concern on what it frequently said were the carcinogenic as well as the ubiquitous dangers of PCBs: the spill made headlines. A minority Liberal government was elected and governed with support of the NDP.

Pollution Probe got a lot of attention from the new provincial Liberal government, from CIDA, and from the U.S. There were donations from the Environmental Defense Fund; the Gannett Foundation Inc.; the University of California; the state of California; the state of Michigan; the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. But Pollution Probe's direct mail campaign really paid off. It boosted private donations sevenfold to more than $300,000. Contracts trebled. One contract was with U.N. Environment Program—to prepare a report on developing countries and compile proceedings of the World Symposium on Clean Technologies held in West Germany. Work was begun on a submission to the Brundtland Commission.

In 1988, after the Liberals had won a majority government in Ontario, Pollution Probe moved decisively into the Global Governance loop. A report listing highlights of its program for 1989-90 said: "Pollution Probe recognizes that the environmental crisis is a global problem. ... We are involved in stimulating government policies that

will protect the Brazilian rainforest, cleaning up the severely polluted Kali Surabaya River in Indonesia, sponsoring international forums to place environmental issues on the agenda of G-7 economic summit meetings, and lobbying the Federal Government to persuade the World Bank to temper its policies with environmental concerns."

In 1989, the year of Altamira, Pollution Probe's annual revenues soared to $1.6 million. That year Pollution Probe was also paid for endorsing certain products sold by Loblaws, smudging the line between what it had become—a non-profit advocacy corporation—and a business. Pollution Probe had no independent testing capacity to evaluate the products it endorsed. There was bad press. Staff quit. Colin Isaacs's resignation as executive director was almost instantly accepted by the board. Janine Ferretti, an American citizen but a Canadian immigrant, the wife of the provincial Liberal environment minister's senior policy adviser, Gary Gallon, became the new executive director.

Pollution Probe, self-described as an independent and broadbased, pragmatic, and co-operative NGO, now grew even closer to the object of its critique. It got $209,418 in federal, provincial and municipal grants and payments in 1989. It joined the Ontario government's Municipal Strategy for Abatement panel to review regulations on lake discharge. It joined the government-organized Ontario Round Table on Environment and Economy. It joined the Ontario recycling advisory committee. It hired its own rainforest projects co-ordinator, Carole Saint Laurent (who subsequently joined the World Wide Fund for Nature International). Its executive director Janine Ferretti was on the Canadian Environmental Network's International Affairs Caucus and soon joined the steering committee of the CPCU. She was also on the committee recommending expenditures of CIDA and Environment Canada funds to NGOs willing to get involved in foreign activities. A Pollution Probe board director, a lawyer at Tory, Tory, Deslauriers and Binnington, arranged the anonymous donation of $54,000 worth of computing power.

Its unpublished annual financial statement for September 1989 to September 1990 said individual donations reached an unprecedented $1,167,865, the year Pollution Probe told me it fell upon hard times. Federal, provincial, and municipal grants also climbed to $259,681. In spite of a total revenue increase between 1988, the year of a federal election, and 1990 of about $300,000, a period in which other environment PGOs also showed massive revenue increases, Pollution

Probe stopped publishing an annual report. It did spend $100,000 on consultants in 1990, another election year in Ontario.

Stranger still, Probe's financial statement for the period September 1990 to September 1991 showed that costs of fundraising suddenly jumped so high they swallowed up more than half of total revenues. These costs—$613,507—were three times higher than those reported the year before. This increase happened in part during the period of an Ontario election. It was later explained to me by Pollution Probe's comptroller, Ellen Stevens, that this huge increase was simply a more ethical and true report of actual costs of fundraising, which had previously been described as part of Probe's charitable activities. These expenditures had previously been called voter or public education. Pollution Probe, Stevens explained, paid its door-to-door fundraisers a CUPE union wage plus commissions on any dollars raised over the daily quota of donations.

The fact that Pollution Probe paid its canvassers was a revelation. I had assumed the fresh young things who came to my door were volunteers who cared passionately about the environment. They may care passionately: they also get paid.

I also did not find Stevens's explanation for the huge expense increase persuasive. It appeared to me that part of this increase could be explained if Pollution Probe had used many more paid door-to-door canvassers than usual during the period of the provincial election campaign. Stevens confirmed that Probe had put out an increased number of canvassers who worked streets in ridings not normally canvassed for the four weeks of the election campaign. Pollution Probe had always done so at election times, she said. She also confirmed that unlike previous provincial elections in Ontario, when Probe had canvassed voters as part of a coalition of environment groups, in 1990 Probe canvassed door-to-door on its own. While Greenpeace members dogged the premier's public appearances, holding him to account, Pollution Probe put out its own checklist of questions voters should ask candidates—directly involving itself in the election campaign. According to a ruling of the federal court of appeals in 1988, cited by the assistant director of the charities division of Revenue Canada, such behaviour as trying to influence voters during an election or trying to create a political climate is not a charitable activity permitted under the law.

In 1991, Probe's executive director, Janine Ferretti, became active in the preparatory conferences for the Rio Summit. Ferretti also acted as an adviser to the government in its trade negotiations. Ferretti was

the first representative of an environmental advocacy organization to sign a confidentiality agreement and sit on one of the federal government's sectoral advisory groups (SAGITs). She gave advice on NAFTA and GATT as they were being negotiated.

In 1991, after it was announced Canada would join the NAFTA talks and in response to a letter from her, the minister of international trade, Michael Wilson, asked her to join a sectoral advisory group on energy and petrochemicals. The two other persons classed by the government as environmentalists and who were also asked to be advisers at this stage were not members of environmental advocacy organizations. One, Don Page, was head of the Faculty of Environmental Design at the University of Calgary. He was already an adviser to Environment Minister Jean Charest, when asked to join the International Trade Advisory Committee (ITAC) in 1991. Jim Patterson, head of international and government relations for Ducks Unlimited, also joined a SAGIT. Patterson had spent his previous career, from 1972 to 1989, working for the federal government.

No other environmentalists were asked to become advisers to the federal government until after a tentative NAFTA deal was announced in June 1992, right about the time of the Rio Summit. Several other environmentalists who were then invited to join advisory groups had still not attended any meetings even after NAFTA was initialled in August by Bush, Mulroney, and Salinas.

In May 1992, just before the Rio Summit, Ferretti joined Page on the larger ITAC. This group gave advice directly to Michael Wilson. Having signed the confidentiality agreement, Ferretti had been allowed to see classified Canadian government documents not available to others and certainly not available to the other sides in the negotiation. At this time, Ferretti was also part of a three-nation coalition of environment groups that worked on a joint report on the environment shortcomings of NAFTA. This report, published jointly by National Wildlife Federation and Pollution Probe, was not highly critical of NAFTA: it simply called for environment clauses to be included in the agreement and said the agreement would be measured or judged on how much green language was finally included.

There was a lawsuit launched by environmentalists in the U.S. against the U.S. government over the fact that the U.S. government did no environmental impact assessment of NAFTA before or during negotiations. The Canadian government didn't do an environmental impact assessment of NAFTA either. Instead, it chose to have an interdepartmental task force do an environmental review in parallel

to cabinet discussions. The documents used in this review had automatically become classified, as are all cabinet documents in Canada. This was a perversion of the environmental impact assessment process, which, by definition and by law, is supposed to be public and to bring in affected parties. According to Page, both he and Ferretti argued privately for a proper environmental impact assessment of NAFTA. Yet when the NAFTA negotiations were in their final stages in the summer of 1992, neither Page nor Ferretti nor Pollution Probe (nor any other large environmental organizations for that matter) raised before the public the federal government's failure to comply with its own law to hold an environmental impact assessment on any action that might affect the environment. In my opinion, environmental advocates should have made sure that the whole process of crafting NAFTA was discussed in public. They should not have participated in a private process.

Ferretti complained to me in July 1992 that the press would not publish much of what she had tried to tell the public about NAFTA: yet she did not raise this issue of the environmental review with me. In fact, the only day she could later point to when she had mentioned the issue in public was the day the Environmental Task Force Review was published, a date she could not remember. The review was published on November 3, 1992, the day of the U.S. presidential election, long after the NAFTA negotiation was complete. While NAFTA contained only a few clauses with environmental language out of thousands, she referred to NAFTA in public then as "a step forward."

How Ferretti was permitted to become an adviser with access to government classified documents during the negotiations is a mystery. It was a published requirement of the federal government that all SAGIT and ITAC members be Canadian citizens. One government spokesperson said that other proposed members of SAGITs were dropped when it was learned they were not Canadians. Although Ferretti was invited by the government to join a SAGIT in 1991, she did not become a Canadian citizen until approximately May 1992. She never renounced her U.S. citizenship—that means she remains a citizen of the U.S. as well as Canada.

Pollution Probe may have enjoyed a brief life as an independent group, but it quickly became the NGO equivalent of a company union—a PGO. Since 1988 it has pushed the environmental crisis line of the Global Governance Agenda. It has been both a large recipient of taxpayers' dollars and politically active in ways close to the line under federal charity rules. It is neither of one party or

another—it includes activists of Liberal, Conservative, and other persuasions. Its 1994 board chair who had held the position since late 1990 was a politically active Liberal. Its board included: David Crombie—former Progressive Conservative cabinet minister invited to join the Probe board after being appointed commissioner of the government of Ontario's Waterfront Regeneration Trust Agency—a body Pollution Probe will probably appear before; a vice-president of Molson Companies; Pegi Dover of WWF Canada; a woman from Xerox in charge of Pollution Probe's account with that company; Doug Miller, an environment pollster who had been active in Conservative politics; David Runnalls, one of Strong's associates since the Stockholm Conference; and John Godfrey, Liberal M.P. who joined just before he ran for federal office in 1993 and remained on the board in spite of being chair of the Parliamentary Committee on Heritage which now includes national parks. Pollution Probe may be a home-away-from-home to politicians but it has no democratic relationship to a constituency; during a crucial three-year period, it was run by a well-paid ($50,000 a year) executive director who wasn't yet a Canadian citizen. Janine Ferretti is the daughter of a now-deceased U.S. State Department official once assigned as second secretary to Mexico. Her mother, a medical secretary, still works out of the U.S. embassy in Bonn, Germany.

Friends of the Earth Canada helped with the Paiakan fundraiser in Ottawa. Until the late fall of 1991, it was run by Julia Langer, formerly a researcher for the provincial NDP caucus, and Kai Millyard, her husband, a former staffer at Pollution Probe and at one time a supporter of the Green Party. During the countdown to Rio in the winter of 1992, Millyard and Langer left Friends of the Earth. A medical problem was cited. No one else was put in Langer's job until just before the Summit.

The Friends of the Earth office sent me copies of annual reports, and reliable sources told me how the organization had developed. It turned out to be another PGO. Friends of the Earth Canada was part of Friends of the Earth International whose secretariat is now in Amsterdam. FOE International was founded in London in 1969, the year Strong was asked to take on the Stockholm Conference, on the "premise that pollution transcends national boundaries and that international environmental action is essential." Friends of the Earth International in 1991 claimed offices in forty-three countries and "nearly one million members."

FOE had recently established East Bloc links in Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, and Bulgaria. It had affiliates in Burkina Faso and in Chile and even in the Dutch Antilles (better known as a location for companies requiring secrecy and avoiding tax). The Rainforest Action Network and the International Rivers Network in San Francisco were claimed as affiliates. "FOE-I groups campaign on issues of critical international significance such as rainforest destruction, marine contamination, ozone depletion and air pollution. Other projects include building links between East and West European environmental groups, protecting international rivers, monitoring the multilateral development banks, and preparing for a key role in the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development in 1992."

Most of these goals were also listed as the goals of FOE Canada. FOE Canada described itself as a campaign advocacy organization (with no independent research base) that measures effectiveness in part by the number of times it answers media calls. It has a charitable registration number, although pure advocacy groups are not supposed to be able to get charitable registration. The courts have ruled that advocacy and bias usually intersect and neither qualifies as education—which is a recognized charitable purpose. The Canadian courts have said attempts to change law or government policy are not charitable purposes either. Nevertheless, FOE Canada's annual reports listed free placement of FOE advertisements by major media as charitable donations. Its key campaigns were described as an ozone protection campaign and the global warming campaign which aimed to get Canada to cut its CO_2 emissions 20 per cent by 2005. This CO_2 campaign focused chiefly on reducing the burning of fossil fuels. The other campaign areas were Canada's portion of FOE-I's global releaf campaign and the sustainable agriculture campaign designed to get Canadian farmers off fertilizers and off subsidies.

In spite of the fact that lobbying and advocacy may not qualify as charitable acts under Canadian federal charity rules, the government of Canada seemed to like giving money to FOE. FOE seemed to like the government too. The 1990-91 annual report carried an endorsement from Vic Buxton, a federal environment official assigned to the national secretariat for the Rio Summit. All but one of FOE's major campaign areas were funded directly or indirectly by the government of Canada or the government of Ontario. The Canadian Environmental Network Canada–U.S. Acid Rain Partnership was listed as a large donor: that money originated with CIDA. FOE Canada also had

corporate funders with an interest in crossborder trade issues, companies whose names also appeared on Pollution Probe and World Wildlife Fund Canada's donor lists. These included: Molson Companies and Molson Breweries; Loblaws Companies and Intersave, a division of Loblaws; Baton Broadcasting Incorporated, Glen Warren Broadcast Sales (associated with Baton), and CTV Television Network, partly owned by Baton. In spite of its anti-fossil fuel campaign, Friends of the Earth Canada had not hesitated to take money from fossil fuel companies like Shell Canada, Petro-Canada, Encor Energy Corporation, Gulf Canada Resources, Consumers' Gas, and Suncor Inc. Power Corporation gave money to FOE too.

The fortunes of Friends of the Earth Canada seemed to have risen and fallen in tune with campaigns launched from afar. It was incorporated in September 1977 and raised a pitiful $7,000 that year. The signing officers were François Bregha, an active intervenor at the Mackenzie Valley pipeline hearings, Dr. David Brooks, a former civil servant and Douglas G. Miller, an Ottawa consultant with ties to the Conservative party. Miller had worked with Pollution Probe (and is again on its board). He founded a polling company called Synergistics Consultants. He sometimes did free polling for Conservative candidates. By the end of 1979, officers of FOE Canada included Beatrice Olivastri who later worked as a consultant for the Brundtland Commission and with Chip Lindner on the International Facilitating Committee for the Rio Summit. Olivastri later became FOE's board president.

Dr. David Brooks was Friends of the Earth Canada's first president. He took on this position when he left the federal government. At the same time he became the Ottawa representative of a Pollution Probe subsidiary project called Energy Probe. From 1970 until May 1977, Brooks had worked for the government of Canada in the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, eventually as head of the department's division of energy conservation: he had invested federal tax dollars in Pollution Probe's Ecology House.

Formerly a senior U.S. civil servant, Brooks played a key role in developing the government of Canada's energy conservation policy and a central role in forming several of the advocacy groups supposedly critical of that policy. He presented himself to me as the virtual equivalent of a political refugee from the United States, forced out of the U.S. government after Richard Nixon entered the White House. A self-described leftist, he had earned his doctorate in mining economics from the University of Colorado. After a five-year stint

working for a Washington-based and Ford-funded PGO of long standing called Resources for the Future, Brooks became the chief of the mineral economics division of the U.S. Department of Interior's Bureau of Mines. After Nixon became president, he was made to understand he had no future in the administration because of his political activities. His political activities had included trying to organize U.S. civil servants in an organization called Federal Employees for a Democratic Society in 1969, and membership in Fairplay for Cuba, an organization on every cold warrior's list as subversive, particularly after Lee Harvey Oswald, another member, shot President Kennedy. In spite of this background, Brooks was given landed immigrant status and immediate work as an economist in the new federal Department of Energy, Mines and Resources in August 1970. Jack Austin was its new deputy minister, recruited by Strong. Pierre Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act to deal with what he said was an apprehended insurrection in Quebec just weeks after Brooks started work, yet Brooks encountered no difficulties from federal security officials then in a virtual panic over national security. Brooks was soon sent to Geneva to work on Strong's Stockholm Conference. After Stockholm was over, he headed up the department's division of energy conservation.

While president of FOE and also acting as Pollution Probe/Energy Probe's representative in Ottawa, Brooks also continued to work as a consultant for the federal government. He co-ordinated a study of "soft energy paths" for Canada for his former employer, the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources and the Department of Supply and Services to prepare for a U.N. international energy conference in Nairobi. This was the last recommended by-product of the Stockholm Conference. Prime Minister Trudeau and his Minister of Energy and Quebec lieutenant Marc Lalonde attended. So did Maurice Strong. (Trudeau made a side trip to Adnan Khashoggi's ranch in Kenya, something Strong had recommended against since Khashoggi had a habit of having women of the night around him, "strewn like ashtrays.")

After the Nairobi Conference, Friends of the Earth Canada fell on hard times. Brooks ceased to be its president but stayed on its board. The organization was almost dormant by 1987 when the Swedes began the push at the U.N. for an Earth Summit. When Julia Langer was hired as executive director that year, she found a virtually empty shell of a charitable corporation with a $30,000 debt. The next year Elizabeth May joined the board as did David Runnalls, formerly a

staffer at Barbara Ward's International Institute for Environment and Development. Stephen Lewis, then the Canadian ambassador to the U.N., joined the board too.

Friends of the Earth Canada's annual reports showed that in 1988 government contracts and foundation donations were bigger than individual and corporate donations combined. Among the donor foundations was the U.N. Association of Canada, which had been too poor itself the year before to pay its own dues to the World Federation of U.N. Associations, and in any case got most of its money from the federal government. Governments also provided FOE Canada directly with $144,000. This money came from CIDA's public participation program, from Environment Canada, from the Ontario Ministry of the Environment, from the Secretary of State, from the Ontario Ministry of Skills Development. David Brooks was one of two directors who signed the annual report, though by 1988 he had already gone back to work for a federal government-owned corporation as the director of the environmental policy program in the social sciences division of IDRC.

Revivified, FOE Canada used direct mail to raise more funds and members. Its membership (non-voting) climbed from near zero to 27,000 four years later; its revenue climbed to $1,263,000 in 1991. Direct mail raised $600,000 in individual contributions in 1991, a recession year. In only its second full year of its new lease on life, it hired a rainforest project staffer, an ozone campaigner, an energy policy adviser. Betty Ann Franssen, Margo Franssen's sister, joined the board in 1990.

While polls taken of its members' views are mentioned in the annual reports, there is no indication that the board changed or policy changed as a result of member votes. The organization is a creature of its board, and the staff are replaceable. FOE Canada ran without a permanent executive director for the six months leading up to the Earth Summit at Rio. Susan Tanner was hired one month before Rio. Tanner's previous career included working for Prime Minister Trudeau's cabinet committee on social development and after 1988 working for the Ontario Liberal government, recruited by Heather Peterson, the premier's sister. She attended the Rio Summit representing not FOE Canada but another NGO called Women in Environment and Development. She sat on its board along with Elizabeth May.

The Western Canada Wilderness Committee (WCWC) came late to the Global Governance loop, but it was one of the first Canadian environment groups accredited to the Rio Summit. Adriane Carr, a director, explained the history of WCWC. It was incorporated in November 1980. The first directors included Murray Rankin (later on FOE Canada's board) and Paul George, an American who immigrated to Canada in 1968. George had done graduate work in both social work and human genetics at the University of Minnesota. He got involved in the long fight to save South Moresby Island from logging. Carr, then a geography instructor at a Vancouver community college, kayaked up to South Moresby in 1981 and found it magical. She interviewed George (and later married him). She had already read WWF's World Conservation Strategy which pressed hard the issue of preserving biodiversity. They were both determined to educate British Columbians about B.C.'s own biodiversity before it was gone.

WCWC essentially started as a non-profit corporation—a publisher. It published calendars sponsored by different environment groups looking for public support. Carr edited various WCWC publications in her spare time. In 1986, WCWC got its first Environment Canada grant—$2,000 sent direct from the office of the minister, Tom McMillan, by Elizabeth May, before she had officially started work. In 1987, the year of the Brundtland Report, an activist joined the group; he organized protests against logging on Meares Island and in the Stein Valley. Carr and George were also invited to attend the Fourth World Wilderness Conference in Denver, Colorado. They'd never been asked to an international event before. She remembered seeing Maurice Strong there, squiring around a Rockefeller—Carr thought it might have been David Rockefeller. It *was* David Rockefeller. Strong had organized the conference and invited Rockefeller to make the keynote speech—which embraced the Brundtland Report.

Carr and George also heard Michael McCloskey make an appeal to all to find a way to map and identify the world's remaining natural ecosystems. Mapping natural systems was also called for by the World Conservation Strategy. Carr, a geographer, understood the value of maps. She realized there were no inventory maps of old growth forests in B.C. to guide them to what needed to be preserved.

In 1988, WCWC, like FOE Canada and Pollution Probe, suddenly took off financially. When the wave of publicity hit about the des-

perate state of the climate and atmosphere, Carr was "frightened for my children. It was scary to read of burning in the Amazon, loss of species." It was also an election year. WCWC began a door-to-door membership drive. Money and memberships rolled in. The membership drive made it possible to know what was on members' minds: Carr knew that they wanted the WCWC to focus on British Columbia's environment problems. Nevertheless, in spite of the members' expressed preferences, in October 1988 just before Paiakan came to Canada, Carr brought a WILD mapping proposal to the board. She'd heard about Brazil and Paiakan from Tara Cullis and David Suzuki. She overcame objections on the WCWC board and set up WILD as a separate project within WCWC. WILD stands for Wilderness Is the Last Dream. Student volunteers put together a data base on every country in the world, comprised of people to network with. This data base took six months to develop. The WCWC's *Education Report* (vol. 9, no. 6, [fall 1990]) showed that by then Carr expected to spend $806,900 and bring in revenues of $815,000 on this WILD project.

Early in 1989, Tara Cullis asked WCWC for donations for Paiakan. WCWC put together a newspaper about how Canadians "Vow to Help Save the Amazon Rainforest," its first publishing venture about wilderness outside Canada. It also hosted a fundraiser for Paiakan and raised $16,000. This money, according to the newspaper, was to be used to buy Paiakan an airplane, but later it was described differently—as WILD's first revenue. WILD published a paper and did a fundraiser for the representatives of the Penan tribe of Sarawak who came through Canada in October 1989, and participated in another fundraiser for Paiakan in November 1989.

Carr organized the first international meeting on WILD mapping in Hawaii in the summer of 1990. She chose Hawaii because it could attract people from Latin America and Asia. The conference charged attendance fees but also got grants from the World Wildlife Fund Canada and World Wildlife Fund U.S. Monte Hummel and David Suzuki spoke. There were representatives from twenty-six countries. The cost to WCWC was $125,000. Five Latin American organizations came, including SOS Mata Atlantica from Brazil. They decided to focus WILD on Latin America. Why? It was "sellable—UNCED was coming up. There was more interest in government," said Carr.

By the end of 1990, the incorporation of WCWC's WILD campaign into the Global Governance Agenda was complete. The Hawaii Conference helped it meet CIDA's criteria for funding: it had more than enough money running through its account, and it had just

bought itself some foreign experience. In January 1991, Carr got her first CIDA grant to organize a regional WILD mapping conference in Brazil. She had by then already joined the CEN/CIDA committee deciding how to divvy up $600,000 of CIDA funds available for Canadian environment groups willing to participate in international work. She had asked CIDA before she joined this committee about conflict of interest. She wanted her organization to apply for these funds. How could she give out public funds to her own organization, she wanted to know? CIDA said there was no conflict, that CIDA wanted groups with foreign experience both to be on the committee and to apply for funds. The first time she applied she was rejected. Why? She was told her project wasn't focused enough on CIDA's policy. CIDA wanted most of its money to move through Canadian organizations to their foreign partners. The Canadian partners would only get to retain an administration fee of 7 per cent.

WILD/WCWC's Brazilian partner on the conference was SOS Mata Atlantica, Deputado Fabio Feldmann's old organization. SOS Mata Atlantica organized the WILD mapping conference in Brazil, found the site, hired the staff, invited the participants. Feldmann was invited to speak at the conference. Carr didn't know he'd founded SOS Mata Atlantica. She thought he was invited to speak because he was a Brazilian politician interested in these issues. WILD passed $121,000 of CIDA's money to SOS Mata Atlantica and the 14 groups from other countries in Central America who attended.

Had it not occurred to her, I asked, that by making maps of unspoiled areas she was creating guides to these places that could give rise to the very exploitation she wanted to avoid?

It had. She was told that Brazilian industry had the data, the governments had it, but they would not share it with others. The "others" needed it to fight on an equal footing. People needed information tools. Her organization would end up getting the disks of this compiled information which they would be able to publish. Latin American environment groups were very sophisticated on data and analysis. She was proud to be the main information node on the west coast. (I didn't then know what she meant by *node*.)

It seemed to me that WCWC was the most transparent of all the groups I looked at. They publish annual reports in their quarterly newspaper. These showed that in 1981 WCWC sold seventy memberships and had a total income of $23,000. By 1989, membership income had grown to $77,000, total income to $620,000, actual members had grown to 30,000. By 1990-91 the budget had quadrupled—to

$2.4 million in the middle of a major recession. WCWC won Environment Canada's Environment Achievement Award that year.

If one graphed this information, it would show a slow rate of growth commensurate with the general growth of the economy until 1989 when WCWC jumped into Maurice Strong's Global Governance loop. From that point on the growth curve turned into a line pointing straight up. This growth translated to more political influence, which soon translated into more cash. After achieving its seat at the CEN/CIDA committee table, WCWC had become an NGO accredited to the Rio Summit and been invited to present a paper at the separate NGO forum that Strong's colleague Chip Lindner was organizing in Rio. WCWC had begun to lead the fight against B.C. logging, a fight which later included videos, displayed in Europe, that compared B.C. and the rape of its forest to the rape of the Amazon.

In sum, WCWC had first been drawn into the loop by the federal government, because WCWC showed itself capable of raising money and becoming an activist group. In part to get more money, it moved in a global direction in spite of its members' lack of interest. It then acted as a funnel for the federal government to give money to Brazilian groups acceptable to the government in Brazil. I thought WCWC's wild mapping project would also provide real benefits to private multinational interests. Having done these things, it got a prize from the government.

Probe International turned out to be the least democratic and least transparent group in the mix. It had no actual legal existence on its own: it is registered as a project of Energy Probe Research Foundation, a charitable organization registered and incorporated in 1980 by persons formerly working with Pollution Probe. The promotion of democracy and individual responsibility is listed in its articles of incorporation as one of its primary purposes. It seemed to be in the loop from birth.

Probe International was the distributor in Canada of materials printed by the U.N. Environment Program to support the Rio Summit. Probe International had helped David Suzuki bring Paiakan to Toronto—Suzuki was then on its board. Maurice Strong is quoted in an annual report of the Energy Probe Research Foundation and identified as a friend of the organization. Along with Jason Clay, Probe helped publicize Canadian mistakes in Ethiopia when Maurice Strong ran the African famine relief program for the U.N. Develop-

ment Program. Jason Clay's curriculum vitae said he was a director. He wasn't, but it appeared that Probe and Cultural Survival had shared non-profit fund-raising strategies. Probe International, like Cultural Survival Inc., had planned to use a crossborder shell corporation to raise money. It incorporated a shell called Probe International U.S. in Buffalo, New York. It was shut down without its board ever meeting in 1990.

Energy Probe Research Foundation has offices in a renovated church in central Toronto. Energy Probe Research Foundation's annual reports included Probe International's activities. Since the establishment of the Foundation on July 1, 1980, various project names have been established and used to raise money through direct mail.

The annual reports showed that the foundation, like FOE, counted as evidence of its success the number of times staffers were called by the media and the number of articles its staff published in journals and newspapers, their appearances on television, and so on. In the 1989 annual report, the foundation claimed it mailed out one million letters a year and had a membership of fifty thousand Canadians. The annual report also claimed all kinds of victories, some of which I thought dubious.

According to a long-time director, Energy Probe is the most sophisticated of the environment groups in the country in its use of computers. In the beginning, it got free downtime use of the mainframe computer at Noma Corporation for its direct mail and telemarketing operations. Then, in the middle 1980s, it switched to personal computers. The foundation's revenues climbed from $60,000 in 1980 to $847,000 by 1990, more than a ten-fold increase. The second largest source of these contributions was listed as the attributed value of labour given to the organization by volunteers or staff who are allegedly underpaid for their services. The third largest revenue source was contracts of $102,000 and government grants for $30,000.

This organization seemed to function more as a business than a charity. In 1988, the year Probe International helped bring Paiakan to Toronto, the annual report said the foundation did so well it bought a property with partners, renovated a building, and made a loan to a mutual fund started by an unnamed former director, which planned to invest in environmentally ethical companies. The loan was to be repaid with interest of prime plus 3 per cent but no time limit was set. "The Company has contracted with the foundation to have the foundation provide environmental investment research and computer

facilities to the company for which the company will compensate the foundation out of its management fees received from the mutual funds. It is the intention of the director that any profits of the company will be donated to the foundation." In 1990, $55,000 more was advanced to the company. No fees, profits, or donations back were shown.

The annual reports are coy about who controls Energy Probe Research Foundation. Lawrence Solomon is listed sometimes as a consultant, sometimes as a project manager. He is not shown there as a director or officer of the charity. In testimony given on August 11, 1990, to the Environmental Assessment Board of Ontario, he said he had been the treasurer of the foundation for eleven years. He was certainly an early director.

The meaning of membership was also hard to ascertain. A member of my household once gave Probe International a donation: ever since, he seemed to be counted as one of Energy Probe/Probe International's fifty thousand members. No one ever asked him to attend an annual meeting or to vote for a slate of officers. A former insider explained that board members are generally recruited by the staff. Another former director said that he had resigned when he concluded that he'd been asked to sit on the board only to attract corporate donations and that his views, if contrary to those of the ruling couple, would be ignored. The ruling couple he deemed to be Lawrence Solomon, the treasurer, and his wife, Pat Adams, the executive director of Probe International.

Probe's various published appeals and interventions at various hearings made it clear to me that the organization's leadership had a political viewpoint which I characterized as libertarian. Probe was vocal in its dislike for big government, big corporations, big bureaucracies, and government subsidies. Yet its annual reports showed Energy Probe Research Foundation had taken donations from just such organizations. The list included Employment and Immigration Canada; Environment Canada; the BBC; the CBC; the Ministry of the Environment; the Ministry of Tourism and Recreation; the Ministry of Energy. Its corporate funders were fewer but large: they included the Four Seasons Hotels Limited, McDonald's Restaurants of Canada, Alcan.

The reports made it clear that like Pollution Probe, Energy Probe and affiliates played a role in the free trade debates. In the Environment Probe section of the 1990 report, Solomon said he had primarily paid attention to the environmental implications of the free trade

agreement with the U.S. and the nation's forests. Solomon had long argued that hidden subsidies are the root of environmental evil—that subsidies produce artificially low prices for energy, which leads to elevated demand instead of conservation. Solomon had used this argument against Ontario Hydro's use of nuclear facilities to produce electricity. He had also argued for years that Ontario Hydro's monopoly should be broken up and at least partially privatized.

But the 1990 annual report recounted activities that went beyond previous publicly stated cases. In it, Solomon claimed, "the U.S. non-ferrous mining industry had decided to intervene in the Free Trade Agreement subsidy definition discussions after Environment Probe explained that their Canadian counterparts were operating under laxer environmental standards, and that stricter environmental standards in Canada would be in their economic interest." Similarly, he said that after a study of forests in Finland, Sweden, and the U.S., he had discovered that decentralized forest holdings served forests well. Probe had therefore launched a campaign to decentralize Canada's forest holdings.

Solomon's theories are well known in the environmental movement and he is entitled to press them, although whether that constitutes a charitable purpose for Probe is highly debatable. It is where Probe pressed them that persuaded me Probe International was in Strong's loop just as surely as the Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology in Porto Velho. Probe's task seemed to be to create public pressure to open further the Canadian energy economy to multinational interests. How else to explain why Energy Probe Research Foundation, a Canadian charity, would ask the U.S. General Accounting Office (a congressional watchdog agency similar to the auditor general) to investigate Canadian electricity exports to the U.S.? Canadian electricity is generated mainly by nuclear and hydro facilities sold by provincially controlled companies. Probe had worked for years to convince the public that nuclear power is unsafe and overpriced and that hydro power is environmentally destructive. What, I found myself asking one day, does that leave us as a promotable source of energy to make electrical power? Oil, gas, coal.

So who were Larry Solomon and Pat Adams? Promotion is something Solomon understands. Born in Bucharest, Romania in 1948, his parents went to Israel just as the state was born and then found their way to Canada in or around 1950. Solomon attended McGill University for one year, worked for Royal Trust, travelled to Paris, and came back to Canada as a freelance writer. In 1971, he was hired

by a company he calls Synergetic Communications Corporation to write and edit magazines about industries the company had been hired to promote. Solomon said he couldn't remember who the principals of this promotion company were, though his curriculum vitae said he continued to work for Synergetic until 1988: his old colleague Doug Miller who had his own company called Synergistics thought Synergetic was a U.S.-based group. Solomon also travelled a lot over the next few years, first to Asia, then in 1976 to the Soviet Union.

When he returned to Toronto, he attended a public meeting during which a presentation was made of a concept called the Conservor Society, a concept being pushed by Dr. David Brooks, then still head of the federal office of energy conservation and just back himself from his own personal tour of the East Bloc. Solomon went to the executive director of Pollution Probe and proposed a book on this subject. This proposition was accepted, although he was not known at Probe, because he didn't need money. He already had a contract from Doubleday for simultaneous publication in the U.S. and Canada and he also got a Canada Council Explorations grant.

He worked closely with Dr. David Brooks. When Solomon's book came out in 1978, he said he was flattered but not surprised when he got a letter on White House stationery asking him to be an adviser to what he called President Jimmy Carter's task force on global resources and environment, the Global 2000 report. (I was unable to confirm any relationship between Solomon and Carter's task force.[3]) About this time, he also began appearing as an intervenor at boards and commissions. His first such appearance was at the Royal Commission on Electric Power Planning in Ontario. He became an expert intervenor. He objected to new nuclear power plants, the planning practices of Ontario Hydro, National Energy Board electricity exports, plans to store nuclear waste, and so on. After three years working with Pollution Probe, he left to set up Energy Probe Research Foundation. Probe International was part of the Foundation from the beginning.[4]

Solomon hired Pat Adams when she came looking for a job that first summer of 1980. She had a B.A. from Carleton and an M.A. from the University of Sussex in development economics. She had worked for the Kenyan government in Nairobi in 1979 and 1980. She already had a job with Toronto-based Acres Consulting Services. She kept her Acres job for a year while also acting as Probe International's executive director. Acres is a seventy-year-old private company involved in planning and consulting on engineering projects—it is a small version of

SNC. It had been forced to reorganize after certain financial difficulties in the 1970s. (Andy Sarlos, Maurice Strong's friend and business colleague, had been a partner at Acres just before these difficulties became acute. He left Acres and took up arbitrage on behalf of the Tanenbaums and the Belzburgs.) In 1982, Adams, while already ensconced at Probe International, also worked as a consultant for the federal government's IDRC. Although Probe International did not "surface," in Solomon's phrase, with its own letterhead until 1986, Adams had by then been appointed to the board of the Environmental Liaison Centre in Nairobi as Probe's representative.

So who and what does the Energy Probe Research Foundation represent? While Energy Probe Research Foundation advertises its independence, in fact it lives off in part the public purse. Its staff members earn fees as intervenors and experts at various public hearings, at least a portion of which they turn over to Probe. This was made clear when Probe demanded of the Ontario Environmental Assessment Board in its funding application in 1991, $2,818,388 to prepare for hearings into Ontario Hydro's expansion plans. The Environmental Assessment Board did not like the way Probe staffers were described as consultants for the purposes of this application, instead of as employees of Probe. The board concluded that Lawrence Solomon and his colleagues Norman Rubin and Tom Adams wanted $1,211,875 for their own services for a twenty-eight-month period of work: the board also concluded that large portions of such payments might be channelled to Energy Probe for uses not related to the hearing. When it raised these issues with Probe, the reply was that Probe had been doing things this way for six years at the hearings of the Ontario Energy Board.

David Suzuki had joined the Energy Probe Research Foundation board in 1988, the same year he brought Paiakan to Toronto and raised funds for him with Probe International's help. Suzuki resigned from Probe's board in a letter dated November 7, 1990, about a month after the David Suzuki Foundation[5] received its own charitable tax number from Revenue Canada. In the resignation letter Suzuki mentioned that he had resigned before, but somehow Probe had remained unaware of that. Suzuki said he had been proud of the people in Probe International and would follow their work "with interest."

It is hard to understand how Suzuki and the people at Probe ever saw eye to eye. It would have been hard for anyone concerned with the effects on the environment of the burning of fossil fuels to read

Energy Probe's 1983 annual report, for example, without their eyes bulging out. It contained one of the strangest statements I've ever seen in the annual report of an environment organization purportedly concerned with environmental protection. Under the section entitled Current Priorities, it stated:

> Less Regulation in the Petroleum Sector: A campaign designed to educate Canadians to the social, environmental and economic benefits of less regulation in the petroleum field.

This was the kind of thing Exxon, Texaco, Chevron, and their shareholders might well agree with, but it was not the view of the average environmental activist. The same report carried an endorsement of Probe by the Canadian Petroleum Association, the industry organization that then represented the large multinational oil and gas companies active in Canada. It said: "[We] strongly recommend that Energy Probe activities be supported."

By the time I finished reading these reports and talking to various group founders, I was dumbfounded. I had examined seven Canadian groups. They were all actively supporting and promoting facets of the Global Governance Agenda. I couldn't understand how they had qualified for charitable registration. Yet they had all qualified. They were the Harmony Foundation; Cultural Survival Canada; World Wildlife Fund Canada; Pollution Probe; Friends of the Earth Canada; Western Canada Wilderness Committee; Energy Probe Research Foundation/Probe International. Altogether they took in well over $10 million a year in donations, grants and other earnings and spent much of it on getting very specific viewpoints in front of the government and the public—often during election campaigns. Those who had contributed their money or hearts to these groups to affect the causes of clean air and water had been doubly used. Both their tax dollars and charitable dollars supported a facade of critical independence from governments and business. The information they put out had to be treated sceptically—it could not be said to come from independent sources.

Most of the Canadian environment groups working on the Global Governance Agenda were not democratic, not representative, not transparent. Their staff and directors were woven together in a net of interlocking directorships, jobs, and marriages. They had actively assisted in smudging boundary lines between business, politics, char-

ity until the very idea of boundaries seemed ludicrous. They were PGOs so reliable they could be trusted to manage their counterparts abroad. They all took some funds and some policy direction from the federal government. Moreover, a surprising number of their leaders had roots south of the border. Too many had connections to political parties. Some owed their jobs to people like Dr. David Brooks who had helped their organizations with largesse from the federal larder. For that matter, a surprising number of environment groups had been founded by Dr. Brooks, an environment policy maker inside the federal government. Where were the independent minds, the independent research, the independent tellers of truth?

Twenty-two

Progressive Communications

It is a testimonial to the power of successful marketing (and professional shame) that I did not wish to believe what I had read, what I had seen in Geneva, and learned later about some Canadian environment groups. As a reporter I had dealt with some of these groups before—I should have asked these questions ten or fifteen years earlier. I wanted so much to believe these organizations were what they said they were—independent defenders of the public interest, knowledgeable, at arm's length from all the big players. Don't get upset, I kept telling myself. These Canadian organizations were made by human beings. You must put what you are learning to those human beings, ask them how it all happened.

So I did. What I learned confirmed what I had already found and brought me face to face with more. Not only did these Canadian PGOs send taxpayers' and charitable dollars abroad to push forward Canadian government policy instead of using them to fight for a better environment at home, they tuned their messages to a Global Governance Agenda crafted by multinational interests. They also crowded out truly independent voices from the marketplace of ideas. They were already moving to the next level of technology available for pushing out the word—electronic networks of communication. They had begun to establish with government funds their own means of communication, beyond the critical reach of print reporters, hearing rooms, television studios where facts and opinions can be publicly challenged, where the progeny of facts and promotions can be tested.

It was the middle of 1992. Gary Gallon, formerly senior policy adviser to Ontario Liberal Environment Minister Jim Bradley, and his wife, Janine Ferretti, then executive director of Pollution Probe and newly-appointed adviser to Trade Minister Michael Wilson on the ITAC, sat beside each other in a midtown Toronto hamburger joint. They showed vacation pictures and pushed the role she'd

played in the NAFTA, how she'd been one of two Canadian environmentalists on both the inside and outside of the negotiations. She'd just become a Canadian. I shuffled their stories together in my mind and was amazed at how much influence two Americans had had on Canadian affairs. He looked older and more respectable every time I saw him, his ginger hair more greyed, his dress more corporate and worthy. Gallon had been invited to prepare a history of the Environmental Liaison Centre International for the Rio Summit so I knew he was in the loop, but he was also personable, open, easy-going. Janine Ferretti was less definable, a small, delicately boned woman with a sombre face that would have been at home in a nun's habit. She had dark, thick eyebrows, an elongated nose, a small chin and mouth, brown bleak eyes. She was dressed like a junior lawyer and had brought a briefcase.

Over the course of several separate meetings they had listened to me describe some of my conclusions. I wanted to be open; I didn't want to make mistakes. I also wanted desperately to be convinced that I was wrong. In the beginning, Gallon had talked with the lightness of spirit of a happy warrior who loves his life's work and doesn't worry about petty contradictions. Ferretti had explained herself very carefully and with significant holdbacks.

I had contacted Gallon because he had been recommended as a person with a long personal history in Canadian environment groups. He'd explained over two lunches that he was born in Richard Nixon's home town of Whittier, California, and brought up in Bakersfield. Bakersfield is so relentlessly right-wing, as one journalist there put it, that when anti-Vietnam war demonstrations were held at the university campus in nearby Fresno, farmers had tried to run the students down with their farm equipment. Gallon was the kind of boy who in previous U.S. wars would have served in the military without question. At college, he was the water polo team captain, a member of the swim team, vice-president of his fraternity, but it was also his intention to be a social change agent, to change society, as he put it, before it broke the kids. By the end of his fourth year when he needed a few extra credits to graduate, his draft board granted an extension but said he'd be on the ground in Vietnam as soon as he was done. Activists in his neighbourhood put him in touch with the church-based anti-draft underground who told him how to get to Canada. In September 1968, he came to Vancouver with his first wife, got a job offer as an encyclopedia salesman, and then re-entered Canada through the border town of Osoyoos.

In Vancouver, he eventually got a job as a trainee floor trader for Wolverton Securities which had a seat on the notorious Vancouver Stock Exchange, a most unlikely place for a draft-dodger bent on social change to find work. California-based Kaiser Industries had also just come to B.C. to strip mine coal: Gallon read the research on the associated stock. An organization called SPEC, Scientific Pollution and Environmental Control Society, had just been started in Vancouver by a professor at Simon Fraser University and his wife. It warned of the environmental horrors of strip mining and the possible use of west coast oil ports to transship oil from the Alyeska pipeline. Gallon began to offer information to SPEC.

"I became a green Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he said. "I promoted the coal mine by day and gave SPEC research by night to fight the coal mine." By 1970, Gallon was also offering information to Liberal M.P. David Anderson (by 1994, the federal minister of revenue and, as such, in charge of the charities division). Anderson had a lawsuit against the Alyeska oil pipeline partners—the U.S. oil companies Arco (chaired by Strong's friend Robert O. Anderson) and Exxon.

In short, Gallon promoted himself to environmentalists as a source worming away inside the business world, although it is hard to see upon what he could have spied as a floor trader for Wolverton. Then he blew his own cover by blowing the whistle on television on wash trading (a method of puffing up share values) at the VSE. He went into hiding for a couple of months, then got a job with SPEC when it got a federal Opportunities for Youth grant. He founded and worked for environment groups for the next eleven years.

In 1971, Peter Middleton of Pollution Probe and Gallon's SPEC boss Derek Mallard founded the Canadian Association for the Human Environment, because there was money available from Labatts and the federal Local Initiatives Program. Gallon was also part of the founding group of Greenpeace along with Jim Boland, another American expatriate. Greenpeace's first action was to take a leaky ship up the coast of B.C. to Amchitka Island, cameras rolling, to publicly protest planned U.S. nuclear weapons tests—which never occurred. (Later, the U.S. navy made a habit of giving Greenpeace hints about where to find Soviet nuclear and whaling vessels.) Gallon helped start the Westcoast Environmental Law Association. In 1972 he worked with Gordon Edwards in a French-based anti-nuclear power organization called Survival. Gallon used to appear in Vancouver demonstrations dressed as Dr. Nuke.

Yet with all this apparently critical activity, Gallon and governments were never far apart. In 1971, he was appointed an adviser to the federal Liberal government's minister of environment even though he was only twenty-six and a draft-dodger with indictments still outstanding back in Fresno. In 1973 the B.C. government asked him to help "draft a land commission." He sat on a forest land advisory committee. In 1973, he also took a three-week tour of the Arctic where he met with native people concerned about the proposal to build a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. He wrote an instant book about it. It helped create the appearance of public demands for a public environmental review of the proposed pipeline. As a result of the actions of Gallon and others, Prime Minister Trudeau then appointed former British Columbia NDP leader Thomas Berger to hold an inquiry. Gallon presented a brief.

In 1974, Gallon became SPEC's executive director. The new Social Credit government cut his organization's grant to $5,000. Gallon raised money from various other sources. In 1976, as the fight over the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline moved in front of the National Energy Board, U.S. Congressional committees, and the U.S. Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, Gallon also formed a coalition to fight an application by Kitimat Oil Pipeline Ltd. to build a tanker port and a pipeline to Edmonton and the U.S.

That summer, Vancouver was host to the U.N. Conference on Human Settlements, a recommended follow-up to the Stockholm Conference. As Strong had arranged at Stockholm, NGOs were invited to attend an alternative conference associated with the official one, to give the conference a gloss of democratic respectability. An old airforce base at Jericho Beach was used as the alternative conference site. This conference was also the venue for a board meeting of the Environmental Liaison Centre International. This NGO had been created after the Stockholm Conference as the people's watchdog over the new United Nations Environment Program in Nairobi.

Its board members met quarterly in Paris and Geneva. They included the secretary general of the International Red Cross; Margaret Mead, the American anthropologist who had started an NGO after Stockholm called the Spirit of Stockholm; Barbara Ward, whose interests on this board were represented by David Runnalls or Richard Sandbrook; Patricia Sharlin of the Sierra Club International office in New York; an expatriate British gentleman living in Kenya; and David Brower of Friends of the Earth U.S. The board was looking for a replacement for the Centre's executive director, Randy

Hayes. David Brower of Friends of the Earth asked Gallon to form a Friends of the Earth Canada, and Gallon was also interviewed as a possible replacement for Hayes—but a Canadian was picked for the job instead.

In February 1977, just after Jimmy Carter's inauguration, Gallon got a prize. White Owl, owned by Imperial Tobacco, named him and a Toronto academic as Canada's environmentalists of the year. By then, a second pipeline consortium had come forward proposing a new route to transport Arctic gas south—along the already established Alaska pipeline and then south through Alberta, direct to U.S. markets. This route was championed by Bob Blair of Nova Corporation, a company close to both the Alberta government and the federal government, and by a Texan with natural gas interests who just happened to be close to Carter's chief fundraiser, Robert Strauss. In July 1977, the National Energy Board picked this new Foothills proposal to the shock of those interests behind the Mackenzie Valley proposal. Gallon was quoted in news reports saying the board had made its decision because they were afraid the Indians were going to blow up any pipeline run down the Mackenzie Valley. By August, Gallon had been given a job offer he couldn't refuse that took him out of the country.

It was Margaret Mead herself who had called Gallon in late July to say that he was needed after all as executive director of the Environmental Liaison Centre in Nairobi—the Canadian previously hired just hadn't worked out. On his way to Africa with his wife, Gallon stopped off in Calgary to see Maurice Strong, by then chairman of Petro-Canada, to ask for advice. Strong didn't have much for him, but Margaret Mead did. Over dinner in New York, she said it was a rough world out there and he should beware. She told him to stick to the environment and his morals.

He'd become a Canadian citizen by then: the U.S. charges against him over draft evasion had been dropped in a 1975 general amnesty. He found the Environmental Liaison Centre "white and North-based." It was a typical PGO. It was supposed to watchdog the U.N. Environment Program, but UNEP gave it 80 per cent of its budget.

Gallon didn't do much watching over UNEP. He publicized some of the more dangerous projects being built in Africa. He also sent funds supplied to the Centre to small citizens' groups in Asia, Latin America, and Africa, in other words to NGOs active in the democracy movement (only some of whom were active on environment issues). By 1979, the Environmental Liaison Centre began to get

money from CIDA, and the aid agencies of Denmark and Sweden: during Gallon's last year there, it also got a lot of money from USAID. He gave funds to groups like the Boy Scouts of Botswana and the Women's Association of Bangladesh. Groups in "countries in distress," meaning with authoritarian governments, "we did not check [their bona fides] with the government." By 1980, he had developed a network, a "web" of about three thousand NGOs around the world. He used a newsletter as a lure to bring them in. The Environmental Liaison Centre put an invitation in the newsletter to "write to us and let us know you exist. Be part of our network." Since the Centre was funded by a U.N. agency, the Centre had global contacts, including East Bloc countries like Poland, Hungary, Romania, the U.S.S.R., East Germany, and China. In the Soviet Union and China, contacts were with government-run groups like the academies of science.

It was sometime in 1978 that Gallon began to understand that things were not as they'd appeared when he first got to Nairobi. He can't remember who first told him, but someone said there was "a lot of secret service activity" around. At a G-7 meeting, a man representing the Soviet news agency Tass asked Gallon what he was working on. Gallon explained he was trying to stop East Africans from taking German nuclear reactors on an aid basis. "He said 'those capitalists are destroying the environment, the system is the root cause, isn't it,'" said Gallon. "I had heard that argument in Vancouver, I had helped oust Trotskyists out of SPEC. ... I said, 'Communists pollute too ... [he said], 'Wouldn't it be a good idea for you and I to work together, we could share information.' ... I hit the panic buttons, I said I don't think so."

After that Gallon noticed that the U.N. Environment Program had a Cold War structure. There were two persons high up of approximately equal authority, one from the U.S.S.R., one from the U.S. Gallon met with them both from time to time but almost never together. The deputy executive director of UNEP, Peter Thacher, a Yale graduate and U.S. State Department official, had been doing one thing and another on U.S. State Department delegations to U.N. commissions since 1956. Thacher had been seconded to the "UN Environmental Program in February 1971" according to his entry in the State Department Registry. Thacher had worked with Maurice Strong since Strong's arrival at the U.N. The other high official was Dr. Sveneld Efteev of the Soviet Union. He was assistant executive director/assistant secretary general of UNEP. Efteev, a geographer

and specifically an Arctic and Antarctic expert, joined UNEP in 1974. He returned to the Soviet Union in 1982 and rejoined UNEP in 1989.

In 1979, Gallon attended a conference Efteev organized in the Soviet Union. The conference was on environment information exchange. It was directed at expanding the U.N. Environment Program's global computer system called Infoterra. This system permitted direct computer information exchanges between governments and environment NGOs. There was a node for this system "in the bowels of Environment Canada." Money was available from the U.N. Environment Program to put developing countries on this computer system. Information was fed from the Environmental Liaison Centre to environment groups about problems in their own countries. For example, the ELC sent a group in Malaysia information about the dumping of pesticides there by a Japanese company and sent information about a planned airport to groups in Brazil.

When Gallon got on the Aeroflot plane to go to the Soviet Union for this conference, he was struck by how Efteev and his family were treated. In Moscow, a limousine waited at the tarmac and whisked away Efteev, his family, and a lot of consumer durables they'd brought with them. When he asked why Efteev got such treatment, Gallon was told that Efteev was head of the KGB for Africa. (Efteev denied this claim. Peter Thacher said it was ludicrous. However, Efteev is still in Nairobi. Although he retired in 1993, he still had an office at UNEP and retained a diplomatic passport.)

Gallon noted other strange things. From 1978, Dr. Mustapha Tolba, an Egyptian, was the executive director of UNEP. Tolba permitted a contract to be let by UNEP to Robert Maxwell's Pergamon Press to print UNEP documents. (Tolba also allowed UNEP to accept donations from Ryoichi Sasakawa.) The Environmental Liaison Centre thought huge amounts of money were being wasted by UNEP through such untendered deals and said so. Such comments were not well received by Peter Thacher (who said he had "approved" Tolba's selection by Strong as the executive director of UNEP). Gallon was told that the Centre was being too overtly critical of UNEP, that such concerns could best be handled privately.

In 1979, a draft of a WWF/IUCN/UNEP document called the *World Conservation Strategy* came before the U.N. Environment Program staff. The idea for this global strategy had been conceived when Maurice Strong ran UNEP. It was pushed forward by Dr. Ray

Dasmann, an American, by then dean of environmental studies at the University of California at Santa Cruz but previously with the IUCN.

In discussions about the *World Conservation Strategy*, Gallon bumped heads with Thacher. At one meeting Pablo Bifani, a political refugee from Chile who had served in Allende's government and then became a UNEP senior program officer, argued that the strategy was aimed at saving wildlife and land but not people. Bifani and Gallon said they wanted it rewritten to "affect the human condition." At about this time, Bifani had also organized a U.N. conference to take place in Chile. Though he was a U.N. staffer with diplomatic immunity, Chile refused to grant him a visa to come back to his own country. Gallon sent a letter of protest and put out a press release in the name of the Environmental Liaison Centre saying that improvement of the "human environment includes maintaining a free and open society without prejudices and restrictions."

Thacher told Gallon this behaviour was a very big mistake. Next thing Gallon knew the expense cheque for the Environmental Liaison Centre from UNEP simply didn't arrive. ELC board members were told to get rid of Gallon if they expected UNEP to continue giving the ELC money. Gallon made the rounds of various embassies in Nairobi to get money to pay his staff. Finally, a compromise was reached over the *World Conservation Strategy* and over Gallon. A launch of the Strategy was planned for March 1980. The centre got money from UNEP to push the Strategy among Third World NGOs. Gallon also negotiated his exit. He wanted to finish preparations for the U.N. conference on energy to be held in Nairobi in 1981: he also wanted his successor to be Delmar Blassco, a man he'd helped escape from Argentina just before the military regime could arrest him. The large U.S.-based organizational reps on the board voted against Gallon, as did the French and Barbara Ward's group the International Institute for Environment and Development. His support came from India, Kenya, Zimbabwe. "Me and the southerners got Delmar and I was out."

The U.N. conference on alternate sources of energy was held in August 1981. Gallon raised $360,000, brought in seven hundred NGO delegates to the by-now-routine alternate NGO conference run parallel to the official events. By then he'd also split up with his wife and fallen in love with an environmental studies student of Ray Dasmann. Janine Ferretti had arrived in Kenya in the spring of 1980 and volunteered at the ELC. As Professor Dasmann later put it, her

B.A. thesis was on big game in East Africa and she certainly captured Gary Gallon.

After the conference was over, Gallon and Ferretti took a slow route home. They travelled overland for three months to Egypt. The Cold War was hot in the horn of Africa: every country in the region was in play. They travelled by truck through southern Sudan, took a train to Lake Nasser, and then took the boat to the bottom of Egypt's Aswan Dam. They met with environment groups and a science group at the *El Ahram* newspaper in Egypt not long after President Sadat was murdered by Muslim radicals. By late 1981, they were back in California.

That is when Dr. David Brooks contacted Gallon and asked him to apply for a job at the brand new Probe International in Toronto,[1] a job he got. "There was a perception we were starting to control Canada's damage to itself, but not [Canada's] damage to the rest of the world," said Gallon.

When Gallon said this to me at one of our early meetings, I had tipped my head to one side and looked at him hard, really sizing him up for the first time. He had looked back at me, open faced, easy, as if he meant what he said. Yet the notion that Canada had its environmental house in order by late 1981 was a perverse joke. At that time dumping anything, except a very small number of listed toxic substances, right into the sewers in Toronto was almost legal—the sewers were not regulated by the province or the federal government so no one could do much about it. There were only a handful of provincial environment inspectors designated for the whole of Metropolitan Toronto in any case. The St. Lawrence River was an open cesspool. Toxic mine tailings dotted the landscape of the Canadian Shield; leaking oil drums littered the Arctic; airborne and waterborne industrial pollutants were so pervasive that PCBs had been found in the fat of polar bears and in Inuit women's breast milk; no one wanted to talk about how much radioactive tritium was being dumped inadvertently into Lake Ontario. This was a time when federal environment officials liked to smugly say that finding environmental dumps in Canada as bad as the Love Canal in the U.S. would be almost impossible, like finding a needle in a haystack—but that was because so few people were actually looking.

The idea at Probe International, Gallon had continued, was that certain large Canadian corporations like Brascan, Inco, Alcan, Petro-Canada were able to ship, mine, and operate abroad without having to deal with the environmental controls enforced in Canada. Probe

International "was specifically targeted on Canadian companies and government funded activities," said Gallon. Probe raised hell with CIDA about its lack of environmental assessments of foreign aid projects. Probe International sent out information about the transgressions by Canadian companies abroad to environment groups abroad. Gallon's task was to form a network between Probe International and such Third World groups to explore issues like deforestation, toxic discharges, urban sprawl, the fuelwood crisis, and tropical rainforests. These happened to be among the priority items of the *World Conservation Strategy*. Gallon sent out information packages "to my whole web and network" that he'd set up at ELC. In November 1982, he asked CIDA for money for Energy Probe Research Foundation's Probe International. CIDA gave $15,000 for development education in Canada.

Gallon left Probe in February 1983 to work in the research office of the Liberal Party of Ontario. By then, Janine Ferretti and Gallon had married. Ferretti began to work at Pollution Probe; after the 1985 Ontario election, she joined the staff.

In 1985, the Liberals formed a minority government in Ontario. Gallon became the senior policy adviser to Jim Bradley, the minister of environment. During the first year the Liberals were in office, the government funding available to Ontario-based environment NGOs went from $100,000 to about $700,000. In Gallon's recollection the first burst of funds to groups from the minister's office went to the almost moribund Friends of the Earth Canada; the Canadian Environmental Law Association; the Canadian Environmental Defence Fund; and Pollution Probe. Gallon worked hard with the minister to pass the Intervenor Project Funding Act of 1988. This act forced Ontario Hydro, for example, to pay out millions to groups declared qualified to intervene at public hearings over Hydro's plans. From this source, for only one such hearing, Energy Probe Research Foundation got more than $500,000 in 1992; Pollution Probe got $328,000, about half of which it passed as fees to former Pollution Probers who had set up the consulting firm Marbek Resource Consultants; Elizabeth May's coalition of Cultural Survival Canada/The Sierra Club of Eastern Canada got $102,000.

Gallon had said he and Elizabeth May had worked "office to office" when she was working in a similar capacity for federal Environment Minister Tom McMillan. There they were, two Canadian-Americans, both senior policy advisers to the federal and Ontario ministers of the environment, cheek by jowl. The last time he

saw May, he'd said, she'd been breastfeeding her new baby at a meeting with Ontario Hydro officials. By the way, he'd said to me after a pause, a lot of people in environment groups have been complaining that you keep asking questions but don't publish. Maybe you're CIA?

Janine Ferretti had met me over two lunches at a bistro beside Pollution Probe's offices. With her tiny wrists, long fingers, and a nice frame of collar bone peeking from black lace, she reminded me of a small bird eating in the open, listening, eating, listening. She was the daughter of James J. Ferretti, formerly a U.S. State Department official, and a German medical secretary. Her father's short biography at the U.S. State Department said he'd served as an executive officer of the U.S. military government in Germany until 1949, returned to school, and joined the State Department in 1951. He had served as an administration officer in the High Commission for Germany in Wiesbaden, moved to Frankfurt as a civil air officer, and served as acting chief until 1953 when he was accorded the title of vice-consul but assigned to the State Department. He was sent to language school in 1959, then to the U.S. embassy in Mexico where he rose to second secretary, returning to Washington in 1964. In 1968 he was still listed at State as a commercial officer of INTRANSP-COMM. He did not appear in the listings the following year. Ferretti said he had died of cancer. She was then only twelve.

Ferretti grew up speaking English, German, and Spanish. She said she also grew up with a sense of service, of the importance of doing the right thing: she decided her area of service would be the environment and wilderness. She couldn't believe that the world was degrading in front of her eyes, that nobody was doing anything about it. "I had to do it. I had to kick organizations so they could do the right thing, " she'd said.

She finished high school in Germany in 1976 at the American School, which is now on the U.S. military base in Bonn. She took a job with the Bonn office of the IUCN in 1977—a friend of the family said they needed somebody to help out. It was there that she met Dr. Raymond Dasmann. He was an advocate, she'd said, for bioregional theories of zoning and development (ideas that underlay Strong's pitch for new supranational levels of governance). "He was the only one I knew who put [in] a scientific manner the whole concept of ecological development that Maurice Strong had pushed at that famous meeting at Founex," she said, referring to the meeting that had

permitted the Stockholm Conference to go forward. Later, she amended that: she said Dasmann was the first one who put together the ecological picture in the policy context of ecological development.

(Dasmann later said his theories had nothing to do with the concept of sustainable development articulated at Founex and later recycled by Prime Minister Brundtland: it was those theories that had disarmed Southern concerns that the Stockholm Conference was a U.S. plot to stop the growth of Southern competition. Dasmann said his ideas related to planning by natural regions instead of political jurisdictions, that they were first published in *Ecologist* magazine in England in 1975.)[2]

For Ferretti, the Stockholm Conference had been a true landmark. Its significance? "I think it was the first time a conference [was] called as [a] direct result of grassroots pushing."

I had laughed out loud at this. I recounted for her the history of Stockholm as Maurice Strong had explained it to me. She preferred her version of events.

When she heard that Dasmann had left the IUCN to become head of environmental studies at the University of California at Santa Cruz, she decided to go to university there. She arrived in the spring of 1978. The environmental studies program was rigorous and innovative. For example, the class participated in a mock international negotiation of the Antarctic Covenant. "I played Tanzania; I was Julius Nyerere," she said. "It put into practice all the things we had to deal with, [we] learned all the petty politics, [we] learned why two-bit countries with no resources depend on [the] expertise of science of environmental groups."

As a requirement for graduation she had to do a period of study at a foreign university approved for this purpose by the University of California at Santa Cruz. She enrolled at the University of Nairobi, where she studied political science and natural resource conservation. She volunteered at the Environmental Liaison Centre, just as she would later volunteer at Pollution Probe: Dasmann, who was on the board of Friends of the Earth, set it up for her. She arrived in the spring of 1980, just as Gallon began his face-off with Thacher, UNEP and the Environmental Liaison Centre board about his future.

Ferretti was put into the renewable energy beat helping to get ready for the upcoming U.N. conference on the subject. Part of her work included organizing Kenyan groups active on energy issues. She surveyed Kenyan organizations from the large National Chris-

tian Council of Women of Kenya to tiny groups in rural areas. She made a directory so groups could find each other, so Kenyan groups weren't trampled on by groups from other countries.

She noticed that Canadians were very active at this U.N. energy conference. She met the Canadian high commissioner, Geoffrey Bruce, as well as the Canadian NGOs who came as active members of the Canadian official delegation. The U.S. had had the most significant presence, "the U.S. NGOs swamped the place."

After their travels through Africa, she returned with Gallon to California to complete her degree. When Gallon got his job with Energy Probe/Probe International, she came with him to Toronto. When Gallon went to work for the Liberal Party in 1983, she started working at Pollution Probe on contract. The first nine months she worked on international transboundary issues. She wasn't certain they would stay in Canada until after the 1985 election. "When Gary got the job in Bradley's office—[it was] clear."

Pollution Probe staff by then had little science expertise, though the board chairman was a respected toxicologist. While some staffers were strictly interested in environment issues, others felt that no environmental change could happen without social change. Staff were paid the same regardless of effort or expertise. Everyone took turns doing everything, including scrubbing toilets. "The scale didn't permit us to clean toilets and be experts on the toxic flow out of the Niagara River," she said. As Ferretti described it, after her arrival Probe moved from being an organization trying to make change to being inside the system.

Right from the start she focused on international affairs. "My interest was to gear up Pollution Probe to that international involvement." In 1985, she made a submission to the Brundtland Commission in Ottawa—Maurice Strong was sitting at the table. A parliamentary committee had begun a review of Canadian foreign aid—she wrote a brief. She was shocked to learn, she said, that in spite of Canada being on the international environmental forefront, environmental concerns were not entrenched in the foreign policies forged at home. "The funding of NGOs is dependent on what CIDA wanted to spend its money on. CIDA only reacted to a domestic agenda. ... I joined the Canadian Council for International Cooperation's board [in 1986]. I felt I had to infiltrate to get in."

In 1985 she got Pollution Probe involved with an Indonesian NGO. CIDA paid for Pollution Probe to bring the group to Canada. She took them to see the Niagara River. Then she went to Indonesia.

Soon executive director Colin Isaacs divided Pollution Probe into two teams—the environment and development team and the social action team. She was made head of the environment and development team. She organized the alternate NGO conference on sustainable development which ran parallel to the G-7 summit held in Toronto in 1988. She knew the movers and shakers in the environment movement abroad from her year in Nairobi. She had contacts with Barbara Ward's International Institute on Environment and Development in London, and with the National Wildlife Federation, the Environmental Defense Fund, and the National Resources Defence Council in the U.S., a network of contacts in groups in Europe and the Americas.

At this point in our conversation I'd explained to her about Strong's interest in such networks, his brilliant way of serving both corporate and government needs through semi-private ventures, his use of NGOs as a political discipline on recalcitrant governments in the Rio negotiations. I told her that he had ties to certain large multinational interests eager to remove barriers to trade, how I thought NGO groups perhaps unwittingly served such interests. I showed her how I thought Pollution Probe had risen to the policy bait whenever government money was made available. I reminded her that she had said CIDA controlled the agendas of organizations that took CIDA funds and that Probe had taken CIDA funds.

She had said, with some contempt, that governments are incompetent and that no one can actually run anything, let alone a broad-based series of manoeuvres over such a long time. She had pulled on her jacket and gloves and made ready to leave. Who is behind the policy? What interests? she asked.

Well, I began, Maurice Strong is at the centre of it (but I never got the chance to say how he got there and who put him there). ...

"Surely not the Wizard of Oz, " she said with a sneer.

So, when exactly did the government of Canada first contact you about Brazil? I'd asked her over our next lunch.

"We were never contacted by the government to do stuff in Brazil, [it was] the other way around," she said. She had heard about Chico Mendes and the rubbertappers' union and knew protection of the rainforest's biological diversity was an important part of the *World Conservation Strategy*. Mendes she considered "a perfect combination of labour and environmental interest. Perfect. You don't get that often."

"When he was shot, [on] WEB it was like JFK [Kennedy] had been shot. It was very JKFesque in the reaction of the world community—shock, horror, and great grief. ... People called bearing concern. [We had] a call from ... OPSEU, the Ontario Public Service Employees Union, who asked if Pollution Probe could help give [an] award ... a posthumous award."

She explained that WEB is a computer network. I then remembered an advertisement posted on the wall of Pollution Probe's reception room. The ad invited all interested persons to learn about a computer information network that bridged groups around the world. The ad said:

> "One Planet One World"
> NIRV Centre (WEB, Southern African Resource Centre, Ontario Council for International Co-operation)

and gave an address.

It seemed to me Pollution Probe had been interested in Brazil before that, I said. What about the first Toronto fundraiser for Paiakan?

"I didn't have anything to do with Paiakan till it happened," she said. "I was never invited to participate and co-sponsor."

But Janine, I said, a Canadian embassy official said he contacted you personally and invited you down to Brazil.

But that was in 1989, she corrected. Ferretti had by then developed a project proposal on Brazil. She didn't want her campaign of international programs at Pollution Probe to go after the case of the week; her interest had been to "inject in Canadian foreign policy making in aid a certain amount of environmental responsibility." She had decided to focus on Brazil as a case study. She had worked on a package on Brazil's rainforest and Canadian aid policy from February until June 1989. By May, she had sent a project proposal to various funding agencies.

But why had she chosen Brazil? I asked, sharply. There's rainforest in Indonesia; you already had connections in Indonesia. There's rainforest in Africa; you had a network in Africa. So why Brazil?

"I can't speak Indonesian [the lingua franca of Indonesia is Bahasa Indonesia: there are many dialects]. You need it to get around. ... I didn't think we could afford the luxury of research—so much work had been done on Brazil—on the World Bank perspectives ... on policies that contribute to destruction. We wanted to see how Cana-

dian policies interacted. We focused on Brazil. We had a discussion with Brazilian NGOs—by mail, fax—we had contacts—like Mary Allegretti from the work with Chico Mendes. She was our node."

Ferretti had previously met Allegretti in Washington. Ferretti had put together the award in honour of Mendes for OPSEU while Paiakan was organizing the anti-dam meeting/demonstration at Altamira, but Ferretti had not gone down to Brazil for that. Why? She said she didn't have time. "Our focus is not indigenous people. ... It would not help us direct our objectives at Pollution Probe. It was not our line. Dams were not our issue."

I thought she protested too much.

Just not her focus, she'd reiterated. Her focus was "Canadian policies on Brazil—what should it be. ... Our goal of the project was to define Canadian foreign policy using Brazil as an example to minimize Canada's contradictions, fill in gaps. ... We applied to CIDA. At the time, they didn't want to fund any environment groups ... unless [the groups] were willing to dig holes or grow trees. I also sent a copy to External Affairs' Brazil desk."

Now, why did you do that? I'd asked, quite surprised.

"To make sure you are relevant to policy makers," she'd said, adding that she didn't want to go behind anyone's back. She had sent in her proposal in May, 1989. Her project application included going to Brazil and talking to relevant players. She had got a call from the Canadian embassy in Brasilia saying they had heard Pollution Probe was interested in Brazilian NGOs. She had been invited to attend a meeting of NGOs "to find out who the players are," so "we could develop an itinerary."

I thought about this for a few moments. It made little sense to me. Phil Hazelton of CIDA had been trying to find any Canadian groups interested in Brazil since December of 1988. He'd gone to Cultural Survival Inc. to ask them to drum up a Canadian subsidiary. If she had gone to Paiakan's demonstration at Altamira in February, she'd have met several important Brazilian NGOs with ease. She wanted to be a critic of Canadian foreign policy, but she had waited to be invited to Brazil by the Department of External Affairs, the policy makers. She had made herself dependent on the government department she wished to evaluate. I found that striking.

Who did she mean by *we*? I'd asked.

There had been more groups than Pollution Probe in this foreign affairs project, she'd said. The others included the World Wildlife Fund Canada; the Anglican Church; Catholic Development and

Peace; the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society; Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief. Elizabeth May of Cultural Survival had gotten involved at the last moment.

This too seemed odd. Of these groups Pollution Probe had the least experience of Canadian aid in Brazil. Scarboro Foreign Mission Society had sent activist priests to Brazil since the military backed dictatorship began. WWF staffers had attended Altamira and had their own sources in Washington.

"I went down in July 1989 and did a reconnoitre," she'd said.

Was she aware that the Canadian embassy was auctioning off Brazilian NGO projects to various foreign embassies and their foreign aid agencies?

"I wasn't aware of the auctions," she'd said. "I do know that when I went it was at the time of a meeting of the agroforestry network where needs were being identified." She had been taken into the network meeting which was held in the embassy in Brasilia. She found some twenty-five people sitting around a table. They ranged from scientists to scruffy guys in from the backwoods. "I met Jose Carlos Libanio. He was the link between the groups and the embassy at the time. I met him for half a day. We got to know him." The idea behind her meeting these groups in the embassy was to find out if those groups wanted NGOs from Canada to come down. It was already known that there was sensitivity on the part of the government of Brazil concerning the international interest in its sovereign territory. "We didn't want to make more confusion."

So, where else had she gone to meet Brazilian NGOs besides the Canadian embassy?

Well, she'd said. She was in Rio for one day.

So she had only met with groups in the embassy?

Well, she'd said, the fact was she didn't have much time, she had two children back home in Toronto, so she took the advice of the group who came to the embassy for the network meeting.

Had she met Wim Groeneveld or Kimo?

She had. She thought Kimo was working then for the U.N. Development Program on computers. She didn't think he'd been at the embassy meetings although she thought he was doing something at the embassy too. She had met him at a party. The meetings at the embassy had lasted several days.

Did this not seem odd to her, I asked, meeting inside an embassy with these Brazilian NGO groups? If France, Japan, Germany, or the

U.S. ran such meetings with Canadian activist groups in their embassies in Ottawa, there'd be hell to pay.

"No," she said firmly. "This did not seem odd. Canada is seen as a neutral country that brings together people—except in a conflict where [there is a] priority Canada wanted to protect."

Where had she got the idea Canada is neutral? I asked, truly astonished.

"It was at the Environmental Liaison Centre, I worked with Kenyan groups who needed funding." In early 1981, she had worked for Gallon putting together lists of Kenyan NGOs who might participate in the alternate NGO conference organized to parallel the U.N. energy conference. She had learned that foreign governments' embassies kept funds available for local groups. She was told she had to be careful which countries were approached for such funds for Kenyan groups. USAID, for example, had a chequered history. "Canada does not have that reputation of a chequered past."

I laughed out loud again, thinking of Maurice Strong's aid skirmishes with the French in Africa, thinking of how his "special people" had first wrapped themselves in SNC's private cloak, then in CIDA's public one. Then what she had said really sank in. Canada had played these games giving funds directly to foreign environment NGOs as far back as 1981, maybe even before.

Look, I said, surely some of the groups who came to those meetings at the embassy were worried that the government of Brazil had them on tap?

Nobody had worried, she said. If a government like Canada was willing to give them a room to meet in and if funders (were willing) to fund, well. ... In Africa, in Kenya, it had been the Swedes and Danes and Canadians who did this funding. The U.S. was the embassy everybody stayed away from.

After she came back from Brazil she organized another trip down for the other groups involved in the project. She kept in contact with the people she'd met down there—particularly Tony Gross, then working with CEDI, and Jose Carlos Libanio. "We asked Tony and Carlos [and Mary Allegretti] to help develop our agenda and help us visit groups we hadn't met. ... We went down in June 1990. Elizabeth [May] asked to be involved in this." In Rio they met a woman who works with the Yanomami, in Sao Paulo they met with CEDI, with Rubens Born, with people from SOS Mata Atlantica, and with Fabio Feldmann.

You discussed the Rio Summit, didn't you, I said.

"They wanted to know what we thought," she said. "I suggested they play a major role in hosting the international event—invite NGOs of other countries as opposed to be[ing] run over." Her group then split in half—one went to the western side of the country, the other east. Ferretti went to Acre and Rondonia. She met with people from Brascan and looked at Canada's involvement with forests. She saw Wim Groeneveld's operation in Porto Velho. She didn't go to Aukre, Paiakan's village. "The other group went to Aukre," she said.

When she came back to Canada, Pollution Probe got involved with Ecoforum, the Brazilian umbrella group preparing for the Summit. Tony Gross, representing CEDI, and a man from SOS Mata Atlantica organized it. They both worked very closely with Chip Lindner. Pollution Probe had transferred to Ecoforum money from CIDA to bring Brazilian NGO representatives to Ecoforum meetings—about $15,000. She had no control over the project. This was the only project Probe had with a Brazilian NGO, and it would end with the Rio Summit. She'd just been to another prepcom in Geneva.

And at the prepcom, I asked, Kimo was there and he was really vocal, right?

Yes, she said. Kimo was there.

She had excused herself and left the restaurant.

I had gone home and got a copy of the report about that June 1990 trip to Brazil. It was called *A Tropical Forest Policy for Canada Mission to Brazil: A Case Study*. It had been written by Ferretti's colleague Carole Saint-Laurent. Ferretti had said repeatedly that indigenous people were not Pollution Probe's focus. Yet the report devoted one whole section to rainforest people like the Kayapo and Yanomami, and her Pollution Probe colleague Carole Saint-Laurent, did go to Paiakan's village, Aukre. There was a picture right there in the report. The document said the group had been working together since 1988, not the spring of 1989 as Ferretti said. Some member groups of this coalition had written to Brascan as part of another coalition to ask about its operations on Indian lands in Brazil. Those letters were sent in May 1989, when Ferretti said she submitted her proposal to External Affairs.

One afternoon I found myself wondering about Kimo, the American who worked with Groeneveld's Institute in Porto Velho, the man who claimed to remember everything said to him by one of Maurice Strong's secretaries, the man who'd said "no press, it's been decided" to discourage attendance at the NGO organization meeting

in Geneva, the man who had seemed so well known to the Canadian officials in Geneva. I was fascinated that Janine Ferretti had met him at an embassy party in Brazil.

I found his card in one of my notebooks. Langston James Goree VI, it said. He had mentioned he was from an old Texas family and that there was still a prison named for the Goree family outside Houston. I located the prison in Huntsville: the name Goree was well known to the head of the local historical society. He thought the family went back before oil, to the days of Sam Houston, and that Kimo's father was connected in some way to the University of Texas at Austin and the Texas A & M Research Foundation.

The University of Texas at Dallas said a Langston James Goree VI had got his B.A. in 1985 and in 1986 his M.A. In January 1987, he had enrolled as a doctoral candidate at the Austin campus in Latin American Studies. Among his professors was John Foster Dulles, Jr., the son of Eisenhower's secretary of state and nephew of Eisenhower's director of the CIA. Under Dulles, Goree had studied the history of modern Brazilian government. Another of his professors had written a letter of recommendation when Goree applied in February 1988 for a fellowship to attend a federal university in Brazil. The letter said Goree spoke Portuguese well, knew and understood Brazil where he had lived on his own, and that the focus of his doctorate was Brazil. Goree had been offered a position as a special student at the Federal University at Campinas, in the state of Sao Paulo. He had also been offered a position as an intern with the U.N. Development Program in Brasilia from May to July 1988. His application said his work with UNDP would be to "mediate computer capacity for the UNDP." The U.N. Development Program has long been considered the preserve of U.S. interests at the U.N.; just as the U.N. Environment Program has become the preserve of Canadians.

As things turned out Goree didn't learn till he got to Brazil that he had not got the university fellowship. He stayed in Brazil anyway. I wondered what was so special about his computer skills that the UNDP wanted him instead of a Brazilian and what was so important about an internship for the UNDP that he effectively abandoned his doctoral studies to do it.

L. J. Goree V, Kimo's father, explained to me that Kimo had left school early, travelled extensively, and made his living in show business, before he had finally persuaded him to finish his degree and go for his doctorate. He said his son had an extraordinary knowl-

edge of computers; it was his facility with them that made him valuable to the UNDP.

He said Kimo was particularly adept at the telecommunications of computer information. He had not only worked for the UNDP but also worked on a consultancy basis for the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. Long after completing this work for the embassy, Kimo had continued to have a relationship with the government of Canada. Mr. Goree thought it all had something to do with this U.N. thing in Rio. During the final preparatory conference in New York for the Earth Summit in Rio de Janiero, Kimo and his girlfriend had been responsible for publishing a bulletin about what was going on.[3]

Dr. Mike Conroy, a professor of economics at the University of Texas at Austin, was more explicit about Goree's computer knowledge. Dr. Conroy had been an associate director of the university's Latin American Studies program when Goree joined the doctoral program. Conroy had hired Goree to set up the microcomputer lab for that department. When Goree began, the department had one desktop computer. Three years later, there was one on every desk. Goree had ordered the machines, set them up, taught the staff and students the computer languages available, and fixed machines if they broke. He solved hardware and software problems. Goree had also set up the online capacity for the department. He had created the computer communications network called the Latin American Studies Network. He had become the co-ordinating point for a global network of six hundred scholars and others. This network included groups as varied as Indians from Ecuador to physicists in Chile. It was also capable of connecting with other networks: one could use the network to send and receive electronic messages worldwide. A person with an account on one network could get a list of subscribers to many other networks and converse by computer without making expensive long distance phone calls.

Using already existing networks, Goree had collaborated on a system that allowed UNDP officers to send their telex transmissions in bursts worldwide. "I understand he was instrumental in setting up the Brazilian node for PeaceNet and EcoNet," Dr. Conroy said.

The word *node* finally surfed to the top of my consciousness. Carr of the Western Canada Wilderness Committee had said she was proud to be the west coast "node" for WILD mappers. Ferretti had said her "node" in Brazil was Mary Allegretti's Institute for Amazon Studies. Herbert de Souza's brochures on IBASE said it acted as a "node" for five or six different networks. The University of Texas

was connected to a network of IBASE's called Alternex. I wondered: had Kimo done similar work at the Canadian embassy in Brasilia? Had he set up the embassy on some sort of computer network?

I explained to Conroy how odd I found it that the Canadian embassy had hired Goree to provide computer services. After all, Goree is an American. Embassies are careful about letting foreign nationals and even Canadians without security clearances near their information systems.

Conroy said he didn't like my line of thinking. He said I shouldn't think of Kimo as an American. And I certainly shouldn't think of him in the more sinister context of an American with access to Canadian secure information systems. In Conroy's view, Goree was more like an expatriate. Goree had become a regular contributor to those computer networks that were global in reach. In fact, lately he had been publishing electronic reports on the Rio Summit on these networks.

That was how I first found out that Maurice Strong's Global Governance loop now encompassed a new computer network providing electronic coverage of events at the Rio Summit, that there are more ways to push concepts out into the world than paying for PGOs to attend U.N. meetings, that there are more ways to feed ideas out to the grassroots than getting a newspaper or television reporter to give a story the right slant, or by forming a relationship with Ted Turner. Who, reading an account of events at the Summit available through a network on their computer, would think to ask who drafted it, who paid for it, what the relationship to the events being described actually might be? Who would wonder if Langston Goree's reports on the preparatory conference for the Rio Summit were objective? Wouldn't one just assume the writer worked for a legitimate non-governmental organization if the reports came up on an NGO network? What better way to shape the debate than to provide NGOs that refused to become PGOs, that spurned CIDA's coin, that danced away from business interests, with a "fact" base about the negotiations? How many groups outside the Global Governance loop had access to independent information resources? Information is power—that's what de Souza had said.

I didn't know much about these computer networks, how they functioned or whom they reached, but I did know that many newspapers and a lot of NGOs are online. Pollution Probe had been given, anonymously, $54,000 worth of computer equipment. Pollution

Probe was online through the WEB. NIRV Centre in Toronto was the advertised access point for WEB.

I called the NIRV Centre. The person who answered said WEB had computer contact with 1,400 Canadian organizations. WEB, a Canadian network, had been started by the Ontario Environmental Network with money received from Environment Canada in 1987 when Gallon and May worked in the Ontario and federal environment ministers' offices. Bursaries had been made available for NGOs to link by computer with other environment groups across the country. The software used in these systems had then been made compatible with a similar U.S. network. All these groups across North America used the same UNIX operating system and the same software. WEB connected to U.S. networks called PeaceNet and EcoNet. These U.S. networks had been organized by the Institute for Global Communications in San Francisco into APC—the Association for Progressive Communications.

This larger U.S. network had also been forged in 1987—it had sixteen thousand members. Both the smaller networks EcoNet and PeaceNet and their organizer, the Institute for Global Communication, were funded by the Tides Foundation in San Francisco.[4] This larger entity—APC—had then merged with something called GreenNet in the United Kingdom. The whole network then embraced eleven subsystems interconnected worldwide. No, it was not interconnected with a more widely known system called Internet, which had been started by the U.S. Defence Department. All the users on this alternate network were individuals or non-profits. They paid a small connection fee, a small monthly charge, and time charges after a certain level of use. Each user selected a password and a key to his or her account. The communications were not encrypted.

Some of NIRV Centre's money came from the government of Canada. For example, Canada's IRDC had contracted NIRV Centre to set up computer transmission networks in Africa. To transmit data to Africa and back, NIRV used ordinary telephone lines. IBASE in Rio de Janeiro had joined this big NGO net with the help of the U.N. Development Plan sometime in 1989. Mary Allegretti was a member of the system. Langston Goree VI was not listed. "Kimo seems to float between networks," the spokesperson said. "I don't find him specified. We have an account line for him when he's here in Canada. I know he's done delivery of computer stuff [in Brazil]. ... We set up a temporary account here so he could use the system. We set up accounts with Alternex [the IBASE network] paid in Canadian dol-

lars. There were three different places there [in Brazil] where access was for free—it was [treated] as a local call."

Kirk Roberts, the executive director of NIRV, later explained he had helped create WEB, the Canadian network. The other people involved in the planning group had included Elizabeth May, Janine Ferretti, and Tim Brodhead of the development NGO CCIC (who also became a board member of Cultural Survival Canada). NIRV had just received more federal funds to get a network running in Ecuador and to expand the network used by ten or twelve African countries. Their African node was located in Kenya. The startup funds for that came from CIDA and the foreign ministry of the Netherlands.

A node, Roberts explained, is a place where information flows in to users from the network and out to the network from users. Only a very experienced UNIX programmer and one or two people who can use high level computer languages can operate such a node. One of the key people in this international linked system was British. His codename was MITRA. He had first linked British groups like Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth, and others through a commercial computer network service based out of Switzerland. Then he and an American had merged the U.S. and British systems. When the U.N. Development Program (UNDP) got access to their network, UNDP became the major funder of the new nodes placed in South America. The order of connections to this now-global system had happened like this: first, the U.S. and U.K. merged. Canada's WEB came in third, then Nicaragua, Brazil, Sweden, Australia. Then they added Moscow, Uruguay, Germany, Ecuador, and the nodes in Africa. By 1992 there were users in ninety-two countries. There didn't have to be a node in one's country to get access. Frequently, it was cheaper for people in Latin America to call the United States to get access to the system. The cheapest place to call from Africa was usually London. Even with such intermediary calls, the network was so cheap to use it was drawing users very fast. The network lists doubled every ten months.

The U.S.-based Association for Progressive Communication had been chosen by Strong's Summit secretariat as the official information carrier for the Rio Summit. Alternex, run by IBASE, had organized the project. Providing a computer network for NGOs and government delegations to use had taken two and a half years to organize. Goree had worked on this through Cultural Survival Canada.[5] He'd taken some computers down to Brazil. (He'd arranged to

import them while working at the UNDP.) They had all started work on this as soon as Brazil was named the site of the Summit conference—in the spring of 1989.

The spokesman for the Department of External Affairs was only able to confirm that Langston Goree had worked at the Canadian embassy in Brasilia. He was unable to confirm definitively all the services Goree had provided. He could say that Goree had taught the embassy staff how to use WordPerfect software.

I asked for a copy of Goree's contract or contracts with the embassy and the department. I was told it would take a long time.

While I waited for those contracts, I called Arthur Campeau to ask about Goree. By then Campeau had been named Canadian ambassador for Sustainable Development. He had moved to an office in the Department of External Affairs. He said Goree had been introduced to him at the first preparatory conference for the Rio Summit held in Nairobi in the summer of 1990. He could not recall who introduced him, nor could he remember why. He did know that Goree wrote, along with Johannah Bernstein and one other woman, the electronic and paper publication called the *Earth Summit Bulletin.* (After the Summit, Goree, Bernstein, and one other also provided similar reporting services on other U.N. negotiations.) Campeau thought their work had been contracted for by an NGO—the International Institute for Sustainable Development based in Winnipeg. He insisted that the International Institute for Sustainable Development is at arm's length from the government of Canada; therefore this bulletin published by Goree and Bernstein was also arms' length from the government.

The president of the International Institute for Sustainable Development, Art Hansen, also insisted that the relationship between his institute and government is arm's length. However, study of the annual reports of the institute did not support this contention. The institute is a registered charity, but it is a PGO, not an NGO. Its purposes should have disqualified it from getting charitable registration. It was incorporated as a non-profit March 15, 1990 "to promote the concept of environmentally sustainable economic development and the integration of the principles and practices of sustainable development within and between the public, private and voluntary sectors on a national and international basis."

Promotion of government policy is not a charitable act, nor is it the same thing as arm's length independence. In fact, the institute is almost entirely dependent on governments for its existence. It was

financed by funding arrangements, or contracts, signed with the government of Canada and the province of Manitoba, for five years. The government of Canada through Environment Canada gave $11,800,000; CIDA promised $5,000,000; the Western Diversification Fund, $150,000; Manitoba promised $6,300,000. That's a grand total of $23,250,000 of taxpayers' dollars. This institute had no other sources of revenue in 1991, the year Maurice Strong, the secretary general of the Rio Summit, was appointed to its board. It earned only $76,672 in independent revenue in 1992: even that appears to have come from the Business Council for Sustainable Development in Geneva. The Council paid the institute for "research" to be used in a book published by Stephan Schmidheiny promoting the Rio Summit. The institute helped pay for another such book by Shridath Ramphal. One of the institute's staff was assigned to Strong's secretariat to edit Agenda 21. I later learned the institute also sent its board members and staff to meetings associated with the Summit, flying them down to Rio for a board meeting held there during the Summit.

The institute did not become independent after the Summit either. The 1994 annual report covering the year 1993 showed its communications and partnerships program, by far the largest program, brought in $425,000 in outside funding while spending more than $2 million. Most of that outside funding also came from governments (including other branches of the government of Canada and, interestingly, USAID). That outside revenue almost made up for the $292,000 the institute spent servicing the institute's directors. When directors include former politicians and officials from Indonesia, Sweden, Zambia, Jamaica, and Algeria, expenses to bring them to meetings do get high. Maurice Strong's associate, Jim MacNeill, formerly of the Brundtland Commission, joined the board. (He became chair in 1994.) Strong's associate, Prime Minister Brundtland of Norway, Jose Goldemberg of Brazil and Shridath Ramphal of Guyana, all ministers or former ministers, were listed as friends of the institute. (Goldemberg who became a Brazilian cabinet minister in 1992 was on the board in the first year. In 1994 he testified on behalf on Ontario Hydro International's foreign adventures at the request of Maurice Strong without noting their affiliation through the institute.) The government of Canada also appointed "advisory participants" to the board. By 1994 they included the head of CIDA, the head of IDRC, and Campeau's replacement as an ambassador—John

Fraser, former Speaker of the House of Commons, then Canada's ambassador for the environment. Some arm. Some length.

During the period leading up to and during the Summit, the relationships between Goree and the government of Canada were more direct than working for a government of Canada PGO. Documents concerning Goree and Bernstein eventually sent from External Affairs were sufficient to establish that the relationships with the government were complex—Maurice Strong's kind of complex.

After performing intern services for the U.N. Development Program in Brazil during the summer of 1988, Goree became a program officer at UNDP. During that period, he performed some contracted services for the Canadian embassy. He typeset on the UNDP's laser printer in English, Portuguese, and French speeches given in Brazil by the governor general of Canada, then Madame Sauvé, in February 1989. He was paid U.S. $300. In September 1989, he submitted an invoice to the embassy for one month of half-time computer instruction and maintenance—for which he was paid U.S. $1,000. There were several such payments. He also signed a consulting contract with the government of Canada through its agency, CIDA, on March 26, 1990. Part of the terms read as follows: "Whereas CIDA, having to submit to the Country Program Director in Hull a project proposal outlining its needs concerning the acquisition of computers to facilitate project planning and management in Brazil, has decided to hire the services of a consultant knowledgeable in computers and EDP services and familiar with the embassy's working environment and practices, to undertake a study which requires the provision of professional, technical advisory and other related services ... etc." Part of the contract was missing, but one of the appendices showed Goree was to be paid a small sum for advising CIDA on setting up a computer facility in an office outside the embassy; CIDA planned to make a small computer network in Brazil.

A field expenditure certificate showed that the embassy had also been authorized to pay Goree under another CIDA contract worth up to $30,000 Canadian. CIDA did not respond to my requests for the particulars of this project, but the dates on one of the payment vouchers suggested this project may have predated the signing of the March 26, 1990 contract.

It took until May 1994 to get more from the Department of External Affairs detailing the government of Canada's relations with Goree, Bernstein, and the Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology (IPHAE) in Porto Velho. The department tried hard to

deflect my inquiries: it demanded payment up front of $2,000 to search for copies of any and all contracts signed by the government with Goree, Bernstein, or IPHAE, documents that every Canadian is entitled by law to see. It stretched its time allocations under the Freedom of Information Act to the limit. I settled for just those contracts and records that could be found in the Rio Summit files of the department.

These documents showed Goree had also been paid with Canadian taxpayers' dollars to do work at the first preparatory conference for Rio held in Nairobi in August 1990, long before I met him in Geneva at prepcom III. A background document submitted by the Institute for Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology (IPHAE) to the government of Canada showed that Goree and Anthony Gross of CEDI at that time had actually drafted the "guiding principles on which the International Facilitating Committee would be founded." At the Nairobi prepcom, Goree also published reports on the negotiations online under the name lgoree on EcoNET, ax:kimo on Alternex. "The reports Kimo and others sent back were invaluable to the U.S. organizing committee," this document said. Goree's attendance and expenses in Nairobi were paid for through "a grant [sic] from the Canadian Council for International Cooperation [CCIC] through a grant from The Canadian International Development Agency [CIDA]."[6] The document further stated Mr. Goree also represented at the prepcom the Brazilian NGO IPHAE. Among the things Canada's CCIC/CIDA paid him to do while he was there representing IPHAE was to stimulate among the other NGOs the use of computer networking as a communications tool for discussions leading up to the 1992 conference. The document summed it up: "Mr. Goree participated in the organizational meeting of the International Facilitating Committee ... the Plenary meetings, and Working Group II. For two weeks of the meeting IPHAE was the only developing country NGO represented at the prepcom meeting. At the closing session of the Plenary the IPHAE representative Mr. Goree presented the closing NGO statement."

Peter Padbury of the CCIC was unable to recall how or why his organization contracted to flow CIDA funds to IPHAE. He knew Kimo well; he knew his work well. He just couldn't recall when or how CCIC came to have a contract with IPHAE or what the nature of the contract was. He was not inclined to find out by getting out the copy of the contract. He thought that would take too much time. As it turned out, there was no contract. Kimo just submitted a bill

for services and CCIC paid. When it was suggested to Padbury that perhaps the embassy in Brasilia had made the introduction, had asked his organization to work with IPHAE, at first he said he didn't think so, and then asked what would be wrong with that?

Other documents showed the government of Canada had also considered paying IPHAE to be a hub of a Brazilian national environmental computer network. CIDA actually gave $23,000 to Cultural Survival Canada for the purpose of setting up such a computer network in Brazil: Cultural Survival Canada sent those funds to IPHAE. The government of Canada also contributed $90,000 to IBASE to expand its computer network.

The External Affairs documents also included a copy of a fax sent by T. Lonergan, then first secretary in the Canadian Embassy in Brazil, to Michael Small of the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa dated January 31, 1991. The fax stated that the government of Canada had received a proposal from IPHAE for project funding. In addition to the various funds set aside by Environment Canada and CIDA to pay for NGO attendance at the Summit, the government had also set aside a $1.3 million fund in the Department of External Affairs referred to as the Purple Martin Fund. This money was paid directly by the government of Canada to Brazilian NGOs over a three-year period starting in the financial year 1990-91. This was the kind of thing Senador Passarinho had said would be a violation of Brazil's sovereignty. About $200,000 was available in the first year of the fund's operations. The first project proposal from Brazil to tap into this money was submitted by Goree, who worked at IPHAE.

The fax letter from Lonergan read in part: "It should not surprise you that our guinea-pig is IPHAE. ... Let me know whether the format of presentation is convenient or if we need to amend it to include more [or less] information or otherwise to facilitate the decision-making at your end."

Lonergan's report was labelled "Environmental Cooperation with Brazil Purple Martin Fund Project Description Form. Project 3. IPHAE Project 1 Phase 1. Project Title: the Rio Summit: Information Dissemination and Mobilization at the Grassroots Level."

The report gave a history of IPHAE and its facilities—including its telecommunications, desktop publishing, library, and other information systems available for use by NGOs. "IPHAE is a resource centre for local and visiting researchers, diplomats, journalists, politicians," it said. IPHAE proposed publishing six bulletins over eighteen months in Portuguese for distribution to NGOs, media reps,

government agencies, and universities throughout Brazil, summarizing the Rio Summit process, decisions, meetings, and draft texts from the Secretariat. In addition, IPHAE proposed to organize a series of meetings two weeks before each official preparatory conference in the capitals of the Amazon states of Rondonia, Acre, Amazonas, and Para. "These meetings will bring representatives of the independent sectors together to discuss their concerns over issues to be discussed at the Prepcom meetings." IPHAE even proposed to represent all these groups at the preparatory conferences.

This proposal also had a chilling post-Rio component. "The process of redemocratization includes the implementation of new means of communication between representative groups of the civil society. ... One of the expected benefits of this project both during and after 1992 is to establish new ways of bringing information from international sources on the environment (multilateral organizations, NGOs in other countries and international NGOs, governments, etc.) to the Brazilian environment and development community. The other possible result of the IPHAE NGO meetings in Porto Velho, Rio Branco, Manaus and Belem would be the creation of an Amazon-wide NGO organization, not unlike SEAN, the NGO organization of the Northeast of Brazil."

In other words, this project was designed to organize Brazilian NGOs into meetings, to publish information about the preparatory conferences to be used by them and by media and scholars in Brazil, and, finally, to continue to pour information from abroad electronically to these politically active groups in Brazil after the Summit. Interestingly, little emphasis was placed on getting information out of Brazil. The project cost was estimated at $80,000.

By February 20, 1991, Goree was sent a letter confirming that the government of Canada would contribute $50,000 towards this project to be called "the Rio Summit Information Dissemination and Mobilization at the Grass Roots Level." The contract was signed by George Haynal, director general Economic Policy Bureau, John Bell, special adviser to the SSEA on the environment representing the government of Canada, and Langston Goree VI, as director, Institute of Prehistory, Anthropology and Ecology in Porto Velho.

Through this contract, the government of Canada paid for political organizing in Brazil and for the manufacture and dissemination of information about the Rio Summit to be fed to Brazilian NGOs, press, government, and scholarly communities who would have few independent means of keeping informed. In short—Canada paid an

American to do political organizing and propaganda activities in a foreign country.

As Kimo would tell me later, most of his proposal was implemented. He was proud to say the umbrella group of Amazon NGOs had actually been created and had an office in Brasilia. He also said it was Elizabeth May who recommended that CCIC give Kimo a contract to stimulate the use of electronic communications among NGOs at the first prepcom in Nairobi. She confirmed it. She was introduced to Kimo by Michael Small of the Department of External Affairs. She said Small was her friend.

There were no documents in the file that showed when this information dissemination scheme went global, when someone got the bright idea that if you could feed stuff into the political process in Brazil through electronic networks, you could feed it to journalists and taxpayers at home, too. This next step was taken some time before the fourth preparatory conference in New York in 1992. That is when Langston Goree, his wife Pamela Chasek, and Johannah Bernstein first published daily accounts of events in English as the *Earth Summit Bulletin.* This bulletin was distributed free to NGOs, officials, the press in attendance at the conferences, and those following things on various computer networks. A letter of commitment dated July 16, 1992 (just after UNCED) from the government of Canada to Goree promised to contribute $5,000 to another *Earth Summit Bulletin.* This letter referred to terms and conditions already established by the government in earlier versions of the *Earth Summit Bulletin.* The government of Canada also filed these bulletins as reports by Johannah Bernstein to the government of Canada.

According to Chasek, it was staffers at the World Resources Institute, where Peter Thacher was a fellow, who suggested at the third prepcom in Geneva that Goree et al. publish a daily report in English. The first money for this came from the Ford Foundation. Then the International Institute for Sustainable Development in Winnipeg put up funds. They published at the fourth prepcom and at Rio. The publisher was listed as the Island Press—a Washington, D.C. based NGO. Thus, Bernstein, Goree, and Pamela Chasek acted as editors and reporters on the *Earth Summit Bulletin,* at the same time Goree and Bernstein organized NGOs and worked for NGOs accredited to the Summit. They were indirectly paid for these services by the taxpayers of Canada.

In October 1992, the name of the *Earth Summit Bulletin* was changed to the *Earth Negotiations Bulletin.* A contract arrangement

was signed between the government of Canada and the International Institute for Sustainable Development, which became the publisher. The *Bulletin* publishes daily reports of U.N. meetings dealing with the issues raised by the Rio Summit. The government of Canada committed itself to pay half the direct costs of this publishing project. By July 1993, Goree had become a staff employee of the International Institute for Sustainable Development in Winnipeg, although he lived and worked out of an apartment in New York and had two cellular phones (one of which was good for calls from Toronto to Europe). The *Earth Negotiations Bulletin* was described in the Institute's annual report of 1994 as the only daily coverage of events at U.N. meetings regarding post-Rio issues (it wasn't) and the Institute's "flagship" publication. From March 1993 to March 1994, the total costs to the Institute for this publication were $530,000, of which $279,550 were directly Canadian tax dollars.

By 1993 Johannah Bernstein had taken a new job with a new NGO started at the Rio Summit called Earth Action International, although she still worked with the *Earth Negotiations Bulletin* from time to time. Earth Action International indirectly got money from the government of Canada too—through a grant given by the IDRC to the U.N. Association of Canada. Earth Action also got support from the Rockefeller Foundation and from UNEP. In fact, it was paid by UNEP to stimulate media and NGO interest in certain issues. Earth Action International issued "media action alerts" on a monthly rotating basis to some nine hundred NGO members in the general areas of environment, development, and peace. These alerts were published electronically. Bernstein worked out of the Brussels office. There were other offices in Massachusetts, in Oakland, California, and in Santiago, Chile, but none in Canada. Officials at the Massachusetts office described Earth Action as both a political lobby and an advocacy organization. It aimed its lobby activities at politicians and civil servants in the European Parliament and in the U.S. Congress. The IDRC official I consulted said it had given money to the U.N. Association of Canada to allow it to link to the "press service" of Earth Action. The official didn't know the organization considered itself both a political lobby and an advocacy group. He agreed one ought not be both a press service and a lobby or advocacy organization.

Twenty-three

On with the Show

Very little of this electronic communication surfaced in the newspapers as reports about the Rio Summit in the early days of 1992. There was very little coverage of any kind—with the exception of reports about the women's meeting organized in Miami by Bella Abzug. Prepcom meetings came and went. No agreements on conventions or terms of trade were announced. In the U.S., where it was primary season, some in the White House advised George Bush not even to attend. Commentators who finally began to write on the issue said if Bush didn't go to Rio, there wasn't much point holding a Rio Summit at all. Bush said he was worried Rio would be a forum for bashing the United States. He might have said Rio would be a forum for bashing a Republican president of the United States. A lot of Democrats were organizing Rio.

However, when the time was right, Maurice Strong's networks went to work. The movement of the Summit into the public eye in the U.S. then took on all the inevitability of mud sliding down the face of a denuded mountain. It was an awesome experience to sit in Toronto, reading the newspapers, listening to radio, watching TV and to see the Summit float into focus out of the background of a million other daily issues—to watch the hubs on Strong's networks spark and spin. A thousand voices began to sing of sustainable development, biodiversity, climate change, summitry. There were many background stories about impending environmental doom and how we might be saved. These stories were countered with opposing views. The result was a great deal of media coverage.

First, at the end of February, the *Millennium* TV series, brought to you by the forces of trade not aid at the Body Shop and Cultural Survival U.S., went to air. Amazingly, considering it had a host who was less than a star, it was reviewed. The first show had shots of a pensive Maybury-Lewis wrestling with the moral dilemma of whether or not to make first contact with an aboriginal tribe secreted in the darkest reaches of Peru's rainforest. There were ethical long-

lens glimpses of hidden people. Maybury-Lewis's sonorous voice pushed out the big message: human cultures, like forests, should be diverse. Up with ethnic federalism, down with melting-pot nationalism: Western culture corrupts whatever it touches.

I remembered Strong telling me that one had to take corruption into account when stories began to emerge from Brazil about national political corruption. The Rio Summit was incidental to these stories, but they caught one's attention. If one read about the scandals in high places in Brazil, one found oneself reading about the Rio Summit too. Rooting out national corruption had been a theme of President Collor de Mello's election campaign. It was a Brazilian version of justice then, that the first big scandal had erupted over Collor's wife. She had been appointed the head of the largest charity in Brazil just as Collor's first finance minister imposed a harsh economic regime to control inflation. In early 1990, business and personal bank accounts were frozen. Millions of Brazilians were unable to get access to their own funds. However, charities were allowed full access to their accounts. As the inflation figures kept rising in spite of such draconian monetary measures, it was alleged that the charitable sector did a large business in moving funds for others: among the accused was the president's wife. By early 1992, such charges of corruption against various officials of the national government were as familiar as saliva on Pavlov's dog.

For example, in the last week of March 1992, the day President Collor de Mello called President Bush and urged him to attend the Rio Summit, the head of the Brazilian government task force coordinating the Summit resigned. It was alleged he had violated bidding rules when awarding a contract for the renovation of the Summit meeting hall. Warren H. Lindner (Strong's friend Chip) was quoted on 27 March defending the conference organization, saying "the momentum toward Rio is much too great for it to go fundamentally off track."

Rumblings of fury over corruption had issued regularly from the offices of Brazil's environment minister, Jose Lutzenberger. Jose Lutzenberger had hired Darrell Posey as an adviser on various matters. Posey represented him and Brazil on the Brazilian delegation at the early prepcoms. In late March 1992, Lutzenberger said IBAMA, the environmental protection agency, had turned into a timber sales office by virtue of its habit of selling blank timber licences out the back door. President Collor de Mello fired both Lutzenberger and the head of IBAMA. (Darrell Posey got the axe too.) The next week,

after a closed-door meeting with his minister of justice Jarbas Passarinho, and the military chiefs, the president also accepted the resignations of Passarinho, the foreign minister, the infrastructure minister, the labour and social welfare minister, the social action minister and the agriculture minister. He kept the ministers of the economy, army, navy, and air force. Jose Goldemberg, on the board along with Maurice Strong of the Winnipeg-based International Institute for Sustainable Development and a former director of a state power company, became environment minister in Lutzenberger's place. Collor de Mello also appointed Eliezer Batista da Silva, identified by the *New York Times* as "the former president of Brazil's largest mining company," as the secretary of strategic affairs. The *Times* did not mention Batista's role as a member of Schmidheiny's Business Council on Sustainable Development, which made him an adviser to Strong.

Around the time Strong went personally to see George Bush and ask him to come to Rio (along with Bush's own national security adviser, Brent Scrowcroft), the major media began to take full notice of Rio. The *New York Times* mentioned that commercials had begun to run in U.S. movie theatres urging people to urge Bush to go to Rio. These commercials had been arranged by a charitable organization called the Big Blue Foundation, based in Los Angeles. One who helped organize the Big Blue Foundation was identified as Benjamin Read, the president of another charity called the International Non-governmental Support Fund for the 1992 Conference on Environment and Development, later known as Ecofund '92.

Read was also a former U.S. undersecretary of state, a former president of the German-Marshall Fund, and, as he was happy to tell me, a friend of Maurice Strong's. He described Ecofund '92 as a U.S. charity created to raise money to support Strong's U.N. secretariat. He was very reluctant to say who had donated significant sums to this Big Blue Foundation. He didn't want to say where his charity, Ecofund '92, got its money either. He didn't refuse, he just said I would have to appear at his office in person to learn such facts. His office was in Washington, D.C.

Perhaps Read didn't want it publicly known before the Summit that the earliest contributors to this Ecofund '92 which was supposed to support Strong's office, the only ones at first, were the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation. Together they had given Ecofund $500,000. By 1992, the fund had taken in a lot more money. The Swiss maker of Swatch watches was allowed to sell watches

adorned with the Earth Summit logo, provided it paid a royalty to Ecofund '92. These sales netted Strong's support fund $2,813,493. Other contributors included various interests devoted to a Better World: the Japanese based Asahi Glass Foundation ($100,000); Aeon Group ($106,796); Atlantic Richfield Corporation ($25,000); Imperial Chemical Industries PLC ($40,000); European Communities ($38,000); Fiat Company ($100,000); Ford Foundation ($40,000); Kadokawa Shoten Publishing ($34,000); Kinki Nihon Tourist Company ($49,000); Felissimo Corporation ($129,990); Tides Foundation ($3,050); Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing ($100,000); OISCA International ($100,000); the American Conservation Association which I could not locate ($30,000); MacArthur Foundation ($150,000); Mott Foundation ($125,000); the government of Canada ($84,206); the International Institute for Sustainable Development ($55,622). The Ecofund '92 board was guided in its distribution of these funds by other friends of Strong's besides Benjamin Read: they included Jim MacNeill, formerly with the Brundtland Commission, but by then working, with the aid of Rockefeller funds, at the Institute for Research on Public Policy and in a business association with David Runnalls; William Moomaw from World Resources Institute (also supported by Rockefeller Foundation and Rockefeller Brothers Fund); Eliot Richardson (of Watergate fame), a Republican and lawyer active as a lobbyist for the government of Japan; and Strong's old friend from UNEP Peter Thacher.

By the time of the Rio Summit, Ecofund '92 had taken in close to $4 million. Not all of that money actually went directly to support the work of Strong's offices in Geneva and New York. More than $1.5 million was left unspent after the Summit was over.

On 12 April, the *Washington Post* magazine carried a pre-Summit cover story on Paulinho Paiakan under the title "The Man Who Would Save the World." The précis at the top of the story is worth repeating:

> Several years ago, a young Kayapo Indian named Paulo Paiakan left his village in the Amazon rain forest of Brazil in order to save it. He ventured to the outside world, warning that if the forest disappears, his people will die. Today he is still standing against the forces of destruction as time runs out. At stake is far more than the fate of a remote Kayapo village. The

> rain forest is one of the world's great biological treasures. If the Kayapo lose the forest that sustains their lives, so will we.

On the first page, Paiakan was quoted: "Since the beginning of the world, we Indians began to love the forest and the land. Because of this, we have learned to preserve it. We are trying to protect our lands, our traditions, our knowledge. We defend to not destroy. If there was no forest there would be no Indians."

The story presented Paiakan as a paragon of environmental virtue. While the writer noted that other Kayapo towns were severely affected by the invasions of loggers and goldminers and that Paiakan had worked as a government adviser on indigenous affairs for the Amazon, the story glossed over his role in making mining deals for the Gorotire Kayapo and his handling of those funds. A protest to stop a dam in the rainforest was referred to but not that Paiakan had organized it. It was acknowledged that Paiakan had acquired a plane—not for his security but to tell the world about how destroying his environment was also destroying ours. No connection was made between the plane and the Body Shop PLC.

The story said that "by June 1990, only Aukre and one other Kayapo community had refused to sell their tree-cutting rights to the loggers whose tactics included seductive offers of material goods to Indian leaders. ... In June of that year, racing against time, Paiakan completed negotiations for Aukre to make its own money while preserving the forest. Working with the Body Shop, an organic-cosmetics chain based in Britain, he arranged for villagers to harvest Brazil nuts and then create a natural oil to be used in hair conditioners. It would be their first product for export.

Paiakan returned with his triumphant news only to learn that other leaders of Aukre—during the previous month, in his absence—had sold the village's timber rights for two years. ..."

The reporter stated that logging trucks began rolling in and out of Aukre in 1991. (That was wrong by a year. Loggers were well established there in the summer of 1990.) The reporter praised President Collor de Mello for issuing a directive establishing demarcation for nineteen thousand square miles of Kayapo territory, almost half the total of Indian lands then demarcated in Brazil. The writer did not note that the Brazilian Indian group most notorious for profiting from mining and logging was also the most successful at getting demarcation—from a government selling blank timber licences out of the environment agency's back door.

The story said Paiakan was organizing an Earth parliament of indigenous leaders to run parallel to the Earth Summit in Rio. (In fact, Darrell Posey, Lutzenberger's adviser until Collor dumped Lutzenberger from his cabinet, was organizing the Earth Parliament. Support for the Earth Parliament came from the Body Shop PLC and a Texas-based charity called One World Now.) The reporter noted that the same day this magazine came out on the stands, the Turner Broadcast System would broadcast a show on Paiakan. At the end of the story, it was mentioned, prophetically, that a shaman was treating Paiakan's wife for an illness.

Brazilian-style arrangements moved to centre stage on 22 May just as the Summit was to begin. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that the brother of President Collor de Mello had accused the president of corruption. Pedro Collor de Mello ran the family communications business in Alagoas state, reportedly one of the most corrupt and lawless states in Brazil. (Another governor's wife was later portrayed in the *New York Times Magazine* as a Brazilian Imelda Marcos. It was alleged she and the state police ran an awesome protection racket.) Pedro Collor de Mello told *Veja* magazine and other papers that Paul Cesar Farias, the treasurer of his brother's election campaign, had pocketed $15 million in campaign funds, had set up tax dodge companies abroad, had channelled public funds to the president's allies. Pedro said his information would bring down the government. He said he had it all on a videotape in case something happened to him.

Late in the spring, the U.N. published a consensus science report stating that the global warming process was well underway and predicting a warming trend of between 1.5 and 4.5 degrees Celsius over the next fifty years. Other scientists said the eruption of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines and its spray of particles and greenhouse gases like CO_2 and methane into the atmosphere in 1991 had already led to distinctly *cooler* average temperatures. One scientist, Richard Lindzen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was quoted in the *Toronto Star* directly criticizing the U.N. report. His position, as reported in the *Star*, was: "Any poll taken shows that scientists are highly divided except on one issue ... there's 'no evidence at all' of warming caused by humans so far." Lindzen further argued that none of the global warming models had the physics base or the numerical accuracy to handle the question. Contrary to the U.N.'s figures,

Lindzen estimated an increase in average warmth of less than .33 degrees Celsius by the end of the next century.[1] Friends of the Earth Canada's Acting Executive Director Robert Hornung was quoted denigrating Lindzen's position by pointing to its impact: it would provide an excuse for governments or industry "to avoid taking action." A physicist at the University of Toronto then denigrated Lindzen's motives, suggesting Lindzen had made himself "very prominent" by "criticizing the conventional wisdom."

Newsweek carried a cover story on June 1 devoted to the Rio Summit. It opened with a description of a computer game called World3 which allowed players to change certain fundamental environmental conditions such as measures of soil fertility and industrial capacity. Most changes produced a series of terrifying results. Donella Meadows, one of the authors of this model, said, "If changes are not made then our computer model foresees collapse within 50 years." Dennis Meadows, her co-author, had predicted collapse once before—twenty years earlier, in fact, right on time for the Stockholm Conference. Meadows had then produced what *Newsweek* called the "notorious 1972 report 'Limits to Growth.'" Meadows had warned then that population growth might tip the world's economic or geological life support systems into collapse within one hundred years.

Newsweek wrote:

> Few thought its doomsday scenario possible. Few took it seriously. But then a funny thing happened. From fisheries in the North Atlantic to crop yields in Africa to timber harvests in Asia, exactly the sort of collapses foreseen in "limits" came about. These harsh facts of life have made for some strange bedfellows. From the private sector, the Business Council for Sustainable Development—forty-eight CEOs from firms such as Du Pont, Chevron, Nissan, and Mitsubishi, led by multibillionaire Stephen Schmidheiny—declared that the world must 'change course' or face a collapse of the systems that sustain life. From government, an anxious Robert McNamara, former head of the World Bank and secretary of defense, warned in December that the earth cannot tolerate its rising population and increasing pressures on resources. And from the developing nations, Shridath Ramphal,[2] former secretary general of the Commonwealth, predicted that "unless we bring ourselves to accept the need for global and far-reaching change, we are headed for catastrophe.

Newsweek presented small features and score cards and a good description of the back-room fighting at the Summit preparatory conferences between developed and developing countries. Puckish but pointed mention was made in the lead article, "Earth at the Summit," that there would be a parallel conference of nongovernmental organizations, including "groups of people temporarily out of power in their own homelands, such as Kurds, Tibetans and Democrats." U.S. senator Al Gore (D) was quoted saying Rio was a success before it started "simply because it has focussed the attention of world leaders on ... the new dimensions of the global environmental crisis."

Pedro Collor de Mello tried to retract his allegations against his brother, but it was too late. The Brazilian Congress had already set up a commission of investigation. Just as the Earth Summit began, the first freely elected president of Brazil since 1962 found himself under investigation with the threat of impeachment hanging over his head. An arrest order was made for Farias after he had already fled the country.

I followed the Summit on television and in the newspapers. CNN devoted a lot of time to it—only natural given that Barbara Pyle, the CNN environmental editor and a senior Turner Broadcast System employee, was also an official media adviser to Strong. A careful Maurice Strong was interviewed on CNN. Negotiations were hinted at, questions about disagreements nicely evaded. Canada and Australia quickly announced they would sign the agreements put forward by the negotiators. George Bush announced he'd go to Rio after all. Ted Turner and his wife Jane Fonda were shown walking the corridors of the Earth Summit hall.

The official Summit was a clockwork affair. However, from the first few days it was clear that something odd was taking place on the NGO side of things. The *Globe and Mail* and other news organizations reported that Chip Lindner's alternate NGO conference, the Global Forum, was $2 million short and was going to be closed unless money was forthcoming to pay suppliers. Lindner said there was real danger that the sound system and the lights for the public stages of this democratic side of Rio, the voice of the people, would be shut down before the conference really got rolling.

Something was also wrong over at the Indian village set up in a park in central Rio. Paulinho Paiakan was supposed to have appeared

there during the first weekend of the conference. He did not arrive. Word soon leaked that Paiakan was in hiding. The weekend papers carried pictures of Hanne Marstrand and Maurice Strong walking through the camp with the Dalai Lama. No Paiakan.

More stories about the Global Forum appeared. Most focused on whether or not it would be shut down. "I'm very frightened and I'm asking all of the groups gathered here not to leave us alone, " said Lindner at one point. He said the organizers of the forum had already spent U.S.$9.6 million. Tony Gross, described as Lindner's associate, told reporters that governments "cannot abandon us now ... the issues being discussed at Eco '92 are not just the province of governments. They don't have a monopoly on insights."

Any issues that might have been raised in public at the NGO forum by real grassroots NGOs upset about the degradation of the world were thus swamped by this scandal of missing money. Brazilian local governments claimed to have already handed over $2 million to Lindner when he first threatened to close the conference because he couldn't pay his staff. A Canadian official, when asked why Canada didn't do something, said that Canada had already given $500,000 and that was quite enough. Environmentalists began to complain that the alternate Global Forum was poorly run; high registration fees and booth rental fees had prevented some grassroots groups from attending but had not stood in the way of companies like Petro-bras and the World Bank, which were there at the forum as NGOs. (My file from Foreign Affairs showed that External had contemplated setting up as an NGO at the forum too.) A company went to court over irregularities in the way sound system contracts had been awarded. Bella Abzug passed a hat at a press conference to collect funds to keep the forum open.

The sound system was shut down. Bella Abzug was reduced to saying on CNN that it was outrageous that the voice of the people had been cut off in this fashion. Her last words were a small cry of "help."

And then, the Summit was ending. Invited to the podium to address the leaders of the world's governments, their minions, and the representatives on government delegations of the various phantom NGOs was one Severn Suzuki, David Suzuki and Tara Cullis's oldest daughter. She had attended the Rio Summit as a representative of the youth of the world. She talked about the terror felt by children who could not be assured by anyone that the water, the air, the soil would be fit for use in the future. Her words seared all hearts. Senator Al

Gore, soon to be Bill Clinton's vice-presidential running mate, said he was moved.

When the Rio Summit was over, Rockefeller-funded World Resources Institute vice-president Jessica Matthews began the post-event spin control. She wrote in *Newsweek* that in some ways, the Summit had been a success. It was not clear what success she was referring to. She could not have been referring to the CO_2 treaty most everyone signed, because it had no teeth; nor the green tax, because it had not been imposed. Possibly it was the Biodiversity Convention that was interesting, but not everyone had signed on. There was no agreement to transfer $125 billion a year to the Third World. Strong did manage to pry loose $2 billion to be managed by the World Bank and called the General Environmental Facility. It had been expected that Japan might provide more financial help. Certainly Japanese firms had written cheques for considerable sums to support Ecofund '92. Unfortunately, the Japanese prime minister had stayed at home to push through a bill to permit Japan to officially indulge in foreign adventures again and had to deal with a corruption scandal that eventually forced him to resign.

However, as with the Stockholm Conference, success meant different things to different players. Certainly, the control of this global platform had been brilliantly handled; virtually no one from the margins was heard from. The Saudis, who had lobbied hard against a green tax on hydrocarbon products, were well pleased by the results.

As with the Stockholm Conference, the governments of the Summit agreed that there should be created a new U.N. body called the Commission on Sustainable Development to continue dealing with matters unresolved at Rio. It was decided governments would have to find new money to pay for this commission's work. And as with the creation of the U.N. Environment Program twenty years earlier, it was also decided that this new body needed a new watchdog, an organization representing the people, to keep track of what was done and to blow the whistle. This new PGO was called the Earth Council. A committee was struck to bring it into being.

In July 1992, Maurice Strong was named by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney to the Privy Council of Canada. This appointment entitled him to be called the Honourable Maurice Strong for the rest of his life, a pat on the back for a job well done. After the Summit was over, in August, The Rockefeller Family put $50,000 into Ecofund '92 in

spite of the fact that there was already a surplus in the fund. It was later decided that Ecofund '92 should continue life under another name and that its surplus should be put to another use—providing funds for the new PGO to watch over the new Commission on Sustainable Development—the Earth Council.

A group of eminent persons were polled to see who should head this Earth Council. Maurice Strong's name was entered in the lists. At a meeting in November 1992 which was attended by many of his fellow directors from the International Institute for Sustainable Development, Strong became the Earth Council's first chairman. The Earth Council's offices were established in San Jose, Costa Rica. Costa Rica is a money haven like Switzerland. In 1949 it secured banking secrecy in its constitution.

Some time later, the charity Ecofund '92 in Washington changed its name to the Earth Council Foundation U.S., but it began to spend leftover Rio money right away in support of this new venture: Peter Thacher said $285,000 was spent to get things going, but it was, he said, used in New York, not sent out of the U.S.

In August 1992, around the time Ecofund U.S. got a $50,000 donation from The Rockefeller Family, Maurice Strong and his friend Senator Jack Austin caused to be incorporated a Canadian non-profit corporation called the Earth Council Foundation. Its purpose is to raise funds for the Earth Council in Costa Rica. It is *not* registered as a federal charity for tax purposes, so it does not file a public statement with Revenue Canada's charities division stating its revenues and expenditures. Through an agreement signed with certain ministers of the Costa Rican government, this Canadian entity is treated as a Costa Rican charity with special international tax free and duty free status for its employees, in spite of the fact it is a Canadian entity over which Costa Rica has limited authority and oversight. The Costa Rican ministers who signed this agreement were: the minister of foreign affairs, the minister of natural resources, and the minister of mines. After Strong was appointed chairman of Ontario Hydro, the Earth Council Foundation office in Canada became Strong's office on the nineteenth floor of the Hydro building in Toronto. Strong had one Hydro employee detailed to handle these non-profit affairs. I was told he had permission to do these things from the premier of Ontario, Bob Rae. The premier refused to comment.

I was also told there was no need to worry that the money put into Ecofund '92, a U.S. tax-exempt charity, for one purpose (the support

of Strong's Rio office) was now being turned to another, the support of a non-profit Canadian corporation with arrangements in Costa Rica but no Costa Rican incorporation. Peter Thacher, the new president of the renamed Ecofund '92, now the Earth Council Foundation U.S., said I was not to worry about the various errors in reporting to the U.S. IRS I had spotted in the 1992 returns he sent me. These matters were the unfortunate result of Benjamin Read's untimely death and would be taken care of.

One could also take comfort from the fact that Maurice Strong's old colleague, accountant Bill Holt, the man who helped him buy and sell Commerce Capital for Stronat back in 1976 while Strong ran Petro-Canada, who helped manage Strong and Nathanson's interests through the Procor, AZL, Sogener, and Tosco transactions, was treasurer of the Earth Council. I read the auditor's report of the year ended October 31, 1993 for the Earth Council Foundation with interest. The audit said $1.3 million in revenue had come to the Canadian non-profit controlled by Jack Austin, Maurice Strong, and board members (Jim MacNeill, Peter Thacher, and executive director Alicia Barcena Ibarra). This money mostly came from the Earth Council Foundation U.S.—controlled essentially by Thacher and MacNeill. Although Peter Thacher had insisted to me that none of the Ecofund '92 funds had left the U.S., in fact the audit said $1.3 million had been transferred from Earth Council Foundation U.S. to the Canadian non-profit Earth Council Foundation which is not a registered charity. In sum, charity money gathered for the Rio Summit Secretariat in the U.S. had been put to the use of a new global organization based in two other countries.

Within three months of the Earth Summit at Rio, demonstrations on the streets had forced Collor de Mello to step aside from his office while the Brazilian Congress prepared to impeach him. (In 1994 the Brazilian courts acquitted him.) Once again, after just two years in office, a democratically elected president of Brazil was out of power and his vice-president ran the government. No one knew much about Itamar Franco. No one had anything good to say about national governments. So corrupt. So corrupt!

From the safety of his office in Geneva, months after the Summit was over, Chip Lindner was still outraged over what had happened to his Global Forum. He'd been promised full support by the government, but none of the Brazilian industries he'd approached for

funds had offered anything. Well, he said, "that didn't pass the sniff test." Certain forces he wouldn't identify just hadn't wanted the thing to happen. They had attempted "to discredit." It had begun with a report in a major Brazilian paper on the fourth day of the Summit, which said the federal police had a dossier alleging Lindner had confiscated $7.2 million from the forum and channelled the funds back "to our organization in Switzerland." Lindner immediately denied it, as did Strong, who said an attack on the NGO forum was an attack on the whole conference. Under the provisions of Brazilian law, Lindner had the right to see any incriminating documents against him held by government officials. When he demanded these documents, the answer came back that there was no dossier. "The head of the police held a press conference with me and Maurice to say it was untrue, " said Lindner. The newspaper offered to print a retraction.

Since his return to Geneva, he'd launched a new campaign to raise funds to pay off the suppliers. Contributions totalling $2 million had been pledged already by Strong, UNDP, UNEP, UNICEF, the Mott Foundation, the Rockefeller Family, Banco Regio Globo, the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, the Ford Foundation, the foreign affairs department of Sweden, and the environment department in Germany. Canada had kindly said its grant to the Centre for Our Common Future could be used to pay suppliers in Brazil. Nevertheless, he was still $1 million short. It was all awful. The Centre had been forced to put in its own operating budget to get the thing going and "still not a penny repaid."[3] Lindner hoped the Centre would in future participate in the Earth Council in Costa Rica.

And what about Paulinho Paiakan? It was Paiakan and his marvellous oratory in St. Paul's Church that had drawn me into this story in the first place. It was Paiakan who was responsible for my education; Paiakan who, in the end, made me question everything I thought I knew about the environment movement and its relationship to governments and global business; Paiakan who led me to the attempts by those with global business interests to create a system of global governance. Following Paiakan had led me to the Global Governance Agenda and to the amazing Maurice Strong, the honourable poor boy who had played such a vital role in the domestic politics I used to think I understood. It was Strong who showed me how the private and public interests converge in the covert world, how this conver-

gence is reshaping the political and economic realities of the globe. I owed a great deal to Paiakan.

Paiakan, as it turned out, had become a grave inconvenience. Before he could mount the global stage set at the Rio Summit, he was brought down so low it was hard even to remember that he had once spoken from a pulpit in Toronto, light shining down upon him like the truth from above. In the first week of the Summit, *Veja* magazine published stories about Paiakan accusing him of the rape and mutilation of a young woman. This deed was alleged to have taken place just on the edge of Paiakan's ranch outside Redencao. *Veja* said that Silvia Leticia da Luz Ferreira, an eighteen-year-old farmer's daughter, had been raped by Paiakan with the help of his wife Irekran in front of their own daughter. A judge had ordered the preventive imprisonment of Paiakan.

Veja reporters recounted these events. A week before the Summit, Paiakan had invited Silvia, who taught his children Portuguese, to attend a barbecue at his ranch. There was drinking at the party. Paiakan offered to drive Silvia home. He, his wife, his daughter, and Silvia got in the car. *Veja* alleged that on a dark stretch of road, Paiakan stopped the car, turned off the lights, locked the doors, then began to hit the girl. With the help of his wife, he raped her. The *Veja* story was horribly graphic about the mechanics of the rape and torture. It said Paiakan was interrupted by his own caretaker, who heard screams and came running with his shotgun. Silvia was taken home. Paiakan remained in Redencao for two days as if all was normal. When Silvia's father returned from his trip, she was taken to the police station. Paiakan drove up and down in front of the police station. When he heard he was wanted, he got in his plane and flew to Aukre.

Veja said that if the rape had not occurred, Paiakan would not be in Aukre but present on the world stage with personalities like the Dalai Lama and Shirley MacLaine. *Veja* went on to charge that since 1989, the Kayapo had made more than U.S. $60 million selling mahogany from their lands. This was not blamed on Paiakan. "Paiakan was against the contracts with the white man's timber companies, but was forced by his own tribe to negotiate his green treasure. Obviously he has no problem regarding displaying external signs of wealth."

Veja was irritated that the head of FUNAI, the Brazilian Indian agency, had tried to keep these rape allegations a secret during the Rio Summit. *Veja* was irritated that others sought to absolve Paiakan.

Veja considered this protection of Paiakan's right to be considered innocent until proven guilty at trial as an example of infantilization of Indians by environmentalists. Another example of this was Dr. Darrell Posey's reaction in a *Veja* follow-up story. He was quoted saying the rape story had been fabricated to avoid the creation of another Chico Mendes. *Veja* ripped into CNN as the prime example of this tendency. "It is the largest cable tv network in the world, seen in over 100 countries. On Friday, all evidence of the rape had been recorded when Barbara Pyle, an employee of CNN and a fanatic about ecology, led a petition at Eco '92 against *Veja* Magazine because it had divulged first hand the subject involving Paiakan. 'We are shocked and appalled about the sensationalist coverage of *Veja* about the accusations against Paiakan, a renowned indigenous leader and defender of his people and their land,' says the document distributed by the offices of CNN in Rio ... 'this is flagrant racism. This type of report gives incentive to the moral massacre and physical extermination of the indigenous people which began 500 years ago in the Americas and continues today.' " *Veja* went on to the truly outrageous conclusion that this meant CNN, represented by Pyle, was in favour of rape.

Veja stated again that Paiakan had been ordered to preventive detention by the investigating judge. "A crime has more than been proved," said *Veja*. Two days later, *Veja* said, Paiakan admitted having relations with Silvia but refused to confess to rape. Instead, he pointed at his wife Irekran. He said the student had consented: Irekran had attacked the student in a jealous rage. *Veja* pointed out that since Irekran has not travelled as widely as Paiakan and speaks little Portuguese, she could not be sued or incarcerated under Brazilian law, while Paiakan could be treated as an acclimatized Brazilian. Paiakan had refused to be tried and declared himself an Indian under the law. Although his arrest was ordered, no one went to Aukre to pick up Paiakan.

Veja inveighed against environmental groups that had tried to keep this secret. It cited approvingly Friends of the Earth International, which had apparently washed its hands of Paiakan. One of its members had delivered a note "advising that his organization had not maintained relations with Paiakan since 1990 due to accusations involving him with timber companies." Lutzenberger was quoted saying, "Paiakan is a disaster. He has always sold timber from the Indian reservation." *Veja* said that Friends of the Earth in London had had confidential information showing Britain bought thirty-five

thousand mahogany trees in 1990, 69 per cent of which had been sold by the Kayapo. It also quoted Indians who washed their hands of Paiakan. " 'This fight is not ours,' said Kuben-i, Chief of the Gorotire tribe, neighbouring Paiakan's land. 'We will fight for our land and our forest: that is all.' "

In a third story, *Veja* moaned that a Hollywood movie on Paiakan had been put on hold, that Paiakan had been paid $4,000 per month for rights to his story since September 1990, and the total share of rights was $250,000. Jose Carlos Castro, described as Paiakan's lawyer, was named as the source of this allegation. Pyle was alleged to have helped in these transactions but not been paid for her services. "Last week Barbara Pyle sent a letter to *Veja* saying that she had known Paiakan for four years but she had never had any business dealings with him."

Barbara Pyle sent me her own comments on these allegations which she had prepared at the request of a CNN executive and TBS board member. She also sent along her company's translations of the *Veja* articles (which I have used here). In her memo she claimed to have counted six dozen inaccuracies that she could prove in the *Veja* stories. She said she did not know about any film deal with Paiakan. She also enclosed her letter to *Veja* written about ten days after the Summit on Turner Broadcast System Inc. letterhead. It said she attended the Earth Summit in her capacity as vice-president of Environmental Policy for Turner Broadcasting System "reporting for Network Earth, a weekly TBS broadcast. ... In addition, I served as Special advisor on Media to Maurice Strong, Secretary General of the Conference. I received no compensation or payment from the United Nations.

"At no time did I either work for or represent CNN at Rio '92."

She said the letter sent to *Veja* had been a consensus letter by over one hundred persons attending the "Earth Parliament," and it was on the Earth Parliament stationery. "No office of CNN ever saw the letter let alone distributed it. ... It is personally offensive, ridiculous and possibly libelous for your magazine to accuse me of condoning rape and even more ludicrous to accuse CNN of such a position."

By September, the story was in the pages of *The Nation*, a U.S. weekly. *Veja* was accused of launching a lynching party for Paiakan on two continents. Although Survival International had denounced the Body Shop and Cultural Survival U.S. for doing rainforest harvest deals, *The Nation* said this was part of a turf war that started when Cultural Survival U.S. opened an office in London in May

1992. The sale of timber from around Aukre was laid at the door of five other chiefs who had done it all while Paiakan was in Europe. "Infuriated," said *The Nation*, "Paiakan retreated to take stock of the situation and returned only when the other chiefs—insisting that as one of the few Portuguese speakers he was vital in dealing with the outside world—agreed to set aside an area twenty kilometres upriver from Aukre, some 20,000 acres, as an ecological reserve. The area contains some of the last mahogany stands in Para. Eastern Amazonian mahogany is expected to run out in three to five years, making this one of the most valuable timber stands in Brazil. Disgrace of Paiakan and erosion of his support would remove a prime barrier to its exploitation."

In 1993, a story appeared in the pages of *Scientific American* about a brand new biodiversity centre set up on Kayapo land not far from Aukre. Dr. Barbara Zimmerman, Adam Zimmerman's daughter, was featured as the founder and director of this centre. The David Suzuki Foundation and Conservation International were mentioned as the chief funders. Paiakan's troubles, the story said, had slowed them down getting funding for the project, but things were okay now.

It turned out that the government of Canada, through the Canada Fund, had also contributed $25,000 to this project. This $25,000 had been sent to Brazil direct from CIDA headquarters as a special allocation. No, said the CIDA staffer, Paiakan was *not* associated with this project. The name of the organization that got the funds from CIDA was Aldeia Kayapo: the person who'd signed off on the application was someone named Bepto-Oti Kayapo. (Paiakan's Kayapo name is Bepko-Roti Kayapo.) The CIDA official thought it was important that this project be set up on Kayapo land. He said the Kayapo had been taking care of this rainforest since time immemorial and would know the nature and use of all the plants in the area. Their knowledge would be of great help to the graduate students and other researchers who would be going down there to study. No, he wasn't aware that Aukre was a relatively new Kayapo village built only fourteen years ago to establish a claim to sovereign control of territory. The things one heard about the Kayapo were just ridiculous, why, he'd heard someone say that Paiakan had tried to evade arrest in his own plane ... ! In November 1994, charges of rape against Paiakan and his wife, Irekran, were dismissed because the judge in Redencao believed "the cultural norms of the Kaiapo tribe were vastly different" from modern civilization.

Twenty-four

O Brave New World

In November 1992, Darrell Posey took indefinite leave from the Museu Goeldi and went to Britain. He took a room in an institute near Oxford University although he returned to Brazil during the election campaign period of 1994. In the spring of 1993 Jason Clay attempted to take over and eject David Maybury-Lewis and his wife from Cultural Survival Inc. in the U.S. He had married a woman with a U.S. Body Shop franchise in the Washington area: he had lost patience with Maybury-Lewis's ways. Josh Mailman was his ally on the board. Nevertheless he lost his bid. The board voted to keep Maybury-Lewis and release a number of staff, including the director of Cultural Survival Enterprises which was sucking up money like a sponge. Clay resigned. He is now a World Wildlife Fund fellow with an office at WWF U.S. in Washington, D.C. Mailman left the Cultural Survival Board in some disgust shortly thereafter. In June 1994, Elizabeth May relinquished her post as executive director of Cultural Survival Canada. Too many hats, she explained. A native person, a former Peruvian now living in Canada, took her place. May remained on the Cultural Survival board.

I didn't see Maurice Strong again until many months after the Rio Summit was over, although he did send a Christmas card. It showed him with all the heads of state and world political leaders he'd gathered together. He had come home to Canada very quickly afterward, which did not surprise me. Canada had been much on his mind in Geneva in the summer of 1991, and it remained there in the early winter of '92, well after Prime Minister Mulroney had launched his second try at a Balkanized Canadian constitution. Canadians didn't seem to care for it. Strong said at the time that in his opinion Mulroney should pick one hundred important Canadians to go out and sell it. It was then I understood that this business of a new Canadian constitution was important to Strong and his colleagues, a necessity for the Global Governance Agenda. It would be attended to no matter who was prime minister. The Maastricht Treaty would

turn Europe into a massive federation called the European Union with a real regional level of governance, with a federation-wide currency, a federation-wide series of regulations on trade. The North American Free Trade Agreement would place structural imperatives on the Canadian government. It would also have to rearrange its powers to suit the larger free trade agreements to come.

Strong returned officially to Canada as the Canadian referendum on the so-called Charlottetown Constitutional Accord failed to win approval from the electorate. The new deal, like the old Meech deal, was broadly seen as a dismemberment of the central government's power to make policy, to subsidize, to soften the blow of world forces against Canadians. It was also seen as a blow against the Canada that parents and grandparents and great-grandparents had worked to build. The referendum turned out to be a costly mistake; Mulroney was left without a shred of political credibility. An election was coming soon: new arrangements had to be made.

After the federal government made sudden, deep cuts in its foreign aid budget, including the money CIDA gave to NGOs, Maurice Strong was invited to give a speech at a breakfast meeting organized by an African aid organization. The organizers hoped he would say something that could be used to bash the government, to make it change its mind. They invited me to witness the event—no doubt because I had published in *Saturday Night* some portions of what I'd learned about Strong and the Rio Summit. He sat at a head table surrounded by old friends, old Liberals. To the organizers' annoyance, he delivered a mild speech. Of course he had already talked Mulroney into guaranteeing the IDRC's budget for ten years and ensured that IDRC, with half its board seats occupied by foreign persons, would play a major role in funding his environment and development networks at home and abroad. From his point of view everything was under control.

The Honourable Maurice Strong had by then become chairman of Ontario Hydro—the largest utility still managed by a government in North America. Premier Bob Rae had asked him to take the job in the fall of 1992 as the referendum was going down to defeat. Strong had moved into the office in Toronto at a salary of around $450,000 a year. When asked why he had picked Strong, a well-known Liberal, to chair Hydro—a great patronage position reserved for political warhorses and friendly officials—Premier Rae had explained that Strong had been a friend of his family, he had known him for years. (Rae had visited Davos earlier in the year, but he didn't mention that

in this context.) This brought to mind other members of the premier's family. His brother, John Rae, was still at Power Corporation as a vice-president and director. He was about to manage the federal election campaign for the Liberal Party led by Jean Chrétien.

Almost as soon as Strong took office, stories appeared about how Hydro would have to privatize to manage its catastrophic debt. Energy Probe greeted this news with cheers. His colleague in the Earth Council Foundation, Jim MacNeill, and MacNeill's colleague David Runnalls were contracted *without* tender to provide analyses and rationales for a semi-private Ontario Hydro future. The Ontario Hydro public hearings into future plans were closed down. Strong's friend Andy Sarlos joined the Hydro board. Since growth was not going to happen in Ontario, hearings were no longer necessary. MacNeill and Runnalls were paid a total of $440,864 to write *A Strategy for Sustainable Energy Development and Use for Ontario Hydro*. Part of their report touched on the virtues of privatization.

I was curious as to how Strong would use Hydro as a new base for his international networks. As it happened, Ontario Hydro had created a small organization called Ontario Hydro International to do deals in various parts of the world. Very quickly, Strong had spun it out of an old Ontario Hydro business unit as an incorporated subsidiary with its own board and its own ability to raise capital. He appointed as its chairman David Hopper, Wilbert Hopper's brother. Strong had met Hopper when he ran External Aid: Hopper then worked for the Rockefeller Foundation in India. Strong subsequently worked with Hopper who was president of the IDRC when Strong was its chair. Hopper had been at the World Bank as vice-president of policy until 1990 and had then gone to work as an in-house Washington lobbyist for a Danish company called Haldor Topsoe Inc. Haldor Topsoe created technology for the catalytic cleansing of the byproducts of thermal power generation. Hopper continued to work for Haldor Topsoe while serving as chairman of Ontario Hydro International Inc. (OHII). He also continued to serve on the board of the Rockefeller Foundation.

The first president of OHII was astonished by Strong's knowledge of individuals with whom one might do business, of important political leaders in the newly formed Commonwealth of Independent States, in Russia, in China, in Costa Rica. He had these contacts everywhere.

Just before the federal election in 1993, Strong began the process of privatizing Ontario Hydro through Ontario Hydro International

Inc. He formed a joint venture company (headquartered in Bermuda) with Hydro-Québec and Power Corporation of Montreal. The new company was called Asia Power Group. Asia Power would build thermal power plants throughout Asia, starting with China. Deals were under discussion with various state power companies there. OHII would supply one-third of the venture's $100 million in capital, Hydro-Québec another third. Power Corporation was there to supply its proven expertise at financial arrangements. This venture was announced in China, during the Canadian election campaign. The top players went there to cement the deal: in attendance were Paul Desmarais, the chairman of Power Corporation, his son and Power Corporation CEO André Desmarais, Maurice Strong, and former prime minister Brian Mulroney. Mulroney had by then become a lawyer again. He was back with his old firm of Ogilvy, Renault. Mulroney also joined Andy Sarlos on the board of American Barrick, a firm with its share of connections to Strong's old friends. Sarlos had also become a director of Ontario Hydro. Barrick promptly announced its intention to hunt for gold in China. In July 1994 OHII successfully helped Peru privatize its electrical distribution system in Lima in a partnership with a Chilean conglomerate. This deal was done through an Aruban incorporation, in which OHII is a minority partner, which is able to issue bearer shares and was planning to go public. The price paid for the Peruvian utility was about $50 million higher than the next highest bid. There was a hue and cry: just days before a public hearing was called for, OHII put all its promised $33 million into the Asia Power Group's hands and transmitted $73 million for the Peruvian deal to Aruba.

Reading these announcements was like reading again Strong's old clipping files. In 1962 he'd joined Power Corporation as its assets were to be expropriated by three Canadian provincial governments, as the Liberal Party was about to win a federal election and take back power from the federal Progressive Conservatives. Now, thirty years later, he was back in business with Power Corporation, the federal Liberals had just won a landslide and the Quebec Liberals were way down in the polls, the Parti Québécois way up. OHII's $33-million moved to Hong Kong just before the PQ won in Quebec.

In the spring of 1994, Prime Minister Chrétien and the deputy prime minister had received in Ottawa the president-elect of Costa Rica. They talked about Ontario Hydro buying rainforest land in Costa Rica's south to preserve it as a carbon sink, so as to offset the various thermal projects Ontario Hydro planned to do in places like

China. Hydro intended to make full use of the new commodities market in pollution credits called for in the conventions that emerged from Rio. Liberals, Quebec, Power Corp., China. The more things change. ...I found myself muttering. Who could keep up with this complex geometry of semi-private and semi-public interests? Jean Chrétien, related by marriage to Paul Desmarais, had become the new prime minister. Paul Martin, Jr., who formerly worked for Strong at Power Corporation, had become the federal minister of finance. In order to meet the requirements of the federal conflict-of-interest guidelines (being refined by Mitchell Sharp), Martin had announced his holdings. Among those being managed by a trustee was a 4.6 per cent interest in Baca Petroleum Corporation, a Denver company which was a 100 per cent subsidiary of Baca Resources Ltd., a stock traded under a different name on the Toronto Stock Exchange. It had been controlled by Maurice Strong and was now managed by his son.

Gary Gallon was asked to join the International Trade Advisory Committee (ITAC) advising the new Liberal minister of trade, along with his wife. He put out a fax through the Ontario Environment Industry Association he had begun to work for to say that finally Canada had a government that would give the environment its due.

The Liberals had campaigned against NAFTA, but, of course, power changes perspective and among the elected Liberals were great friends of free trade and global governance. Having achieved office, the Liberals became free trade champions ready to expand NAFTA throughout the Americas, ready even to expand it to the other side of the Pacific Rim and to Europe. In November 1993, the U.S. House of Representatives ratified the North American Free Trade Agreement by a wide majority. Some commentators were surprised at this result since only a few weeks before it had been believed that Congress would vote against it. President Bill Clinton twisted arms, made deals, and carried the day. It was said that the frenzied buying and selling of votes for NAFTA in the U.S. Congress had never been matched before and would never be matched again. On the other hand perhaps U.S. legislators were swayed by David Rockefeller's rhetoric. He wrote an impassioned opinion piece in the *Wall Street Journal* just before the vote. He reminded everyone of the necessity to approve of NAFTA so that President Clinton could go on to create a hemispheric free trade bloc and secure U.S. business access to the burgeoning populations down south.

In December 1993, just before the final deadline, a new GATT agreement was also reached. President Clinton astonished everyone with his readiness to permit a new supranational institution, called the World Trade Organization, to be staffed by unelected persons who would resolve disputes between countries including the United States. Commentators were amazed at his insouciance about reducing U.S. sovereignty to make a trade deal. Within the year, Robert Dole, the new Republican majority leader of the Senate, was willing to change his mind and vote for it too.

Maastricht, NAFTA, WTO. Click, click, click: it was like hearing the tumblers turn in a complex lock. A heavy door had swung shut on the age of nationalism.

On November 21, 1994, Janine Ferretti, the executive director of Pollution Probe, was appointed the first Canadian director of the North American Commission for Environmental Cooperation (NACEC). This commission had been set up some months earlier in Montreal under a Mexican executive director, a Stanford-educated economist who was on the Mexican government's delegation to Rio. The NACEC was the institutional solution President Clinton negotiated with Mexico and Canada after his election, in order to assuage the fears of the U.S. environmental community about NAFTA. Some major U.S. environmentalists believed NAFTA would force the U.S. to reduce its environmental regulation to the Mexican style—heavy in law, nonexistent in practice. This commission was set up to deal with regulatory disputes between the parties on environment issues. While the commissioners of this body are the ministers of environment of the three governments, the commission staff positions are shared equally among the three countries. Ferretti's American counterpart, Jean Hennessey, was appointed two months later. Hennessey had been a Carter appointee to the International Joint Commission, a former member of the Democratic National Committee, a former budget chief in New Hampshire, and for ten years an expert on international environmental governance at Dartmouth College. She is a woman of real political expertise and clout.

One might have expected Canada's minister of the environment and deputy prime minister, Sheila Copps, to showcase the fact that the executive director of the country's major environmental PGO, Pollution Probe, had agreed to take the job as Canadian director. Oddly, the minister did not issue a press release nor did any other part of the government of Canada. The government didn't announce

its political appointments to the Public Advisory Committee of the NACEC either. I had to get the names from the American director. The American advisers included one John Wirth, brother of Tim, who had helped Strong start the North America Institute back in 1988. Perhaps the government was concerned that the Canadian who'd been appointed was still an American, and that this might be seen to shift the balance of the commission. Perhaps it thought Ferretti's appointment would not sit well with other members of the environmental community. Maybe Pollution Probe shared these views. Pollution Probe didn't put out a press release either. Three months later, Pollution Probe was still searching for Ferretti's replacement. It was during this limbo period at Probe that the government of Canada began a massive change in the way Canadian companies may deal with regulation—a change some environmentalists believe will emasculate federal environmental protection.

The very day in September 1994 that an election in Quebec brought the Parti Québécois back to power, Maurice Strong said he intended to relinquish his Hydro salary and spend less time managing the place. Within a matter of weeks, Chrétien and nine premiers were in China. They took Canadian businessmen with them, organized into a council by Senator Jack Austin. They signed $8 billion worth of deals with Chinese state officials then went on to Indonesia to do more. At a meeting of the Asia-Pacific nations, it was decided that these nations too would form a major free trade block, and Chrétien argued that that trade block might also fit itself into NAFTA. NAFTA seemed to have a fantastically elastic quality. After the whole of the Americas had been fit in, starting with Chile and followed by the Mercosur group just put together by Brazil, there was no reason why Europe couldn't be included too.

Some complained that Canada should not trade with those who had killed hundreds of thousands in the suppression of East Timor and turned the tanks on democracy activists in China. Chrétien and the premiers argued trade would bring political changes eventually and that Canada should not interfere in others' affairs. Canada's fine reputation for never interfering in others' political affairs was trotted out regularly to explain why Canada had won so many deals for companies like SNC and American Barrick and Power Corp. in China, and why it would do the same elsewhere in short order—for example, Brazil.

There had been an election in Brazil in October, 1994. The new president, Fernando Henrique Cardoso, was a member of the SDP party—Fabio Feldmann's party. He had previously lived in exile in the United States, teaching at Berkeley. He had formed a non-profit association in Brazil which studied economic and sociopolitical trends, an NGO rather like IBASE. He had become a deputado in the early days after the Opening. He was in favour of opening Brazil to free trade. His government intended to start things off by privatizing state power companies.

By January 1995, Prime Minister Chrétien had toured through the Americas to Brazil, ready to do business. Everyone had a new acronym—AFTA—Americas Free Trade Agreement, rolling off their tongues.

In February 1995, Maurice Strong and his colleagues made a presentation of great new ideas to the men who run the world at their annual meeting at Davos, Switzerland. Strong had been invited along with Stephen Lewis and other old friends in April 1991 to a private meeting that endorsed the private Stockholm Initiative on Global Security and Governance. Many politicians, former politicians, or about-to-be politicians also endorsed the Initiative including: Jimmy Carter, Gro Brundtland, Fernando Henrique Cardoso, Vaclac Havel, Edward Heath, Bradford Morse, and Eduard Shevardandze. Out of this Initiative had come another private group called the Commission on Global Governance. Strong's old friend, the prime minister of Sweden, and another old friend, Shridath Ramphal, had chaired it. They had compiled in book form the results of learned studies and their own ideas on new ways to manage us all. These proposals were launched at the annual meeing of the World Economic Forum before the gathered heads of businesses worth about $3 trillion. The World Economic Forum had so grown in importance by 1995 that Conrad Black was a featured media speaker, and President Bill Clinton sent greetings by video. The book, titled *Our Global Neighbourhood*, called for more powers to new global institutions, a revamping of the United Nations, a devolution of various national powers down to the neighbourhood. It argued that competition policy and corruption were among the plethora of global problems requiring global management. Those who affixed their names to this book included: Manuel Solis, Barber Conable, Oscar Arias, Maurice Strong, and Stephen Lewis. Other signatories included Adele Simmons of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation; Jacques Delors of

France; Wangari Maathai of Kenya; Sadako Ogata of Japan; and Qian Jiadong of China. The Commission had also included Allan Boesak of South Africa. He was accused, just before publication, of diverting charitable funds sent from Nordic countries and aimed at helping the poor in South Africa to a charity he ran. He resigned as South Africa's representative to the UN so these charges could be investigated. The governments of Canada, India, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Indonesia and Switzerland had helped pay for the Commission to do its work. So had the MacArthur Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation, and the Ford Foundation. The usual NGOs had been rounded up to give advice.

As always the Honourable Maurice Strong had been right—a new system of world governance, a Better World, was not only possible, it was inevitable. In fact, it is upon us.

Notes

Chapter 1

1. In fact, there had once been a connection between Pollution Probe and those who incorporated Probe International's parent, the Energy Probe Research Foundation. Energy Probe began life as a project of Pollution Probe. In 1980 the Energy Probe Research Foundation was incorporated as a separate entity and started Probe International as its own project at that time.
2. I later calculated the two species extinction rates referred to by Hummel and Suzuki at the St. Paul's meeting. They differed by well over 100 times.
3. The Kayapo have a very complex system of agriculture, but they move their villages from time to time.
4. A *World in Action* television program later carried on the Arts and Entertainment channel in the U.S. and on ITV in Britain stated that in 1978, Jean-Pierre Dutilleux was vice-president of another foundation created on behalf of Indians in Brazil. It raised $35,000 in Los Angeles at a fundraiser but failed to transmit these funds to those who were supposed to be the recipients. The program also alleged that the $100,000 earned by Dutilleux as his share of the advance on royalties on the book he wrote with Sting was not turned over to the Rainforest Foundation. The program said that by 1991 the foundation had sent to Indian projects only 5 per cent of the $2.8 million of charitable funds raised in its first year of operations. Sting also admitted that what the foundation ended up doing in Brazil was political lobbying.
5. Please see *Chief* by Roy MacGregor, pp.96-97.

Chapter 2

1. General Thomas Posey may have been the illegitimate son of George Washington. General Posey became both the lieutenant governor of Kentucky and the governor of Indiana. His descendants have long been associated with the U.S. military. One, Tom Posey of Decatur, Alabama, started a mercenary training organization called Civilian Military Assistance, a private organization that later played a role in the Iran-Contra affair. Darrell Posey said he joined the R.O.T.C. while he was at university but drew such a high draft number he was never called up.

2. The Wenner-Gren Institute was founded in Stockholm before World War II by Swedish businessman Axel Wenner-Gren. In its early years the Institute and Wenner-Gren started subsidiaries in many places around the world. One subsidiary, called the Viking Foundation, was started in New York in 1941. Wenner-Gren funded this U.S.-based foundation with a gift of the shares he owned in the U.S.-based companies of the Electrolux Group. He also set up a subsidiary called the Viking Foundation (Canada), which in turn gave grants to the newly formed Wenner-Gren Geophysics Fund in January 1941. This fund gave money to scholars at the University of Toronto to improve techniques used for finding useful mineral, oil, and gas deposits (by measuring rates of radioactive decay, among other methods). The first cheque to the fund was sent from a Viking Foundation office located in Panama. It was understood that this grant could have an impact on the war effort. Mr. Wenner-Gren stipulated results had to be widely published. Wenner-Gren, who lived in Nassau during the war, was later suspected of using his yacht, the *Southern Cross*, to aid the Nazis. He was put on the proclaimed list (a blacklist of persons believed to be trading with the Axis) by U.S. authorities.

   The Viking Foundation he started in New York declared that its purpose was to send anthropologists throughout the Americas to do field research. It later changed its name to the Wenner-Gren Foundation. A Wenner-Gren anniversary volume, describing its research efforts between 1941 and 1945, clearly stated that during World War II, the Office of Strategic Services (the wartime precursor of the CIA) and other intelligence groups had a great deal to say about the direction of the Viking Foundation. "In September, 1942, the Office of Strategic Services (Pictorial Division) in New York City requested the Viking Fund to compile a catalogue of scholars residing in the United States who had executed field work outside of North America and thus might possess information of strategic value. Information, including field notes and surveys on various areas was given, upon request to representatives of Military Intelligence, Naval Intelligence and the Office of Strategic Services during 1943–1944." In 1943 the foundation also donated equipment and personnel, including the foundation's director, Paul Fejos, to the Army Specialized Training Unit: Far Eastern Area and Languages. This unit set up at Stanford University a training site for budding Asian and Oriental intelligence personnel. They were soon sent to China and southeast Asia. Paul Fejos was married to Inga Arvad, who had also been Wenner-Gren's mistress.

   The FBI, responsible for internal security and intelligence throughout the Americas during the war years, came to believe Arvad might have been a Nazi spy. Arvad had previously been an actress and journalist in Europe. She interviewed Hitler three times and attended the 1936 Olympics as Hitler's personal guest. She came to the U.S. in 1940

and got a job on a newspaper. According to J. Edgar Hoover's biographer, Curt Gentry, she came to the official attention of the FBI only after she had already managed to interview Clyde Tolson, Hoover's closest associate. When someone on her newspaper denounced her, the FBI got permission to tap her telephone. Then it was learned she had become the mistress of young John F. Kennedy, who was then assigned to the Office of Naval Intelligence. Though he was warned to stay away from Arvad, he continued to meet her. The FBI actually taped their assignations. These details are referred to by Curt Gentry in *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and the Secrets*. By September 1942, ONI, OSS, and U.S. Military Intelligence began to make use of the Viking Foundation, run by Arvad's husband.

Collaborative efforts between the military and Wenner-Gren-funded anthropologists and archaeologists continued after the war and expanded to include various foreign governments and foreign military organizations. Clifford Evans of Columbia University was part of a Wenner-Gren group that participated in a collaborative study of Peru in association with the Peruvian military. Such patterns of co-operation between anthropologists, archaeologists, and military personnel also occurred in Brazil. Apparently they still continued forty years later when U.S. anthropologist Posey was dropped into his place of study in the Amazon by the Brazilian air force.

The Wenner-Gren Foundation in New York confirmed that it had given money to Posey to conduct research among the Kayapo. His application came to them in early 1976, and they gave him his first grant ($6,000) in January 1977. The next grant was for $1,500. In the summer of 1988, they also gave a grant to support a major symposium held in Brazil to discuss new understandings about human settlements in the Amazon. The symposium was organized by Anna Roosevelt, and Posey attended.

Chapter 3

1. The Sea Shepherd Society is a radical environment organization based in Los Angeles. Paul Watson, its founder, claimed responsibility for sinking two whaling ships in Iceland. "We are an extremist group, we try to be aggressive," he told me.
2. In addition to Paiakan, Darrell Posey and Paiakan's cousin, Kuben-i, were also to get the same Sierra Club International award.
3. Johnson was correct to worry about being noticed while flying near known drug routes. Senator John Kerry of the U.S. Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Operations had just published a devastating report titled "Drugs, Law Enforcement and Foreign Policy" (December 1988). The subcommittee had linked Panamanian president Manuel Noriega to the drug cartels in Colombia, the drug cartels to the Cuban leadership, and

all parties to the U.S. National Security Council—through the operations of Colonel Oliver North and his network to support the Nicaraguan Contras. The subcommittee alleged that when the U.S. privatized certain aspects of its foreign policy (such as its support for the Contras against the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua) by asking for help from charities and businesses, things had gotten out of hand. Contra planes returning from delivering arms to Contra staging places in Honduras had carried drugs back into the U.S. Certain U.S. airlines, including Eastern and Braniff, were alleged to have then flown pallets of money from the sale of these drugs back to Panama. These dollars were allegedly laundered through hundreds of banks (including the Bank of Credit and Commerce International) willing to profit from the drugs/arms trade. Kerry made clear that some parts of the U.S. government used this trade network for their own ends. While a U.S. grand jury had just indicted Manuel Noriega for money laundering and other drug-trade activities, Noriega was also alleged to be on the CIA payroll. Much later, a former head of the Drug Enforcement Agency alleged that the CIA imported to the U.S. $20 million in cocaine illegally and without DEA approval.

All this information had already caused considerable embarrassment. The U.S. had announced loudly its intent to shut down the operations of the Medellin drug cartel in Colombia. But it seemed obvious that if pressure were put on in Colombia, the cartel would simply move their operations elsewhere—Brazil, for instance. The RCMP and the U.S. State Department, which monitors drug interdiction efforts of U.S. allies, mentioned in their annual reports that Brazil's chemical industry was the most advanced in Latin America and coca in a form called *epadu* was already grown by some Brazilian aboriginals for ceremonial use.

In this context, a small plane outfitted with an extra tank going to Brazil, flown by a Canadian who had flown with a big U.S. airline was going to be noticed. And it was. See Part II.

4. The television series Millennium actually went on air in the spring of 1992.
5. Lester Anderson is retired from USAID, a U.S. agency that distributes foreign aid abroad. He had served with USAID since the 1960s. He had been stationed principally in Indonesia.

Chapter 4

1. TuTu Pombo is a Kayapo chief of a village called Ki-Krê-tum who was one of the first to allow gold miners to take gold from Kayapo land. He then owned two airplanes.

Chapter 5

1. Noranda sold its control block of shares in MacMillan Bloedel in February 1993. One of the buyers was the government of British Columbia.
2. Barbara Zimmerman earned her doctorate in biological sciences from Florida State University in 1991. The subject of her dissertation was frog distribution in the central Amazon.
3. Harvey Southam, a young member of the Southam family then working in the Southam group of companies, died in peculiar circumstances early in 1992. Many months after his death, Torstar sold its interest in the Southam group of companies to Hollinger Inc., controlled by Conrad Black. Hollinger Inc. at first acquired 25 per cent of Southam and seats on the board. Early in 1993, through a private sale of stock, Power Corporation, controlled by Paul Desmarais, bought into Southam. Hollinger Inc.'s interest was reduced to 18.7 per cent. Together, the newcomers controlled over 37 per cent of the equity. Later, they increased their holdings. Tom Kierans, president of the right-wing C.D. Howe Institute but also a long-time Progressive Conservative Party fundraiser and activist, joined the Southam board. Hollinger Inc. and Power Corporation control other significant media interests in Canada, the U.S., Britain, Australia, and Israel.
4. Norman Cousins was related by marriage to Elizabeth May's family through May's mother's brother. From 1947 until his death, Cousins supported the idea of one world government. His work at the *Saturday Review* was long supported by the progeny of John D. Rockefeller who managed the various Rockefeller philanthropies and business interests. Many of these same philanthropies later supported both the work of Maurice Strong at the Rio Earth Summit and that of various think tanks proposing regional and global structures of trade and governance. What May was telling me was that through her mother, she had strong connections to a group of Americans working for decades to make global political change. So did Clay.
5. Jason Clay explained later that while he was aware a Cultural Survival fundraiser had been held for Paiakan and the Kayapo at the Zimmerman house, he didn't know who Barbara Zimmerman is and thought she was a volunteer in the Cultural Survival office (which did not then exist). He was not aware that headdresses were sold. As far as he was concerned "it was an issue to take money from Brascan."

Chapter 6

1. South Moresby Island is off B.C.'s northwest coast just south of the international boundary with the U.S. The boundary, called the AB line, is right at the southern tip of neighbouring Prince of Wales Island. Since 1991 the U.S. has had a submarine acoustical station in the Beam Canal. This station can be reached by submarine only through Dixon Entrance, treated since 1901 as Canadian waters. The aboriginal rights of the

Haida on the Alaskan side of this international border were extinguished by Congress during the Nixon presidency. The Haida on the Canadian side have never signed a treaty giving up their rights to land or water. Around 1985, they began to assert that the water and the land are theirs. This was about the same time that the U.S. began to dispute the location of the boundary line and which country owned the right to fish the salmon that use the Entrance. By putting a national park on South Moresby, the government of Canada mainly served its own interests: it placed the national flag on land which, it could be argued, had never been Canadian.

2. Sponsors for the Pollution Probe 1987 fundraising dinner included people with important political connections. Among them were Bluma Appel, a friend of Pierre Trudeau and a Liberal candidate in Ottawa-Nepean in 1979 (not to mention a dollar-a-year-woman for Marc Lalonde when he was a minister in the second last Trudeau government); John Tory of the law firm Tory, Tory, DesLauriers and Binnington, formerly principal secretary to Ontario premier Bill Davis and in 1993 the federal Progressive Conservative campaign chairman; Adam Zimmerman; and Michael Lewis of Local Six of the United Steelworkers of America, brother of Stephen Lewis, former leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party, and son of David Lewis, former leader of the federal New Democratic Party. The dinner was held at the St. Lawrence Centre. The speaker was Maurice Strong, whose political connections are Liberal and global.
3. Brian Smith, a Bank of Montreal public relations adviser, was also at this meeting. He remembered that Suzuki was organizing Paiakan's tour, that a woman from the World Wildlife Fund Canada and Barbara Zimmerman, who translated for Paiakan, came to the meeting. Paiakan seemed to think the Bank of Montreal could influence the World Bank to prevent a power sector loan to Brazil. He probably came to this conclusion because Frank Potter, then Canada's executive representative to the World Bank, had formerly been an executive with the Bank of Montreal. "They just wanted to speak to people who could influence results," was how Smith put it. The other big Canadian banks did not trouble to see Paiakan, but, on the other hand, the Bank of Montreal was the only Canadian bank which owned a bank in Brazil. Did the Bank of Montreal make a contribution to Paiakan? Mr. Smith did vaguely recall a fundraiser for Paiakan at St. Paul's Church in Toronto. "I don't believe the bank made a contribution," he said, but he promised to check. After checking, he said he was unable to say for certain whether or not a donation had been made. He felt certain he would have known, but he was unable to be definitive.

Chapter 7

1. Maybury-Lewis was referring to Tim Brodhead, then executive director of the Canadian Council for International Co-operation. David Runnalls is not a lawyer. He worked at the Institute for Public Policy then in Ottawa, now in Montreal. He had previously worked in association with Maurice Strong at the Stockholm Conference in 1972 and with Barbara Ward's International Institute for Environment and Development in London. He also worked in association with Jim MacNeill who worked on the Brundtland Commission. See Part III.
2. The Harmony Foundation is described in Part II. The foundation's president in 1989, Arthur Campeau, was also senior policy adviser on international affairs to the federal minister of the environment who followed Tom McMillan and Lucien Bouchard. In 1991, Campeau, a close personal friend and former law partner of Prime Minister Mulroney, became Mulroney's ambassador to the U.N. Commission on Environment and Development, with an office in the Department of External Affairs.
3. Jose Carlos Libanio is a Brazilian activist who served as an adviser on NGOs to the Canadian Embassy in Brasilia while he was also a member of a Brazilian NGO funded indirectly by CIDA and run by a former Maoist. See Part II.
4. The last time I saw examples of what Elizabeth May called The Hand of Fatima (a filigreed hand with a small stone in the palm), was in Tangier, Morocco, where it hung from the ceilings of several small synagogues. The hand is a magical symbol that is supposed to guard against the evil eye.
5. Charles McMillan was then a senior policy adviser in Prime Minister Mulroney's office, and a strong proponent of a free trade agreement with the United States. He was also involved in the work of the cabinet committee on privatization. He argued fiercely in the PMO for the expansion of trade with Mexico on the grounds that the Japanese had already identified Mexico as a major growth market. He became a director of Japanese-owned Yamaichi Securities after he resigned from the PMO. He also later joined the North America Institute, an organization started by Maurice Strong (see Part III), Senator Jack Austin, and Susan Herter, Nelson Rockefeller's former aide, to promote interest in a North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). McMillan's trade horizons did not stop with the Americas. He became embroiled, with former Ontario Liberal cabinet minister Monte Kwinter, in a company called Seabeco based in Switzerland. Seabeco provided McMillan and Kwinter's services as economic consultants to a republic of the former Soviet Union.
6. The Threshold Foundation was founded in 1982 to "fund innovative and creative projects and to educate and empower its own membership." It started with 20 donors. By 1988 it had 300 donors. Funded by

member fees, it had a pool of $900,000 from which to make grants in 1988. The professional staff of an affiliated San Francisco charity called the Tides Foundation helped distribute these funds. The manager of the Threshold Foundation, Drummond Pike, also worked for the Tides Foundation. But in a very odd twist on already odd charitable interconnections, Tides also made considerable contributions to the Threshold Foundation. The Tides Foundation gave the Threshold Foundation $138,000 in 1988, a significant proportion of the total funds Threshold granted to others. In 1989 Tides passed Threshold $162,000. It is hard to understand why Threshold would want to accept money from Tides since its members had joined Threshold to give charity, not receive it.

7. These charges were made in regard to the Ache Indians of Paraguay by Richard Arens who taught at Temple University Law School in Philadelphia. They were published first in book form as *Genocide in Paraguay* in 1976, then republished in a magazine called *Inquiry* in 1978.

Chapter 8

1. The Ford Foundation had 15 such offices around the world.

Chapter 9

1. According to the League for Conservation Voters, which grades U.S. national elected representatives according to their votes on issues relating to the environment, Congressman Porter didn't have an environmental track record to boast about. He had scored 58 out of a possible 100 in 1986. In the 100th Congress, from 1987–88, his score dropped to 44.
2. Survival International, founded in Britain and Denmark in 1969, had a board of advisers that included Maurice Strong. See Part III.
3. Posey's colleague Dr. Elaine Elizabethsky described herself as an ethnopharmacologist with an academic appointment at the Federal University of Para in Belem (she has since moved to another university in the south of Brazil). She was affiliated as well with the Brazilian Foundation for Medicinal Plants, a non-profit, nongovernmental organization. Dr. Elizabethsky had worked on Posey's Kayapo Project since 1983. Along with others, she studied the plants the Kayapo classify as medicinal, of which there are roughly 300. Some were used for diarrhoea, others for skin diseases, still others as contraceptives. The plants were first identified by a Museu Goeldi botanist, Dr. Anthony Anderson. It was her job to find out how the plants were used and prepared and what their active agent is, if any. She began her analysis with the Kayapo's perception of the plant's therapeutic value. Since their conception of disease differs from ours, there were problems. Some diseases were thought to have supernatural aspects or causes, resulting, for example, from the breaking of taboos.

She also had her own relationship with the Body Shop. She was collecting for them materials from the Kaxinawa Indians in Acre who were domesticating a plant that could be used for the skin and hair. Elizabethsky acted as a middleperson between the tribe and the Body Shop. The Body Shop was also giving funds to her Foundation in Belem but would buy products directly from the Kaxinawa. She had nothing from the Kayapo that she was developing for the Body Shop. She thought Darrell Posey did. Posey later said he had only a friendship with Gordon and Anita Roddick. He said there was no contract for his personal services with the Body Shop. However, the institute he founded in Belem, the Institute for Ethnobiology, did have a contract with the Body Shop PLC.

Chapter 10

1. Bruce Miller Rich was educated in Munich, Germany, then earned a B.A. at Yale College in Russian Studies and French in 1969. In 1971 during the peak of the repression in Brazil, he taught at a private school in Sao Paulo. He travelled in Europe for several years. He attended the prestigious Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes in France. He returned to the U.S. and earned a law degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1980. His first job at the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC) in 1981 was to have been paid for by a grant from USAID. When this grant fell through, money was made available to support him from the World Wildlife Fund U.S., which backed him and the Bash-the-Banks Agenda at NRDC until 1985. While he was employed at NRDC, he also worked privately as a consultant. He worked for various entities of the U.S. Congress, USAID, the World Bank, and the United Nations Environment Program. On these other jobs he travelled frequently in central America and Mexico. Mr. Rich is the kind of man who ought to have been snapped up by any country's intelligence services. Like Maybury-Lewis, he is a collector of languages as well as degrees. He speaks German, English, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Icelandic, and Russian. He is an expert on the law of the sea.
2. By 1988, 21 hearings had been held by 6 Congressional subcommittees in which the multilateral development banks' environmental performance was at issue. Source: *World Policy Journal* (Spring 1988): 309, from an article by Bruce Rich and Pat Aufderheide.
3. Rich and Aufderheide, *World Policy Journal* (Spring 1988): 310
4. Ibid.
5. INESC was actually founded in 1980.
6. In fact, land reform was only one of the concerns of INESC, an organization formed to lobby Brazilian legislators but also to assist them in the drafting of bills and speeches and in getting access to government information.

7. The Threshold Foundation also gave money to develop *Millennium*, the TV series. Mary Allegretti's first grant came from Ashoka, an institute based near Washington, D.C., which also gets money from the related Tides Foundation. Ashoka makes a habit of funding individuals, not organizations.
8. Brazil does have such environmental groups.
9. The National Wildlife Federation's corporate donors in 1988 included a significant number of multinational oil, gas, power, chemical, waste, forestry, and cultural interests, including Arco Foundation; Amoco; Ciba-Geigy; Dow Chemical; E.I. DuPont de Nemours and Company; Exxon Corporation; General Electric; General Motors Corporation; Tenneco Inc.; U.S.X. Corporation; Waste Management Inc.; Weyerhaeuser Company; Freeport McMoran Inc.; Atlantic Richfield Company; Gulf & Western Inc.; Paramount Pictures Corporation; Quaker Chemical Corporation; Rockefeller Group; Westinghouse Foundation; etc.
10. The National Wildlife Federation's International Program was not simply interested in making environment a hot political issue in the U.S. It was also trying to make it an issue in Japan. In a document explaining its International Program, it stated that along with its interest in helping developing countries manage natural resource issues, "We are also working with Japanese organizations to improve the environmental impact of their government's foreign aid program."
11. Goodland's title later became Adviser, Environmental Assessments.
12. His postgraduate degree from McGill was in botany.
13. The proper title for the World Bank is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.
14. Phil Hazelton, formerly of CIDA, later joined the World Bank at Robert Goodland's request as an expert in natural resource management.
15. A spokesperson for the U.S. Treasury Department later provided slightly different figures but agreed with Malan's interpretation of their meaning. As at June 1992, the U.S. portion of paid-in capital at the Bank was $1.875 billion, which supported a callable amount of $25.6 billion spread out over the four institutions that made up the World Bank. Treasury did not actually put in the Bank any taxpayers' dollars. It simply guaranteed the $1.875 billion. In addition, and further buttressing Malan's point, Treasury had calculated that overall, its support of international financial institutions had produced a net return to the U.S. taxpayer of $60 million over the previous 10-year period.
16. W. David Hopper, then the vice-president of policy at the World Bank, had many important connections in Canada and the U.S. He is the brother of the second Petro-Canada chairman, Wilbert Hopper, and the son of a Canadian government official. He is a friend of Maurice Strong, whom he first met while employed as an economist by the Rockefeller Foundation in India when Strong ran CIDA.

Hopper became president of the federal government's IDRC when Lester Pearson was chairman of its board. Maurice Strong followed Pearson in that position and held it for some years, during which time Hopper reported to Strong. When Hopper left the World Bank in 1990, he became a senior vice-president for a Danish-owned company (with a subsidiary in Texas) called Haldor Topsoe Inc. This company specializes in the engineering of catalysts used in various applications, including the reduction of oxides of nitrogen and SO_2 byproducts from thermal power facilities. In 1993, Maurice Strong, the new chair of Ontario Hydro, appointed Hopper as the chair of Ontario Hydro's wholly owned subsidiary, Ontario Hydro International Inc., just before this subsidiary went into a partnership with Hydro-Québec and Power Corporation to build thermal generating stations in Asia. Hopper retained his vice-presidency in Haldor Topsoe while also serving at Hydro, explaining that if Hydro International was interested in purchasing his company's technology, he would avoid the obvious conflict of interest by recusing himself from the discussions.

Chapter 11

1. Edward Posey is head of the Gaia Foundation in Britain and no relation to Darrell Posey.
2. Anita Roddick's autobiography, *Body and Soul*, published by Ebury Press in 1991, makes it clear that the Body Shop's involvement in another charitable/business venture, the Boys' Town Trust in India, came to a bad end. The company policy articulated in 1987 is to promote the notion of Trade Not Aid. A southern critique of foreign aid is that it is a corrupt, self-help process for the rich. In her book, Roddick's version of this theory is: "Too often development aid is a process by which you collect money from poor people in rich countries and give it to rich people in poor countries." The Body Shop hoped to do away with the need for aid by buying things made in Third World countries, so as to "alleviate suffering and poverty around the world" (*Body and Soul*, p. 165). The Body Shop wanted to cut out the middlemen and trade "directly with those people throughout the world who grew or harvested the raw ingredients we needed."

   She might as well have said she wanted to reinvent the Hudson's Bay Company, which had made its profits for centuries by setting up trade networks throughout North America. Its factors bought direct from Indians and Inuit and other traders wandering the continent. The factors traded pots and firearms and other goods for furs. The Company made its profits by trading low value goods (pots and rifles etc.) for goods that would fetch a high value in Europe (furs). In such trade relations, a large multinational buyer has huge advantages over the indigenous seller. It is in the multinational's interest to cut out middlemen: middlemen can bargain better because they have the wherewithal

to find other buyers. When a commercial middleman is cut out by a charity dependent on the multinational buyer for money for other programs, one wonders how that charity will bargain with the multinational?

These principles were applied in India. According to *Body and Soul*, the children at Boys' Town in Tirumangulam got basic education and learned a trade. They were paid for their work: when they left Boys' Town to return to their villages they had money to buy something.

In 1988, the Body Shop gave Boys' Town Trust, a charity, a contract to produce footsie rollers for its stores. The Body Shop paid the charity for the footsie rollers what they had previously paid a manufacturer in the Channel Islands. "We never viewed Boys' Town as a charity," wrote Roddick. "Our involvement was an expression of an attitude that was, above all, intensely practical" (p. 169).

The Body Shop then decided to sponsor and build its very own village for boys in the state of Tamil Nadu. The autobiography says this village was built with contributions from the company, its franchise holders, employees, and *customers*. The Body Shop's Boys' Town consisted of a few, single-storey dormitories and a farm. After attending the opening, the Roddicks stayed for a week, wandering among their boys, who apparently studied by day and worked by night.

"It was great to spend time with them afterwards—to play with them, to help them with their work, to go for walks holding hands, simply to love them and be loved by them in return," wrote Roddick. But gradually, disturbing reports came back to Littlehampton: "in the end one of our franchisees who had become a director of Boys' Town Trust brought allegations of serious financial mismanagement and other, as yet unsubstantiated allegations. This report was devastating to me personally, because it made it clear that I had been totally duped and that my trust had been betrayed. We discovered, among other things, that the footsie rollers weren't being made by the boys at all, but in local sweatshops around Tirumangulum at a price far below what we were paying ... so we immediately severed our connection with the Trust."

It is hard from this account to piece together all that went wrong, but clearly part of what offended the Body Shop was duplicity: the child labour it had paid for had been provided by others at lower cost, and someone else had pocketed the difference.

3. Anita Roddick's autobiography *Body and Soul* says I.B. McGlinn was the boyfriend of the woman who wanted to run a second store Roddick opened in Chichester. The woman is identified only by Airdre, her first name. McGlinn is not described further. McGlinn's solicitor passed on a request for an interview from me and then replied on behalf of his client that McGlinn was not interested in making any comments. Airdre apparently later married a man named Vaillancourt who also had business relations with the Body Shop.

4. Much later, while checking these statements with various people, including the Body Shop's designated fact checker, it became clear that McGlinn and the number of shares he owned in the Body Shop were matters of sensitivity. By 1994 McGlinn had acquired what could have given him a lever to control the Body Shop—his shareholdings were larger than the Roddicks combined holdings. Further, Edward Posey had never heard anything about being made the trustee of any such trust as Roddick had described to me. Roddick later admitted to me that this "process" of creating a trust had reached no conclusion in spite of the fact that four years had passed since he first mentioned it to me. In addition, while Roddick claimed to be on the closest terms with McGlinn, a man alleged to be McGlinn and pictured in the *Daily Mail* of May 15, 1992 said he met with Anita twice a year when Gordon Roddick was out of town, and refused to acknowledge the existence of any child.

Chapter 12

1. The Carter Center was founded in 1982 as a library for Carter's presidential papers but also as an organization to fund research and projects on "global" problems like: peace, international security, arms control, and population. Fellows with the Carter Center studied conflict resolution, Latin American and Caribbean issues, U.S./Soviet relations with an emphasis on media. The Center supported a human rights foundation, a task force on child survival, and a program called Global 2000, the environment /development plan produced in the last year of Carter's presidency. It also had a program aimed at supporting democracy in Latin America.

   The Carter Center got serious money from the most impressive multinational interests but also from the most down-market international businesses. Large amounts came from Dwayne Andreas of the international agriculture giant Archers Daniels Midland, from Coca Cola, from the Rockefellers both personally and from their various foundations, from the Ford Foundation, from the Samuel Bronfman Foundation, from Edgar Bronfman, even from prefectures in Japan. A lot of money came from Saudi Arabia's King Fahd.

   But also among those credited with helping the Carter Center from the beginning was Aga Hasan Abedi, the Pakistani founder of Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Before it was looted and collapsed, BCCI was the fifth largest private bank in the world. By early 1990 executives of its Florida branch had pleaded guilty to knowingly laundering drug money. Carter seemed to know Abedi had problems before the world did: early in 1990 he told a magazine reporter, who asked him why he was flying around Africa in Abedi's plane, that he was allowing Abedi to make amends for past wrongs.

Perhaps the oddest supporter of the Carter Center, considering Carter's unwavering public support for democracy and human rights, was Ryoichi Sasakawa of Japan. He made his gifts through a foundation. Sasakawa, an admirer of Mussolini in the 1930s, spent part of the war years in China and Manchuria and then created a political organization that extorted money and valuables from people for which he was briefly jailed. According to author Sterling Seagrave, Sasakawa was also jailed as a class A war criminal by the U.S. occupation forces. After his release, he made money from speed boat racing and attendant gambling, so much money that he quickly became a financial power behind the scenes in Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party. His prewar political partner, Yoshimo Kodama, also retained close contacts with the CIA after the war. CIA officials found ways to finance the LDP party until the 1960s when it became self-financing, according to former CIA officials who confessed to these deeds in 1994 to the *New York Times*. Sasakawa sometimes referred to himself as the richest fascist alive, yet his name is memorialized at the Carter Center in a chair, the Ryoichi Sasakawa Professor of International Peace.

Ryoichi Sasakawa made contributions far in excess of $500,000 to the Carter Center through his Japan Shipbuilding Industry Foundation and personally. His foundation also gave to other NGOs active in areas favoured by the Carter Center. A book published in 1981 by Robert Maxwell's Pergamon Press gives details of these charitable activities. Included in the 1987 edition of *Sasakawa: The Warrior for Peace and Global Philanthropist*, edited by Paula Daventy, are the following citations: United Nations Environment Program—$1 million in 1982 to establish the Sasakawa Environmental Prize; to the Sierra Club International, $10,000 in 1982; to the International Institute for Environment and Development to support the Barbara Ward Fund—$500,000 in 1987.

2. Hiroaki Shikanai was son-in-law to the Fujisankei founder Nobutaka Shikanai, who was a friend of David Rockeller. According to an informant at Fujisankei offices in the U.S., this relationship with David Rockefeller is why Hiroaki Shikanai came to be on the Better World Society's board. Fujisankei, a conglomerate, owns a large daily newspaper in Japan. Hiroaki Shikanai had been an employee of a Japanese bank before he assumed the chairmanship of the company in 1987. He resigned in 1992.
3. De Souza, according to the *Globe and Mail*, later admitted to taking charitable contributions to feed the hungry from the mobsters who run the Rio lottery and were accused of using it to launder money for the Cali cocaine cartel.
4. I could not confirm that Mallas attended Yale.
5. It is interesting that Suzuki called Cullis from the Carajas telephone office. The Carajas development, projected to cost up to $60 billion,

involved not just mining a huge iron mountain, perhaps the largest supply of iron ore in the world, but also the many associated minerals that ranged from the rare to the strategically essential: manganese desposits of 60 million tons; a billion tons of copper; 40 million tons of bauxite; 47 million tons of nickel; 100,000 tons of tin; 100 tons of gold; and smaller amounts of zinc, lead, cobalt, molybdenum, tungsten, and tantalum. According to *Amazon* by Brian Kelly and Mark London (pp. 222, and 223), this development would earn Brazil, beginning in 1985, up to $10 billion a year—from the iron ore alone.

If costs could be contained, a big if, the flow of these ores onto world markets would directly compete with Canada's interests. However, the Carajas project burned Amazon hardwoods to make charcoal to smelt pig iron. This, at the very least, left it open to attack as an environmental monstrosity.

6. The Ford Foundation's files in New York give a slightly different version of events. The Ford Foundation did not give money directly to Juneia Mallas for this event. It gave a grant, beginning January 1, 1987, to the Brazilian Foundation for the Conservation of Nature (BFCN), the oldest, most establishment-connected conservation group in Brazil, which had also gotten funds from WWF U.S. since 1983. The Ford Foundation said BFCN hired Mallas "as a member of the project staff." She was listed as the co-ordinator of a meeting that was to plan an organization called Amazon Watch. The grant ($22,850) was later reduced to $16,000, which covered the actual expenditures: it came from Ford's Rural Poverty and Resources Division, the section later run by Peter May who went on to work with Clay, Groeneveld, the Body Shop, et al. The BFCN was headed in 1987 by Admiral Ibsen De Gusmao Camara, who acted as the liaison with Ford Foundation on the Amazon Watch project. The admiral's term as president of BFCN ended in the fall of 1987. The new president fired everyone the admiral had hired.
7. In 1969, Fernando Gabeira was part of a large group that kidnapped the U.S. ambassador to Brazil, C. Burke Elbrick. He had just been appointed by the Nixon Adminstration. Elbrick was a career foreign service officer with thirty-eight years' experience. During World War II, he was economic counsellor at the U.S. consulate in Tangier, Morocco, an international city then under the physical control of Spain, an ally of the Axis powers. There Elbrick learned how Tangier business people got around the trade embargoes erected by the U.S. and Britain to prevent Axis agents in America from getting access to U.S. currency. He did a fascinating study on how those importing to Tangier commodities from Latin America used their relatives abroad to move funds to the U.S. Elbrick thought some of these funds may have originated in Axis-occupied Europe. After the war, Elbrick spent fifteen years in Eastern Europe. In 1957, after the abortive counterrevolution in Hun-

gary which generated thousands of refugees, he was appointed assistant undersecretary of state for European affairs (which included Canada, which had opened its doors wide to Hungarian refugees). In 1959, Eisenhower appointed him ambassador to Portugal. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson sent him to Yugoslavia. He had thus observed closely the behaviour of both fascist and communist states when he was sent to Brazil and became the first U.S. diplomat ever kidnapped by terrorists. Within four days, the Brazilian military got him back, exchanging for him fifteen political prisoners who were put on a plane for Mexico. Four of the plotters were later captured. Twelve others escaped to Cuba and farther afield. Gabeira, a member of one of the two political groups involved (the Revolutionary Movement of October 8), later turned up in Algiers. There he gave an interview about his involvement in the affair. He said then that a female revolutionary had managed to infiltrate the security office responsible for the ambassador's safety to get vital information about his movements.

When Gabeira returned to Brazil after the Amnesty, he became a journalist and the leader of the Green Party.

Chapter 13

1. This would have been the period when the United Auto Workers and the Steelworkers were assiduously cleansing their locals of communist organizers, of whom there were quite a few. David Lewis, the former head of the federal New Democratic Party, the father of Stephen Lewis, former head of the Ontario NDP and then Canada's ambassador to the U.N. from 1984 to 1988, had taken a firm hand in such matters among the Canadian Steelworkers. See Cameron Smith, *Unfinished Journey* (Toronto: Summerhill Press, 1989), pp. 243, 251.

Chapter 14

1. *New York Times*, April 14, 1991.
2. "Maharajah" was the term used by Brazilian president Collor de Mello in the 1989 election campaign to describe Brazilians employed by the state who did little work in return—phantom employees. He threatened to throw them off state payrolls and shut down the state-owned companies that employed them if he won office.
3. One of the more interesting political scandals in Brazil, reported on in 1994, involved Brazilian politicians who took advantage of the law and the charitable credits allocated to them. Instead of giving those credits to a real charity, they started their own fictitious charities and funnelled government dollars directly into their own pockets.
4. I followed up on Gabriel Regallet when I returned to Canada in the spring of 1990. He was listed at Hydro-Québec as an employee in a department called Client Services. However, he was on some kind of

leave. His forwarding number was answered at the Winnipeg-based International Institute for Sustainable Development, a non-profit then funded entirely by the government of Canada (through CIDA) and the government of Manitoba. Regallet told me at that time he'd left Hydro-Québec permamently. However, three years later, on July 20, 1993, Hydro-Québec still listed him as an employee in Client Services. One of his Hydro co-workers informed me at that time that Regallet had just been lent to an external organization for a three-year period.

Regallet told me that his trip to Brazil had been made purely out of his own interest. He had prepared a report, which he sent me. The report showed that he had visited various NGOs active on human rights, indigenous rights, land rights, and environment. One had to wonder: If the trip was made for his own interest, why did he make a report?

5. Contrary to Castro's contention that Mendes was a Trotskyite and Alcantara's statement that he was a Stalinist, Allegretti insisted he was nothing more, or less, than a trade unionist. However, Canadian journalist Augusta Dwyer claimed in her book, *Into the Amazon*, that Chico Mendes told her he had been taught to read, write, and do politics by Euclides Tavora, a man who had been part of a revolt against Getulio Vargas's regime in 1935. This revolt was led by Luis Prestes, whose wife, a German Jew, had been a member of the communist party in Munich. She was later deported there to her death. Another active figure was Arthur Ewalt who had worked with the Canadian communist party. After fleeing to Bolivia, Tavora re-entered Brazil near Chico Mendes's family's rubbertapping line. He taught Mendes that to do his work, the creation of social justice, he should enter workers' unions. This was the line of the Comintern of the 1930s. According to Dwyer, Mendes later joined a clandestine communist party situated at the Federal University of Acre, at Rio Branco, in 1978. At the same time, he ran for local election under the standard of the MDB. Later, Mendes ran twice for the PT but failed both times.
6. Started in 1980, the Ashoka Foundation gets its main support from other U.S. foundations with deep corporate roots. These include: the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation; Aetna Foundation; the Amoco Foundation; the John Merck Fund; the Noyes Foundation; the Rockefeller Foundation; the Rockefeller Brothers Fund: the Tides Foundation; the Uniterra Foundation; the World Resources Institute; and even Waste Management Inc.
7. The National Defence College is in Fort Frontenac near Canada's Centre of Advanced Military Studies at Kingston, Ontario. The college was established in 1947, at the beginning of the Cold War and coincidental with the creation of the post-war national security establishment in the U.S. Its purpose was to broadly educate Canada's "elites," military, governmental, business, and media, about Canada's geopolitical interests. The College had only gone to Belem and the Museu Goeldi

for half a day on its tour of Brazil. It had identified rainforest as geopolitically important because of its impacts on weather. In addition, Brazil, the economic engine of South America, was considered important for Canadians to get to know. There was nothing new in such interest. The issue of the environment in the context of national security had long been dealt with at the College. The previous commandant, Major-General Leonard Johnson, had often taken the College to Brazil and other countries in Latin America (including Chile when Chile was still considered an international pariah). Johnson retired from the armed forces in 1984. In 1985 he joined the board of Energy Probe, whose daughter organization, Probe International, is part of the Agenda network.

Chapter 15

1. The Montreal office of Canadian Catholic Development and Peace said it first authorized a grant to INESC in November 1982, which was paid to INESC in 1983. In November 1983, another grant was authorized. It had committed $25,000 a year to INESC ever since. Such funds came in part from CIDA.

   According to CIDA's 1989 annual report, Montreal-based Canadian Catholic Development and Peace got $9 million, a significant proportion of the grants given by CIDA to NGOs. In 1991, Canadian Catholic Development and Peace gave INESC $25,000 as part of a consortium of donors. Its partners in support of INESC included a Dutch group called CEPEMO, which gave support for three years; Christian Aid, which contributed U.S. $20,000; HEKS of Germany, which gave U.S. $15,000; the French organization Catholic Comité pour Fraternité et Dévéloppment, which gave 70,000 French Francs; Fastenopfr of Germany, which gave 14,650 Swiss Francs; Oxfam of America which gave U.S. $20,000.

Chapter 16

1. "Mind If I Cut In?" Report of the CCIC (Canadian Council for International Co-operation) Task Force on CIDA-NGO Funding Relationships.
2. Brascan chairman Trevor Eyton, and Brascan vice-chairman Paul Marshall joined the board of M.A. Hanna Company in 1986. The company had a long and complicated political history in the U.S. and Brazil. An interesting portion is documented in *The Chairman,* Kai Bird's wonderful biography of the American business/government/ intelligence establishment man, John J. McCloy (pp. 550-53). McCloy, a senior partner at the Rockefeller-related law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley and McCloy was retained early in 1964 by M.A. Hanna Company in the matter of their mining concession in the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais.

M. A. Hanna Company hired McCloy because he could exert influence at the highest levels of government in the United States and elsewhere. At that time, McCloy was also serving as a member of the Warren Commission, investigating the assassination of President John. F. Kennedy to see if there was evidence of a conspiracy.

From his youth, McCloy had been a Rockefeller friend and servant. He had chaired the Chase Manhattan Bank, been head of the Council on Foreign Relations and been chairman of both the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation. McCloy was an expert at the multiple uses of public and private channels. He had used both foundations to supply funds to, and provide cover for, CIA covert activities and operatives abroad. McCloy had also used the Chase Manhattan Bank to move such CIA covert funds, often in association with other Rockefeller business interests. Though a Republican, he had served the Roosevelt administration, the Truman administration, and the Kennedy administration, as well as the Eisenhower administration. He had helped create the CIA: Bird argued he'd helped create the whole modern national security apparatus of the U.S.

President Lyndon Johnson, who was preparing to run for the presidency in the fall of 1964 as the Warren Commission did its work, wanted McCloy as a public supporter of his administration. McCloy was thus in a position to apply leverage.

M.A. Hanna Company then had a huge iron ore stake in Brazil. In 1962 the nationalist government of Jao Goulart had expropriated Hanna's Minas Gerais iron ore concession, bought late in the 1950s for about $8 million. M.A. Hanna had complained to the U.S. State Department that it and other American-owned companies in Brazil were taking the brunt of communist agitation. The company had a relationship with conservative Brazilian military elements. One of its executives had hinted that the company was prepared to intervene directly in the politics of Brazil.

McCloy knew the American ambassador to Brazil from his days as U.S. high commissioner to Germany after World War II. He took soundings at the World Bank, which he'd also helped set up, and from the CIA. As he made these inquiries, he also heard Warren Commission testimony from the CIA and the FBI on the assassination of Kennedy. His fellow commissioner was Allen Dulles, former head of the CIA, who had been forced to step down after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. He was well acquainted with the new director of the CIA, John McCone, who had resigned his directorship with Socal, Standard Oil of California (later called Chevron), in order to take the CIA job. McCloy had done important service for Socal.

McCloy learned that the U.S. Embassy in Brazil had been making contingency plans for a coup since September 1963. McCloy arranged for one M.A. Hanna executive to meet with the CIA in the U.S. and

with the CIA station chief in Rio. The station chief put the Hanna employee into direct contact with those in the military opposed to Goulart. McCloy then offered President Goulart a deal—a joint participation between the Brazilian government and M.A. Hanna in the concession. But only days after McCloy left Rio, Goulart publicly announced the nationalization of all private oil refineries and some landholdings.

When the U.S. ambassador was informed by the military attaché (Vernon Walters) that a coup was imminent, a U.S. naval carrier task force was ordered into position off the Brazilian coast. The Brazilian generals had been told the U.S. would supply them with arms and oil. The initial revolt against Goulart's government began in Minas Gerais. Some of the Brazilian troops moved on Rio, according to Bird, "in Hanna trucks." Hanna's Brazilian concession was restored as soon as the military took power.

Shortly after these events and after a visit to Texas, McCloy, who had been leaning toward the notion that there had been a conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy, changed his mind. He enthusiastically supported the lone gunman theory on the Warren Commission.

Chapter 17

1. Phil Awashish of the James Bay Cree went to Altamira in February 1989.
2. The *Globe and Mail* did not identify Burton as an employee of the federal environment department, Environment Canada, but as the former director of a think tank he hadn't worked for in eight years. In his article, Burton hailed the inclusion of NGOs on the Canadian government delegation as the beginning of the process of democratizing the U.N. Burton proposed that there be a bicameral U.N. with a house of the people set up in Canada—the people to be comprised of NGOs. The idea of turning the U.N. into a representative democracy with the vox populi expressed by NGOs instead of elected representatives I thought was so bizarre, I paid it little heed—until I went to Geneva and saw NGOs treated officially as representatives of the people.
3. The Centre for Our Common Future got significant contributions from the government of Canada. In addition, new tax rules permit Canadians to make tax free charitable donations to offshore charities, designated when the government makes donations to that charity and lists it with Revenue Canada. Such offshore charities are not obliged to file any information with Revenue Canada about how these funds are used. The Centre was given $250,000 in charitable contributions from the government of Canada between September 27, 1990, and June, 1992. See Part III.
4. The panel dealt harshly with the request for several million dollars made by Energy Probe Research Foundation, the organization related to Probe International.

5. In 1987, CCIC, an umbrella organization of development NGOs, received only $2,963,391 from government and only $97,095 as charitable contributions from others. Its charitable tax return clearly shows that $293,590 of this $3 million in revenues was spent on political activities. Not even the treasurer of the board at that time could explain that. The next year, its revenues from government jumped to $11,838,676.

   By 1992, the year of the Rio Summit, CIDA's grants to the CCIC had risen to $25 million, by far the largest amount given to any Canadian NGO that year. In 1992 CCIC stopped publishing an annual report showing how much revenue it received and how it used it.

Chapter 18

1. The Better World Society is one example. Maurice Strong was both on the Better World Society's board and its president, positions he took up in October 1988 and resigned in November 1989, just after Paiakan and Mary Allegretti got their awards. Ted Turner, founder of the Better World Society, had personally asked Strong to take on the Society's presidency. Former Society staffer Victoria Markell explained why. The Better World Society was having trouble raising funds. Turner had been told Maurice Strong could turn on Rockefeller and Ford Foundation money like a tap. It is possible Turner believed this theory because another Canadian, Dr. John Evans, a man who'd run as a Liberal in the 1979 federal election, had become the Rockefeller Foundation chairman in 1987. He retained this position after becoming chairman of Torstar, the company that owns the *Toronto Star*, in 1993.

   Another example is the World Federation of United Nation Associations. WFUNA is an umbrella organization comprised of eighty United Nations associations around the world. Elizabeth May had said that it was the U.N. Association of Canada that took the lead in organizing Canadian NGOs to supply democratic credibility to the U.N. Commission on Environment and Development—the Rio Summit—and serve on the official Canadian delegation.
2. See, *Right In Her Soul: The Life of Anna Louise Strong* (New York: Random House, 1983), by Tracy B. Strong and Helen Keyssar. Anna Louise Strong's assistant in China after World War II was Sidney Rittenberg, who came to China with the U.N. Relief and Rehabilitation Agency. He had been a member of the U.S. Communist Party since 1940. He joined the Chinese Communist Party, rose in the hierarchy until his first arrest in 1949 as a U.S. spy. He was eventually released, rose again in the Chinese hierarchy until he was again arrested during the Cultural Revolution. After the fall of the Gang of Four, he was eventually released from prison. Finally, he returned to the United States.
3. For an account of how the Soviet Union scrambled to get atomic bomb information and samples of uranium back to the Soviet Union through its spy networks in Canada, see *KGB: The Inside Story*, by Christopher

Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1990), pp. 258-59. Uranium samples were handed over to the Soviets through their contacts at the National Research Council of Canada in Montreal and smuggled out of the country.

4. Bill Richardson was not called Wild Bill for nothing. He kept guns scattered in his living quarters, nestled among the files he also kept on the rich, famous, and up-and-coming. He covered both guns and files with tea towels, as if they were rising bread dough. He had a flock of female employees whom he called "the babes." His last girlfriend, who was sent to work for him by the chairman of Brascan in 1970 when Strong was dealing with Brazil, found him in a big office in Bay Street furnished with long tables covered with the files and surrounded by women. Men Bill did business with would sometimes be offered keys to the women's apartments. Richardson, the mining entrepreneur who found uranium and tin mines, also collected and used harmful information about powerful people. Richardson's home was splendid. In the early 1950s, when Strong introduced him to a couple from Calgary, the by-then-legendary Bill had decorated his dining room ceiling to look like a sheik's tent.
5. The prospectus had in it a picture of Maurice Strong taken at Chesterfield Inlet by Norman Sanders. Sanders claimed he did not know Richardson, nor how Richardson could have gotten this photograph since Sanders had no contact with Strong after he left Chesterfield Inlet until Strong declared his intention to run for public office in 1978. (Sanders sought Strong out at a public meeting and showed him some old pictures.) The prospectus included quotes from geologist J. Tuzo Wilson, listed as "the military leader of Muscox [sic] Expedition." The results of this expedition were still classified when the prospectus was published, although they circulated among the military. In the prospectus, Richardson claimed he was just back from "a several thousand mile odyssey into the Barren Lands." The prospectus also contained quotations from Dr. Hans Altmann, identified as a professor of geology at the University of Stockholm. Altmann's statements have a certain resonance when read half a century later. According to the 1947 prospectus, "'A mysterious warming of the climate is slowly manifesting itself in the Arctic ... since 1900,' Dr. Altmann said. 'Arctic air temperatures have increased 10 degrees Fahrenheit, an enormous rise ... ' *New York Times* special to the *Globe and Mail*."
6. Henrie Brunie's Empire Trust created something called the First Discretionary Fund in October 1952, a month before Strong left Canada. The fund owned shares of many Canadian oil, gas, and power companies, including Shawinigan Power, a subsidiary of Power Corporation of Montreal. On the boards of the fund and Empire Trust were representatives of the companies that kept showing up in Strong's later life:

the Texas Company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Seagram's, Power Corporation.

7. From *The Chairman: John J. McCloy, the Making of the American Establishment,* by Kai Bird, p. 413.
8. Unfortunately, McCloy did not name the politicians who received these millions from Gulf Canada in the book he published about this investigation. Since such contributions were not against the law in Canada, McCloy apparently thought the names were not important. Possibly the other members of his panel of investigation helped him reach this view. The panel of investigators also included Toronto lawyer Beverley Matthews, whom Peter C. Newman identified in *The Establishment Man* (p. 40) as a former Progressive Conservative fundraiser.
9. See "Agricultural Institutes 1966-70" file, series 104, box R2208, RG 1 Rockefeller Foundation Archives, Rockefeller Archive Center, North Tarrytown, NY.
10. The *Globe and Mail,* 13 May 1993, carried an SNC announcement. William Ian Mackenzie Turner, Jr., Strong's former protégé at Power Corporation, had just been made SNC chairman. Turner had also become the new chair of the executive committee of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C., an organization that funds basic research in plant and earth sciences. He also became a trustee of the World Economic Forum of Geneva. Until that time Turner had represented and voted Maurice Strong's controlling interest in the publicly traded Baca Resources Ltd., a company active in oil and gas exploration in Canada and the U.S.
11. After Bill Richardson fell on hard times, he lived rent free in one of the Toronto apartments owned by the Rostland Corporation until his death in 1990.

Chapter 19

1. After the failed coup in the Soviet Union in 1991 (which ironically led to Gorbachev's ouster from power, Yeltsin's rise and the dismemberment of the Soviet Union into the weaker Commonwealth of Independent States), Vladimir Petrovsky became an official of the United Nations.
2. See *The Chairman,* by Kai Bird (p. 642). It describes the pressure brought to bear on U.S. President Carter on behalf of the shah of Iran by the Rockefellers and their various aides and associates. It also shows how U.S. foreign policy in Iran was woven with the interests of the Rockefellers into one golden braid and how a threat to one strand imperilled the other. It discusses how John J. McCloy's law firm supplied legal services to both the Chase Bank and to the shah of Iran. McCloy had also set up a company in the 1950s called the Chase International Investment Corporation, which had several joint ventures in Iran. Iran was "the crown jewel of Chase's international banking

portfolio." At the time of the shah's flight from Iran, Chase had outstanding loans amounting to half a billion dollars and handled the personal accounts of the shah and of his family trust, the Pahlavi Foundation.

> When mass demonstrations erupted in January 1978 and continued with such growing violence that it seemed the regime might collapse, McCloy thought Washington should be doing something to help the Shah keep his throne. ... In November, his old friend Robert Bowie—who was now serving as deputy director of the CIA—returned from Iran convinced that such left-wing forces as the Fedayeen and Mujahadeen guerilla organizations and the communist Tudeh Party were managing the demonstrations from behind the scenes. [David] Rockefeller and Bowie strongly reinforced McCloy's presumption that the Carter administration should do something to stiffen the Shah's spine.

McCloy, Kissinger, and both David and Nelson Rockefeller made their unhappiness known to the administration and provided background briefings for the press.

3. By the early 1990s, Michel LeGoc had a residence in Washington, D.C., where his wife, Jacqueline Grapin-LeGoc, ran an NGO called The European Institute. Grapin-LeGoc once wrote for *Le Monde*. She was also a member of the board of the Aspen Institute. Olivier Melleria, the general partner of LeGoc's old firm Interfinexa which had been merged with Sogener was also on the board of the Aspen Institute. He was also the president of the Aspen Institute France.
4. Ken Good also had odd business relationships with Neil Bush, the son of the then vice-president George Bush. Ken Good gave Neil Bush loans, apparently without repayment terms attached, while Bush sat as a director on the board of Silverado Savings and Loan. It is alleged that Bush did not inform others on the board of Silverado about this relationship when Good then asked Silverado for millions of dollars in loans and got them. These loans were not repaid. Silverado finally collapsed. The Belzburg empire later also entered a period of "financial distress and reorganization." Those charged with the duty of paying Belzburg creditors were still looking for Good some years later.
5. After Mulroney became prime minister, Paul Marshall, vice-chairman of Brascan, joined the CDIC board. Some CDIC assets were then sold to parties related to the Edper/Brascan/Hees group. In 1986, Paul Marshall and Trevor Eyton, Brascan's chairman, joined the board of M.A. Hanna. Brascan had by then purchased control of Strong's old firm Norcen from Conrad Black's group. Norcen then held 8.2 per cent of M.A. Hanna voting shares. In August 1991, these holdings in M.A. Hanna were sold back to M.A. Hanna in return for warrants to purchase shares at a set price. In spite of the fact that the Edper/Brascan/Hees

group no longer directly held M.A. Hanna shares (Eyton personally held some eighteen thousand), it was agreed that Eyton and Marshall should remain on the board so long as they retained the warrants. At the end of the same year, control of Iron Ore of Canada was sold to Mitsubishi of Japan. M. A. Hanna manages the company for Mitsubishi. In 1994, Marshall resigned from M.A. Hanna's board. Senator Eyton continued as a board member.

Chapter 20

1. While serving on the Brundtland Commission (the World Commission for Environment and Development), Strong formed with partners First Colorado Corporation. This company in turn created a subsidiary called American Water Development Inc. Strong's partners in First Colorado included Sam Belzburg, whose First City Group had helped Ken Good launch the attempted takeover of Tosco in 1982. The shares Good and the Belzburgs acquired were later repurchased by Tosco at prices above the level of the market. Another group of investors in First Colorado, collectively called themselves RRY Partners. This group included James D. Wolfensohn and David Williams, Jr., of the pipeline family. Richard D. Lamm, the former governor of Colorado who left office in January 1987, and former U.S. EPA administrator William Ruckelshaus joined the board of the subsidiary, America Water Development Inc., created at the end of 1986. Louis Leeberg, formerly a Colorado water commissioner, joined both the parent and subsidiary companies as vice-president for finance. Litigation ensued when American Water Development Inc.'s plan to siphon fresh water from the aquifer beneath the Baca Grande Ranch and pipeline it to Denver became known to farmers in the area. After he was appointed secretary general for the Rio Summit, Strong resigned from American Water Development Inc.'s board and gave his shares to the Fetzer Institute, stipulating his Manitou Foundation had to get half the proceeds if Fetzer sold the shares. Louis Leeberg immediately joined the Fetzer Institute as vice-president of finance. He then sold the shares to Strong's former partners. Manitou Foundation's share of these proceeds was $1.2 million. Strong and his wife controlled Manitou Foundation.
2. The sudden closure of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International revealed interesting secrets previously nicely hidden. First the British government shut down the British subsidiary, BCCI (U.K.) for failing to have enough capital to support its outstanding loans. Regulators then found the outlet had been looted. It rapidly became clear that BCCI, the parent corporation, was like an international utility for the movement of drug money, intelligence money and for the corruption of politicians and public servants. Many parties made use of it. The Central Intelligence Agency stated that it had made use of the bank to move funds. The Canadian subsidiary, BCCC, had handled accounts for vari-

ous foreign embassies and NGOs and for the government-owned IDRC, all of which used the bank to move funds abroad. In the investigation by a House of Commons committee of BCCC, it was discovered that BCCC had hired a very senior RCMP officer, Henry Jensen—for advice.

Those who controlled the parent bank, BCCI, also turned out to be the secret owners by indirect means of a major U.S. bank called First American Bankshares Inc., the largest in Washington, D.C. American Bankshares Inc. appeared to be controlled by a very well-known adviser to various Democratic presidents, Clark Clifford, and his law partner.

3. Johannah Bernstein later insisted that I was wrong about the nature of the relationship between her and the government of Canada. She gave her title as the national co-ordinator of the Canadian Participatory Committee for the Rio Summit generally called the CPCU. She said the CPCU was not part of the official government delegation, but that members of the CPCU, an umbrella organization neither incorporated nor registered as a charity, were the members of the Canadian delegation. She said she was hired as the co-ordinator of this informal entity by the steering committee members of the CPCU, who included Elizabeth May, and that May had recommended her for this job. However, she agreed that the government of Canada funded the activities of the CPCU, not its member organizations. Since the CPCU did not actually exist as a legal entity these funds were paid by the government of Canada to the U.N. Association of Canada which in turn doled the funds to her. She described her relationship to the government like this: "I provided the government's UNCED [Rio Summit] secretariat with technical advice and lobbied the Canadian government just as many other Canadian NGOs did," she said.

I could not understand how the CPCU could be said to have no corporate existence, to represent no one, and yet still be registered as an NGO at the Rio Summit. Nevertheless, it was listed as a registered NGO at the Rio Summit.

I later read the definition of adviser given by the government of Canada to Ms. Bernstein in the early stages of her work.

In a letter sent to Ms. Bernstein on February 28, 1991, addressed to her as the Co-Ordinator, Canadian Preparatory Committee for the Rio Summit care of United Nations Association of Canada, from John Bell of the Department of External Affairs, and the head of the delegation, and Robert Slater, the assistant deputy minister policy of Environment Canada, CPCU was invited to nominate up to five members to serve as members of the Canadian delegation.

"We would prefer that there be no 'rotation' of individuals during the Preparatory Committee representing the same sector of the CPCU," they said. The letter said that twenty rooms had been booked for the delegation at the Amat Carlton Hotel in Geneva at the rate of 105 Swiss

Francs per night and that all on the delegation could use business machines in the Canadian Mission office. It went on to say:

> The delegates nominated by CPCU will have the status of "advisers" on the Canadian delegation. They will share this status with all other members of the delegation who are not Government of Canada officials. As Advisors, they will be welcome to participate in all meetings of the Canadian delegation, to advise on the drafting of Canadian statements to the Preparatory Committee and to sit with other members of the Canadian delegation at the "Canada desk." Advisors will also receive the full Delegation briefing book upon their arrival in Geneva. Advisors will not normally participate in meetings restricted to the Head or Alternate Head of delegation, or in restricted caucus meetings with other official delegations (such as the CANA or WEOG groups)—unless specifically invited by the Head or Alternate Head of Delegation. Advisors will also not normally deliver statements or make interventions in the debate on behalf of Canada, unless specifically requested to do so by the Head or Alternate Head of Delegation.
>
> *Advisors will be expected to respect all information received in confidence from colleagues on the Canadian delegation and from other country delegates and to conduct themselves in a manner that advances the interests and objectives of the Canadian delegation, as defined by the Delegation's instructions and interpreted by the Head and Alternate Head of Delegation.* (Italics mine.)

4. I was so impressed with Bernstein's work it seemed reasonable to find out where she had been so well trained. She earned a B.A. in Human Ecology in 1983 from the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine, which is not far from a Rockefeller family retreat at Mt. Desert. She graduated from Osgoode Hall Law School at York University but took her last year of law studies at Oxford in Britain. While in Britain, she worked for a time in the office of the Right Honourable Edward Heath, M.B.E., M.P., former Conservative prime minister of Britain. She articled at the Toronto law firm of Tory, Tory, Deslauriers and Binnington in 1988, a firm with many experts on international trade issues, and many supporters of the government of Brian Mulroney.

   She decided to leave Tory, Tory after her articles were complete. She worked for the government of Ontario for six months and in the fall of 1989 was recommended for a job as legal counsel with the Canadian Wildlife Federation in Ottawa by Stephen Hazell, now a civil servant in the Department of the Environment, formerly legal counsel with the Canadian Wildlife Federation, and then with Canadian Arctic Resources Committee. After a new executive director joined the Cana-

dian Wildlife Federation, she found herself without work. She was hired as co-ordinator of the CPCU in 1990.

In addition to organizing NGOs in attendance at the preparatory conferences for the summit and at Rio and being paid with funds from the government of Canada for this work, Bernstein also helped produce with Kimo or Langston James Goree VI (see Chapter 20) a daily newsletter or record of negotiations at the last preparatory conferences and the Rio Summit itself. This *Earth Summit Bulletin*, as it was called, was given to delegates, NGOs, and journalists free of charge. This bulletin or newsletter purported to be an independent and objective daily report of what was going on in various negotiation sessions which could be reliably used by journalists as source material in their reports. I failed to see how someone whose salary was paid by an organization funded entirely by the government of Canada and whose expenses were paid by the government and who was active in the Summit organizing Canadian and other NGOs could also objectively report on events.

She was outraged at the suggestion that in her double role with the CPCU and the publication of this newsletter, she was in some way advocating the interests of the government of Canada. "I'm a card carrying member of the NDP," she said, as if that precluded her representing the Government of Canada. She revised that statement when she faxed more detailed information to me later on: since taking up a position in Europe, she had allowed this NDP membership to lapse. "As with any funder there has never been any interference whatsoever with our editorial policy. That is determined by the editorial board only." She said that the Canadian government's support for the *Earth Summit Bulletin* was widely known and that in any case anyone could know it was funded by Canada by looking at it. In fact, there was no reference in the funding credits to the government of Canada. Other governments were mentioned as having given funds. The Canadian Purple Martin Fund is credited as having given funds. The Purple Martin Fund was not described in the credits of the *Earth Summit Bulletin* I saw. After receiving documents from the Department of External Affairs, applied for under the Freedom of Information and Privacy Act, I learned that the Purple Martin Fund was a $1.3 million slush fund under the direct control of the Department of External Affairs. Money from this fund was given to NGOs in Brazil and to certain Brazilian government departments to fund their participation at the Rio Summit. I do not believe it was widely known at the time that the Purple Martin Fund is another name for the government of Canada. Certainly, it was not widely published. I could find no references to the Purple Martin Fund in several newspaper databases searched by computer nor in a Canadian newspaper and periodical index searched by hand. My search covered all the major daily newspapers in Canada and

the U.S. published before, during, and after the Summit, from the years 1990 to 1992.

5. There were other mistakes. One of the World Economic Forum documents Cattaui gave me listed the agenda of the annual Davos Conference of January 1991. Monte Kwinter, a Liberal M.P.P. from Ontario, was named as moderator of a briefing on design as a dimension of corporate strategy. He was described as a minister of industry, trade and technology of Ontario, yet he'd been out of office for four months by the time of the conference. The same document also listed Kwinter as giving a briefing on NAFTA—odd, since Canada was not yet a participant in the talks. In that listing he was described as an M.L.A. Robert Maxwell headed the media forum at the 1991 conference. He was found dead in a matter of months, after which his sons and he were accused of stripping millions of dollars out of his various publishing companies in a series of large frauds. Mr. Gabriele Cagliari, head of ENI of Italy, also headed a session. He died later in an Italian jail, suffocated by a plastic bag, while awaiting interrogation in Italy's government/business/corruption scandal.

   Kwinter first attended a Davos meeting in 1987 as part of a government of Ontario delegation. By 1989 he was in the international business swing. That year, he went to Kiev and met a businessman named Boris Birshstein, a man who unabashedly displayed his connections to the top of the Soviet hierarchy. Later, Kwinter and former Mulroney aide Charles McMillan joined the board of Seabeco, Birshstein's company. Birshstein was allied with Russian politician, Alexander Rutskoi, who led the parliamentary revolt against Boris Yeltsin in the fall of 1993, amid charges and counter-charges about millions siphoned abroad from state industries to personal bank accounts. A twenty-nine-year-old ally of Yeltsin's, living in high style in Toronto's Bridle Path area, was shot at after making public allegations about Russian political corruption. Kwinter and McMillan later became involved through Birshstein with a redevelopment plan for a tiny independent republic, formerly part of the Soviet Union.

   Kwinter stated that attendees at World Economic Forum meetings were given bar codes that permitted them to communicate privately by electronic means with anyone listed at the conference. He said that at the forum meetings at Davos you could get to meet "the people who run the world, the presidents of Sony, Nissan, Henry Kissinger, the Aga Khan."

6. The Canadian delegation at the third preparatory conference for the Rio Summit included representatives of federal government departments like External Affairs, Environment, industry associations plus "representative NGOs." Seven such NGO positions, referred to as sectors, were rotated through five seats on the delegation. These were: environment, development, women, the U.N. Association of Canada, indigenous people, youth and labour. According to Vic Buxton, the executive

director of the National Secretariat for UNCED, the Canadian Environmental Network (CEN) had one seat on this delegation. The Canadian Council for International Cooperation (CCIC) had two seats—it represented 125 development groups. The CEN had been chosen by the government because it was "representative" according to Buxton. When I explained that CEN itself said it represented no one but just passed information to its 1,800 member organizations, he didn't bother to argue; he said that the Business Council on National Issues didn't speak for business either. "I'd argue that the prime minister speaks for Canada ... " he said. "[We] have to stand back from interests. What matters is we are drawing down [the] ecological capital of the planet." Buxton then said the government of Canada had asked Johannah Bernstein to organize the NGO representatives. He said she was sometimes invited to Canadian delegation meetings. The government would have liked it if business had agreed to be organized by her too because then all the NGOs, including the business ones, would have been "in one window. ... The government wants to create a broad partnership," he said.

7. Six weeks after the Rio Summit the *Wall Street Journal* (4 August 1992) carried a story by David Stipp announcing that New England Electric System of Westborough, Massachusetts planned to help save Malaysian trees as part of a pollution cutting program. It would spend $450,000 in a three-year joint project with Innoprise, a Malaysian forest product concern, to "make logging practises less damaging to the rain forest in Malaysia. The program is aimed at offsetting carbon dioxide emissions by the utility's generating plants in the U.S." This was part of a "previously announced plan by the utility to lower or offset its air pollution emissions by 45% by 2000." According to the *Journal*, New England Electric was the first utility to disclose a specific program to do this. "Utilities are motivated to undertake such programs by concerns that environmentally minded legislators will enact 'carbon taxes' on greenhouse emissions. Such taxes could be especially costly for electric utilities which account for about one third of the nation's carbon dioxide emissions." The utility also had promised to fund a study by the New York-based Rainforest Alliance to see how effectively its program offset carbon dioxide emissions.

   In 1994, after Maurice Strong had become chairman of Ontario Hydro, the largest government-managed electric utility in North America, Ontario Hydro confirmed it was exploring purchases of rainforest in Costa Rica for similar purposes.

8. Please see report of the Canada 21 Council, Canada 21, 1993; Robert D. Kaplan, "The Coming Anarchy," *The Atlantic Monthly*, February 1994, and the various publications of Vaclav Smil and Thomas Homer-Dixon for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

9. Shridath Ramphal wrote a book to promote the Rio Summit, just as Barbara Ward and René Dubos wrote a book for the Stockholm Con-

ference. Someone named C. Ramphal was listed on charitable tax returns in the U.S. as having been paid $102,722 by Ecofund '92 for writing a book supporting the Rio Summit.

10. See list of charitable contributions made by the government of Canada, Her Majesty in Right of Canada, as of October 1993, obtainable from Revenue Canada/Charities Branch. The government of Canada gave Lindner's organization as a charitable donation (in addition to other grants) $250,000 between September, 1990 and June 8, 1992.
11. Later in 1991, after two terms in office, Strong left the presidency of WFUNA. His successor was another Canadian, Geoffrey Grenville-Wood, who also acted in 1991 and 1992 as counsel for Cultural Survival Canada/Sierra Club of Eastern Canada Coalition at the hearing into Ontario Hydro's plans for expansion. Geoffrey Grenville-Wood had previously served as the counsel for the U.N. Association of Canada. He had then become its president. He represented the U.N. Association of Canada on the Canadian delegation at the first preparatory conference for the Rio Summit in Nairobi.

    The U.N. Association of Canada's charitable tax reports to Revenue Canada show it was almost entirely dependent on grants from the government of Canada in the middle 1980s. In 1986, it got only $38,087 from private donors, while the government of Canada gave it $437,157. It spent half these revenues on administration and had a deficit. In 1989, after putting forward Strong's name as president of WFUNA and accepting from him donations with which to pay its debt to WFUNA, it received $192,000 from donors and $704,583 from the government. During the process of gearing up for Rio, private donations improved radically: by 1991, private donations almost equalled the $1,012, 267 it got from government. Until 1991, then, the "sector" the U.N. Association of Canada chiefly represented to the government of Canada was the government of Canada.
12. Few of the North Americans I spoke to about how Maurice Strong came to be president of WFUNA thought that Franco Casadio had played a role in his nomination. While they acknowledged Casadio had for many years been the treasurer of WFUNA as well as director general of the Italian U.N. association, at the time of the WFUNA plenary, they said, Casadio was too ill to attend. However, Hagmajer checked records which confirmed Casadio had attended. If Casadio did play a role behind the scenes, it is interesting. Casadio was very well connected with the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Through the U.N. association of Italy, properly called the Italian Society for International Organizations, Casadio trained certain of Italy's diplomats for service abroad.
13. Peter Thacher, a U.S. State Department official, was seconded to the United Nations Environment Program before the organization officially existed, working with Maurice Strong. After leaving State, Thacher became a Fellow with the World Resources Institute in Washington,

D.C., which had much to say about the global environment crisis, its causes and cures. In 1993, after the death of Benjamin Read, Thacher, a board member of Ecofund '92, became its president. Ecofund '92 was a U.S.-based I.R.S.-listed charitable fund to support Strong's work at the Rio Summit. William Moomaw, formerly a staffer with the World Resources Institute, by then director of Tufts' Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy's International Environment and Resource Program, also joined the Ecofund '92 board. It fell to Thacher and his board to decide how to spend the $1.5 million surplus left in Ecofund '92 after the Summit was over.

14. The International Facilitating Committee for the Rio Summit is described in a publication called *Network*, jointly published by the Centre for Our Common Future and the IFC in Geneva (Number 15, March 1992, p. 6). "The IFC is a committee composed of 25 individuals from the various independent sectors of society i.e., development and environment NGOs, grassroots movements, women's organizations, youth groups, the media, indigenous peoples, scientific unions, trade unions, industry, religious and interfaith communities, etc. who work within their sectors to facilitate the input of their diverse constituencies into the Earth Summit. The IFC seeks to assist organizations and networks of independent sectors to define their roles vis-à-vis the Rio Summit on request: to promote fair and effective participation in the Rio Summit on behalf of the independent sectors: to provide a forum for dialogue amongst the independent sectors to work globally on issues of sustainable development. The IFC welcomes the participation of all organizations and groups interested in the '92 process. The IFC acknowledges the support of the Ford Foundation, the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation and the Sasakawa Peace Foundation."

In 1991-92, the executive director of the IFC was Jose Sotto. An immigrant to Canada from the Philippines, Sotto had previously been on the board of the Canadian Council for International Cooperation representing the Third World Resource Centre in Windsor, an NGO founded by a Canadian immigration official to lobby on immigration policies. Sotto attended the first preparatory conference in Nairobi on the Canadian delegation. The International Facilitating Committee had already been formed when he got there. Another Canadian, Bea Olivastri, a founder of Friends of the Earth Canada, had become its first executive director. (She quickly left and helped form an informal consultation between corporations like Noranda and big environment groups called the New Directions Group.) Sotto learned there had been a nasty fight among NGOs over the way IFC was going to conduct its business, its proximity to the Centre for Our Common Future, and over Chip Lindner's proximity to Maurice Strong.

The IFC shared office space with the Centre for Our Common Future and used the centre's staff. Sotto was not happy that the Centre for Our

Common Future did not make public its finances or even account for its spending to the governments which had given it money. After Sotto's insistence, he said the IFC did manage to publish its own reports accounting for public money given to it.

Chapter 21

1. The private sector donors to the 1001 Nature Trust, according to Raymond Bonner in *At the Hand of Man* (p. 68), included both the distinguished and the dubious: August A. Busch, Jr., of the beer company; Henry Ford II; Peter Grace; Nelson Bunker Hunt; Robert S. McNamara; Cyril Magnin; Lew Wasserman of MCA; Thomas Watson of IBM; Zaire's President Mobuto Sese Seko; Daniel K. Ludwig; Agha Hassan Abedi; Robert Vesco; Tibor Rosenbaum; Thomas Jones (forced out as chief executive of Northrop after it was revealed that the company paid $30 million in bribes to government officials and agents around the world in exchange for contracts); Lord Kagan (a British businessman convicted of theft and conspiracy to defraud the British tax service); a Norwegian shipowner convicted of taking a bribe, etc. National WWF organizations in 1991 existed in: Australia; Belgium; Denmark; France; Hong Kong; Italy; Malaysia; New Zealand; Pakistan; Spain; Switzerland; United States; Austria; Canada; Finland; Germany; India; Japan; Netherlands; Norway; South Africa; Sweden; United Kingdom with affiliates in Thailand, Ecuador, Argentina, and Nigeria.
2. This involvement with WWF proved useful to Bata Industries. In 1986 Bata Industries improperly stored drums of liquid wastes on its property in Ontario. These drums leaked. In 1990 charges were laid under the Ontario Environment Protection Act and the Water Resources Act for unlawful discharge of hazardous waste and unlawful operation of a waste management system against Bata Industries Ltd., Thomas Bata, Jr. (Sonja Bata's son and the chairman of the corporation) and two other managers. Mr. Bata was acquitted. The company was ordered to pay a large fine as were the two managers who were found guilty. The judge said their sentences had been mitigated by the fact that Bata had given many contributions to World Wildlife Fund in the past. (Source: Claire Bernstein column, *Toronto Star*, Monday, 7 September 1992.)
3. Lawrence Solomon's curriculum vitae said he served on the Task Force for Global Resources and Environment (Global 2000 project) in 1979 and 1980. He is not listed on the computer as a consultant to President Carter's Global 2000 project which issued its report in July 1980. President Jimmy Carter's Council on Environmental Quality and the U.S. Department of State then set up a task force to look at how U.S. government agencies should implement the Global 2000 Report. Charles H. Warren was made chairman of this task force, but he was soon replaced by James (Gus) Speth. In a booklet called *Global Future: Time to Act, Report to the President on Global Resources, Environment and*

Population published in January 1981, Speth and former Democratic presidential candidate Edmund Muskie reported their findings. Gus Speth could not recall Solomon's name nor find it listed in his records as having worked on this task force either. Indeed, one would have to wonder why the U.S. State Department and the president's CEQ would need advice from a Canadian on how the U.S. government should organize itself.

However, it should be said that Gus Speth is another one of those persons in the Global Governance loop. Speth founded the World Resources Institute in 1982 after publishing this task force report with Muskie. The World Resources Institute employed Maurice Strong's UNEP associate Peter Thacher after Thacher left the United Nation's Environment Program. Speth and Thacher and Strong were also associated later through the Earth Council and the Earth Council Foundation—the U.S. charity that raised funds for Strong's UNCED office. In December 1994, Maurice Strong became chairman of the board of World Resources Institute.

World Resources Institute is a U.S.-based PGO that put out many urgent bulletins setting the public stage for Rio. Speth received a Global 500 Award in 1988 for such work. Speth, like Strong, is also a Rockefeller man. He was a member of the Rockefeller-funded Council on Foreign Relations. He was a member of the China Council for International Cooperation on Environment and Development, and the Global Environmental Forum in Japan. Under Speth the World Resources Institute created an NGO network in Africa; one of its policy research functions includes something called Special Initiatives which studies options for reform of the United Nations, conducts a dialogue on environment and development in the Western Hemisphere and another on the U.S.-Japan co-operation on global environment issues. In early 1994 Speth was appointed the head of the United Nations Development Program. Jim MacNeill, listed as chairman of the Earth Council Foundation in the U.S. although he was based in Ottawa, became an adviser to Speth at UNDP. MacNeill was appointed in 1994 as the new chair of the Winnipeg-based International Institute for Sustainable Development. Maurice Strong was on the board of that Institute.

4. In the annual report of Energy Probe Research Foundation for 1983 in the section on background, it says: "finding foreign energy affairs inseparable from domestic energy considerations, Energy Probe established a formal foreign policy role in 1980. In the same year, it became incorporated as the Energy Probe Research Foundation."
5. The David Suzuki Foundation was incorporated in late 1990 and filed its first tax returns with the charity division of Revenue Canada for the year ended August 31, 1991. David Suzuki was listed as Foundation president; Tara Cullis as secretary. Directors shown in an amended filing included Miles Richardson, Skidegate, Haida Gwaii; Anthony Pearse, environmental consultant; Peter Steele, lawyer; Wade Davis,

ethnobotanist. The charitable activities listed in the amended filing including "finding and raising public awareness of routes to living within the planet's productive capacity." Total receipts for the first year were $53,692, of which $5,414 was subject to a trust or direction by a donor that it be held not less than ten years. About $30,000 was spent on management and administration and $18,546 on charitable programs. Cash on hand was stated to be $36,000. By August 1992, one year later, annual gifts for which receipts were issued had soared to $216,161. About $23,000 came from another charity. No money came from governments. Some $19,490 was spent outside Canada.

The money spent abroad went to a joint venture with another foreign charity to establish the Aukre Kayapo Lower Amazon Ecology Centre. Conservation International in the U.S. along with the Canada Fund managed by CIDA, also contributed to this project. The Canada Fund put up $25,000. Conservation International gave about $39,000. Dr. Barbara Zimmerman, the project manager, was given $5,000 from the Suzuki Foundation to cover her expenses. The other $14,000 went to the project. After the 1993 federal election, former NDP M.P. Jim Fulton became executive director of the David Suzuki Foundation.

Chapter 22

1. Larry Solomon did not know that Dr. David Brooks had asked Gallon to apply for the job at Probe International.
2. Interview by telephone with Dr. Ray Dasmann.
3. The *Earth Summit Bulletin*'s masthead said it was published by an NGO—the Island Press. The Island Press is in Washington, D.C. A spokesperson at Island Press said the *Bulletin* was specifically designed to be used by journalists covering the final prepcom and the Summit itself. The designated publisher of the *Earth Summit Bulletin* at the Island Press, Chuck Savitt, like Ambassador Campeau, could not recall how or who had introduced him to Goree or Bernstein or even what this project had cost his organization to publish. He refused to send copies of his charity's 990 forms so that I could see which agencies or governments had contributed to his organization. He claimed he was not aware that Johannah Bernstein had a relationship to the official Canadian delegation to the Rio Summit. However, he also said if he had known it would not have made any difference. Savitt had board connections to other U.S. charities supporting NGO activities at the Summit. See below, the Tides Foundation.
4. The San Francisco-based Tides gave the related Threshold Foundation $215,572 to distribute in 1992. It also gave the Women's Environmental Network in Britain $434,887 the same year. Donors to the Tides Foundation included various parties with interests that could be affected by the Rio Summit negotiations and parties who actively supported various groups involved in the NGO side of the Summit. These donors

included: the Ford Foundation; the two MacArthur Foundations; Merck & Company Inc.; Joshua Mailman; Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation; Pacific Gas & Electric; Pew Charitable Trusts; the Rockefeller Family Fund; Safeway; the Threshold Foundation; American Cyanamid; Carnegie Corporation; Connaught Laboratories; MCA Inc. Charles Savitt of the Island Press was on Tides's board. The Social Venture Network, where Anita Roddick was introduced to the *Millennium* project with the help of Josh Mailman, is one of Tides's projects.

5. Cultural Survival Productions (Canada) Inc.'s tax return for the year 1990-91 attributed $52,000 of its expenditures before 31 August 1991 to foreign activities. These included funding indigenous natives in Brazil, attendance of Third World representatives at a prepcom in Geneva, sending medical supplies and people to the Yanomami Indians, a sustainable development project in Malaysia, and "contributed to planning, set up and equipment for Amazon communication network."
6. Peter Padbury, who was in charge of this area at the CCIC, could not remember how he met Kimo. He did not want to search for the contract either. He did fax a document showing CCIC paid Goree expenses and fees to attend the first prepcom in Nairobi—that Goree's fees included work to "stimulate interest in the use of the NGO electronic computer networks." It turned out there never was a contract, just the proposal. CCIC had contracted Elizabeth May to give advice on who in Brazil they should fund. She recommended Goree.

Chapter 23

1. *Toronto Star*, 11 April 1992.
2. Ecofund '92 apparently paid Ramphal $102,000 to help publish this opinion in book form.
3. Ecofund '92's return to the I.R.S. for 1992 showed that it gave Centre for Our Common Future $480,936 for something called the World Commission (on Sustainable Development). This referred to Madame Brundtland's commission which Strong had served on and which Chip Lindner brought back together again for a meeting, to much publicity, just before the Rio Summit. Lindner said that the $480,936 Ecofund '92's return showed as being spent on this meeting had to be in error: he believed it was the total of all funds sent to the centre by Ecofund '92 to help it do various things for the Rio Summit. Similarly, an expenditure of almost $600,000 listed on Ecofund '92 tax returns as having been paid to the U.N. Council (as opposed to Commission) on Environment and Development in 1992 had to be an error. Lindner thought this money must have been sent to Strong's Summit secretariat as support payments. I accepted this explanation; otherwise I would have been faced with the awkward problem of how to explain $900,000 in expenditures made by a charity set up to support Strong's office, none of which appeared to have gone to Strong's secretariat.

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About the Author

In 1988 Elaine Dewar began work on a short, upbeat article for *Saturday Night* about how David Suzuki and groups like the World Wildlife Fund were helping the Kayapo Indians of Brazil defend the rainforest. But once Dewar learned that the Kayapo were living off the avails of gold mining and the sale of mahogany, the story took a different turn. Dewar followed a trail of millions of charitable and tax dollars as they moved from business interests to environment and development charities to activists shaping the political climate on three continents. The result, seven years later, is *Cloak of Green.*

Elaine Dewar learned her craft as a senior editor at *Maclean's*. Since 1976, she has been a freelance writer who has reported on politics, business, and environment issues. In 1988, she was sued for $102 million by the Reichmann family and Olympia & York Developments in a case that became a *cause célèbre* within the publishing community. Ms. Dewar has won many awards, among them the prestigious University of Western Ontario President's Award for Excellence.

CLOAK OF GREEN

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In this book award-winning reporter Elaine Dewar explores the links between key environmental groups, government and big business. Written like a mystery, *Cloak of Green* follows the author from a Toronto fundraiser for the Kayapo Indians of Brazil to the Amazon rainforest and the global backrooms of Brasilia, Washington and Geneva.

Along the way she meets some fascinating people — Anita Roddick of the Body Shop, businessman-politician Maurice Strong, and activists who run key Canadian and American environmental groups. She also examines some disturbing questions about these groups, about "green" corporations and about government:

- Why are some environmental groups using misleading information in their fund-raising efforts?
- Why are some key environmental groups in Canada and the U.S. compromising their independence by accepting funds from government and big business — and putting representatives of these interests on their boards?
- Why do ordinary Canadians who contribute to environmental groups like Pollution Probe, Energy Probe and the World Wildlife Fund have little or no say in running these groups?
- Why is the Canadian government channelling funds to foreign charities that play an active role in politics in their home countries?
- Why is the Canadian government trying to influence the agendas of foreign environmental groups?

Most concerned citizens trust environmental groups to fight on behalf of the public for sensible solutions to the world's environmental problems. That was what Elaine Dewar believed when she started work on this story. But she discovered that our trust can sometimes be misplaced, as you will see in this revealing and disturbing book.

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